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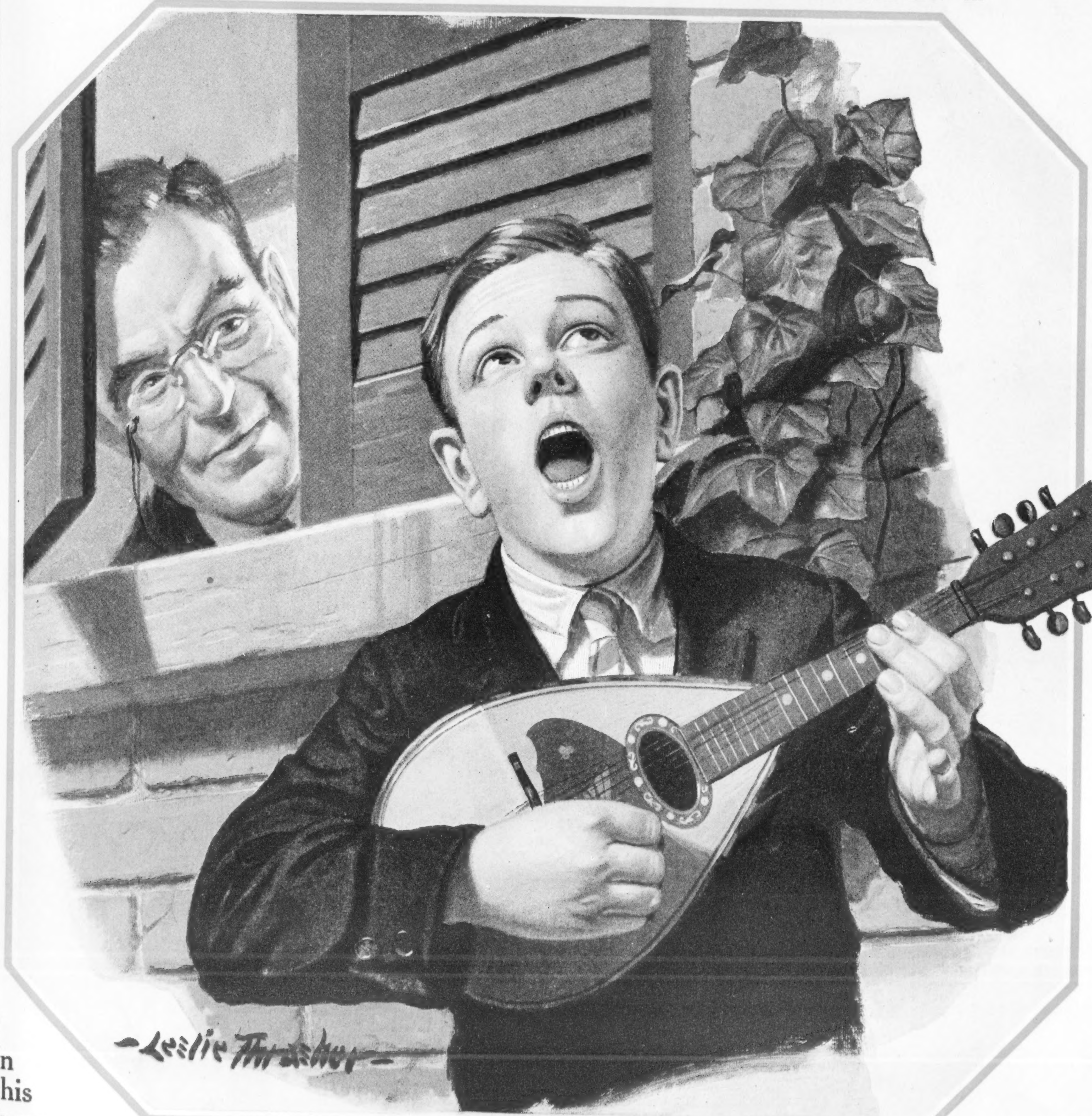
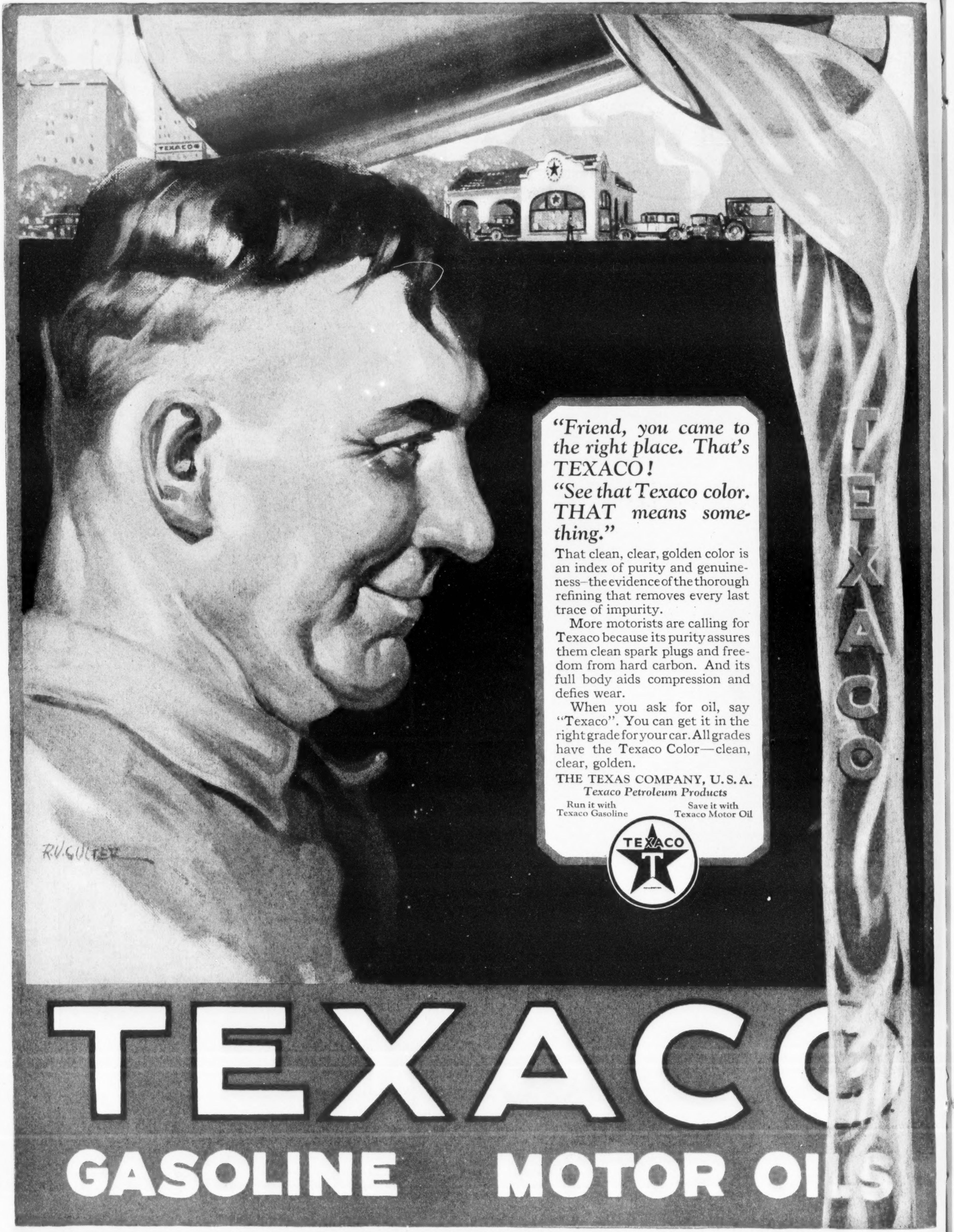
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



In this issue

Samuel Vauclain—H. V. O'Brien—R. G. Kirk—Frederick
William Almon Wolff—Herbert Corey—Walter Camp—E



"Friend, you came to the right place. That's TEXACO!

"See that Texaco color. THAT *means something."*

That clean, clear, golden color is an index of purity and genuineness—the evidence of the thorough refining that removes every last trace of impurity.

More motorists are calling for Texaco because its purity assures them clean spark plugs and freedom from hard carbon. And its full body aids compression and defies wear.

When you ask for oil, say "Texaco". You can get it in the right grade for your car. All grades have the Texaco Color—clean, clear, golden.

THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

Run it with Texaco Gasoline

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TEXACO T

Addressograph-ed Direct Mail Increases Sales 35% in 2 Years!

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Universal

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PARTS FOR ALL KINDS OF BATTERIES

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ORIGINATORS OF THE SEALED GLASS CELL
FACTORY & MAIN OFFICE
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CHICAGO

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Gentlemen:

Our sales have increased of 35% in last 2 years as result of Addressographed Direct Mail Advertising.

We have just completed the mailing out of broadsides to a complete list of implement dealers, battery shops and radio dealers! Results have been extremely gratifying.

Heartily yours,
UNIVERSAL BATTERY COMPANY.

General Manager.

RDM:W

"Results Extremely Gratifying—"

Addressograph-ed Direct Mail advertising has made it possible for this large Battery Manufacturer to increase sales more than 35% in the last two years. "Results of our latest mailing have been most gratifying."—Universal Battery Co., Chicago.

"Over $100,000 Annual Sales—"

"Addressograph-ed Direct Mail Advertising directly responsible for making a huge business success of a store formerly on the verge of bankruptcy—our annual sales now run over $100,000 in a 2½ blocks radius!"—University Market, Chicago.

"Saves Its Cost Yearly!"

"Results from new Addressograph-ed advertising far *surpass* expectations."—Winston Harper Fisher Co., Minneapolis. "Our Addressograph saves its cost each year!"—Fuller Brush Co., Hartford.

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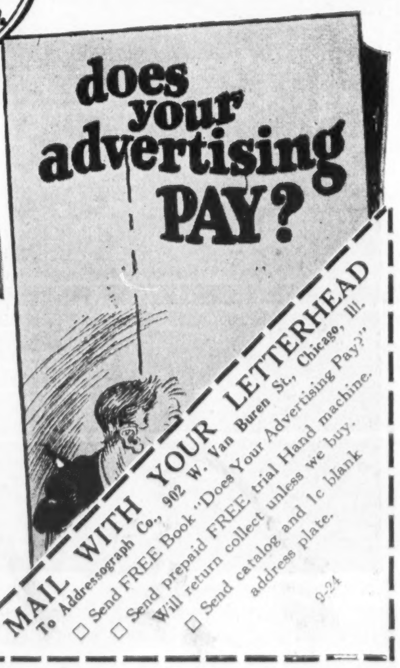
"We cannot praise too highly the excellent results obtained with our Addressograph. Addressograph-ed advertising has increased sales 25% last year! Hope to double it in 1924."—New England Incandescent Supply Co., New York City.

Free Trial—Easy Terms!

20 different models—Hand, Foot or Motor Operated—Ribbon or Ink Print—$37.50 upwards at Chicago. FREE trial convinces—check and mail coupon now!

FREE Book With Coupon!



MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD
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☐ Send FREE Book "Does Your Advertising Pay?"
☐ Send prepaid FREE trial Hand machine. Will return collect unless we buy.
☐ Send catalog and 1c blank address plate.
9-24

Addressograph

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Oakland
Oklahoma City
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Oshkosh
Peoria
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Portland
Salt Lake City
San Antonio
San Francisco
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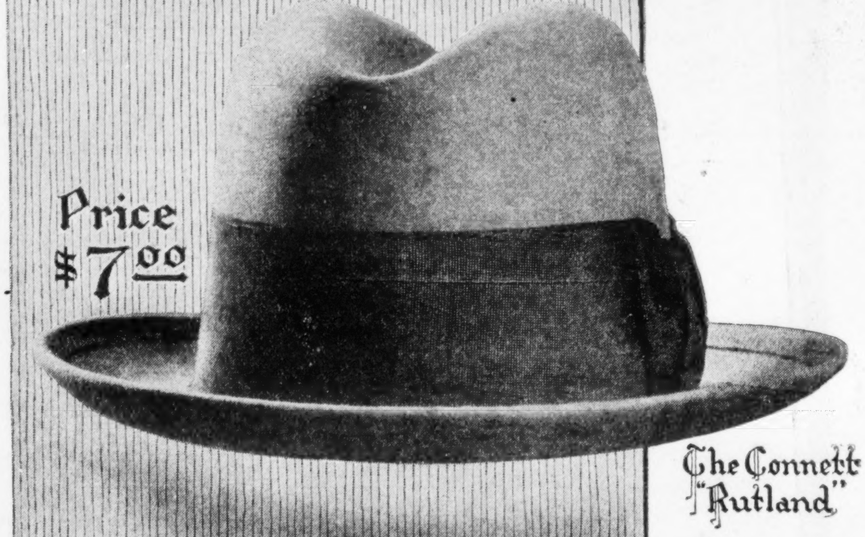
Seattle
Spokane
St. Louis
St. Paul
Syracuse
Toledo
Wahpeton, N. D.
Washington

Canada: 60 West Front Street, TORONTO — Vancouver — Montreal — Hamilton — London — Ottawa



The Connett "Rutland"

The Connett "Rutland" — a perfectly proportioned hat of fine quality. Its outstanding feature is the fact that it looks well on all types of men, with its rather low-set brim, designed to be worn in its original shape or turned down. Try on the "Rutland."

The Connett "Rutland" is priced at $7—other Connett styles at $5, $6, $8, and $10. (Slightly higher west of the Rockies.)

A Background of 109 Years

FIVE generations of Connetts have been making felt hats of a degree of excellence and smartness unsurpassed by any imported or domestic hat.

Thousands of men, fastidious and exacting in matters of dress, have worn Connett Hats without knowing the maker's name—for the Connetts like many of the older conservative manufacturers have devoted their time and skill to the making of fine hats with little thought of marking them with their name.

Of late years, however, more and more of the finer hat stores and men's shops have requested the inclusion of the maker's name. As a consequence, many carefully dressed men recognize the word Connett as a hallmark. They know that where that name appears the hat will be correct to the smallest detail.

The name Connett in a fine hat will in time be valued by every man as highly as it is to-day throughout the hat trade. Rare skill in manufacture, and honest workmanship will always be found where the Connett label appears.

Since 1815, distinction, quality and style have been found in Connett Hats. May we suggest that you ask a dealer to show you the Fall styles?

Write us to-day for our booklet "The Finishing Touch." It gives a great deal of interesting information about Connett Hats.

E. V. CONNETT & CO., Inc.
Since 1815 **Orange, N. J.**

CONNETT HATS
Since 1815

SUPERIOR QUALITY
CUSTOM MADE
CONNETT
TRADE MARK
FOUNDED 1815
E. V. Connett & Co.
NEW YORK

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-208 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 416 West 13th St., New York, N. Y.

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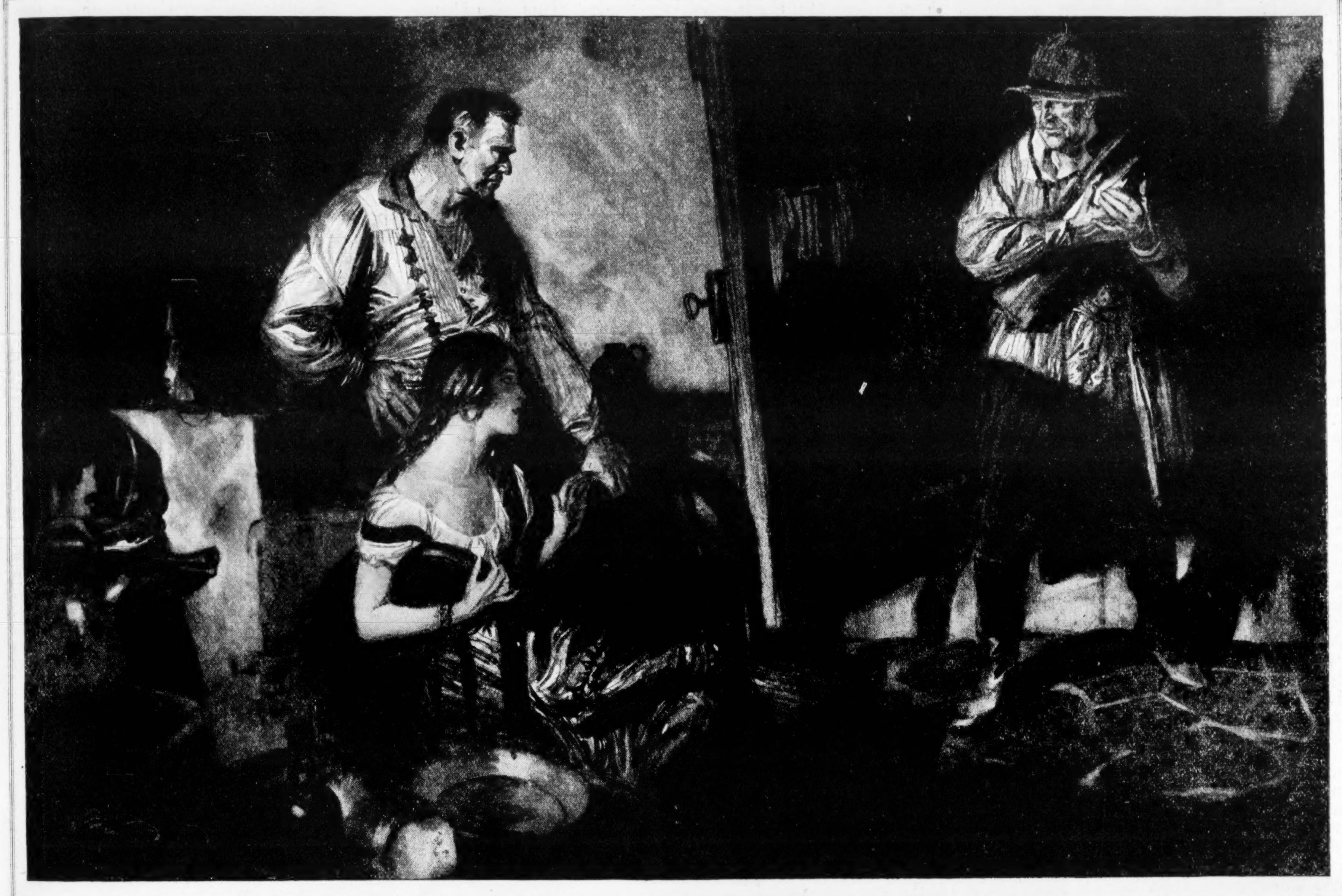


He staggered into the sanctuary of Mark's home, a sudden guest who clutched a black box and would not let go of it

Nemesis at Number Five

By R. G. Kirk

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

THEY say that Long Mark Kastriota will sit in the chair. The newspapers all say that. But don't you ever believe it. The newspapers all were crazy, anyhow, about that fiddling devil whose vile Guarnerius Long Mark whirled into hell. A Guarnerius, mind you—a Guarnerius del Gesu, made with reverence, labeled by the old Cremona master with the sacred initials I. H. S. Good that Long Mark destroyed it. So saturated was it with evil performances that never a clean note could have been drawn out of the thing again.

All America and its newspapers were crazy about this fiddling devil: all America, and Europe, whence he had come with that sinister name already given him, Lucifer's Bow, and the whole world bowing down before his unholy shrine.

Nobody ever bowed down to Long Mark Kastriota. For Mark Kastriota was only a helper at No. 5 open hearth, and the only contraption on which Mark could play a tune was a huge steel test-taking spoon, with a handle twenty feet long. So when Long Mark stopped those vicious violin strings in a manner ten thousand times more infernal than ever this Lucifer goblin had stopped them, all the newspapers bawled hysterically that Mark would sit in the chair. But don't you ever believe it.

When it comes Mark Kastriota's time to die there'll be more fur in the air than there'd be at a lion fight. The country where Mark comes from is only thirty-five miles from one of the world's oldest civilizations, but Mark is a son of the mountain eagle, and Mark's tribes dwell in a land less known than Tibet and twice as wild, where right to this day the mountaineer wears moccasins —and a scalp lock!

But Mark is a white man. The fellow who sets out to dig up a whiter man than Mark Kastriota has bit off a job of work for himself. And not only white at heart is Mark. His people are Aryans. They think like white folks—as you and I think. Even though Mark's tribes are mostly Mohammedans, they are monogamous—by tenet *and* practice. Let any man try to excuse unfaithfulness to his woman by giving Mark Kastriota that weak-kneed old wheeze about man being a polygamous animal by nature, and Mark will agree with him.

"Sure," Mark will say. "But the good God made him like that to give him something to fight, not something to yield to like a he-goat. The good God loves fighting men!"

No, sir! You won't ever see Mark Kastriota walking meekly along to a chair and sitting meekly down in the thing to be killed. When it comes Mark's time to go west, it's a bet that he'll manufacture right then and there, a couple of traveling companions. Fact is, Mark has sent a few on ahead of him to explore the country. Ten or twelve—Turks and Serbs, for the most part, with a neighbor tribesman that owed him blood thrown in for good measure —and—glory to his rifle—one Montenegrin. For Montenegrins are man's game. One Skipetar to five Turks is fair odds, one Skipetar to two or three Serbs. But when Skipetar meets Black Mountaineer, it's man to man. Mark Kastriota, he is a Skipetar, a son of the mountain eagle.

AL HOLLY was just as puzzled as you at first to know what a Skipetar was.

Al came breezing into the hiring office at Ironville one day, with a big Montenegrin brave at his side. Al had just come down from Lakeside Steel, where he had lately been chucked out on the back of his neck. Unjustly, of course, Al thought—as did also the big Montenegrin, his friend, who had jacked his job at Lakeside instanter upon learning of Al's discharge. "Need any labor foremen?" Al wanted to know.

A young man who moved in an aura of self-importance came up to a fence that kept him apart from the herd. This young gentleman shoved a card at Al.

"Fill that out," he commanded as one accustomed to saying "Do this!" to men, and seeing men do it.

"Watchu nem, Walyo?" said he, turning a vastly superior glance to the big man who stood by Al. It may be that young Self-Importance thought he was talking Slav. Or perhaps he was merely laboring under the widespread delusion that a foreigner can understand gibberish better than he can good simple English.

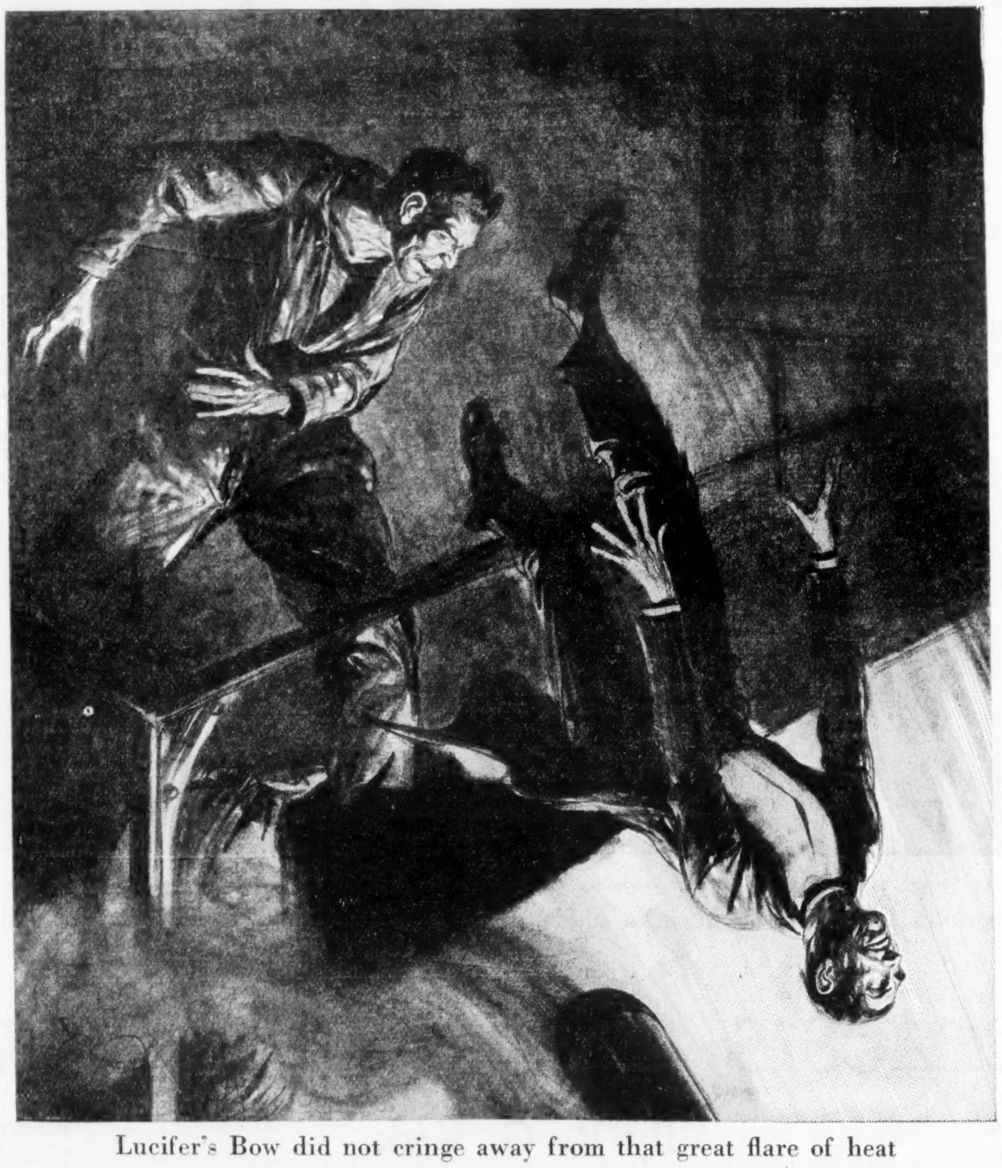
"He wants to know what your name is, Dan," explained Al Holly.

"Tancovic Danillo," stated the big Montenegrin with fine dignity.

Self-Importance drew back what he implicitly believed to be a pair of shoulders and threw out that which for want of more accurate classification, must be grouped with chests like Dan Tancovic's, and said: "If you know so much better than the superintendent of the Employment Bureau of the Ironville Steel Company how to talk to huskies, suppose you help this friend of yours fill out his card."

And he turned a lordly if somewhat narrow-gauge back on the pair of worthies on the jobless side of the fence.

"Watchu nem, Walyo?" he asked, repeating his boneheaded formula to the next man in line.



Lucifer's Bow did not cringe away from that great flare of heat

IT MAY be that Al Holly would have missed that next man in line if he hadn't seen Dan Tancovic bristle.

But Al, looking up from the card before him to ask Dan Tancovic his age, noticed sparks shooting out from the ends of the shaving-brush mustachios that sprouted so ferociously on Dan's upper lip. Dan's right shoulder had dropped—the unconscious movement of a man who has lived for years with a rifle slung back of it. But as no beloved barrel dropped into his hands, Dan took it out in shooting straight lightning from his blue eyes at the Mr. Watchunem who was now under the basilisk scrutiny of the superintendent—b' gosh!—of the Employment Bureau—by cracky!—of the Ironville Steel Company.

A very tall fellow, this new Mr. Watchunem, with a body that spelled m-a-n, from heel to crown. Not quite broad enough across the back to suit Al Holly, who liked 'em wide, but so sweetly lean at waist and hips as to give almost the same fine proportion as that of the broad-backed black mountaineer who eyed him with so much interest. His head was flat at the back, like the heads of much of the European peasantry; but never a peasant had such an eagle's beak of a nose, nor any but the highland Slavs such falcon eyes: black at first look; but, on second look, deep, deep blue.

The poise of the man was the poise of a panther, and when he shifted his weight his splendid torso swayed with the sag of one hip or the other with a catamount's ease and grace. The sleeves of his ill-fitting American coat were too short and the legs of his trousers the same, but the wrists and hands were aristocrat's wrists and hands. And the feet showed the high instep of a mountaineer, with an arch beneath it such as the Arab boasts, under which water might run without wetting the middle sole.

And at this man the two-by-scantling Mr. Shean, the superintendent—hot dog!—of the Employment Bureau—by heck!—of the Ironville Steel Company, was actually laughing!

"Mike Castor-oil!" he ha-haed. Like the laughing jackass of song and story. "Some name to go to bed with!"

He smirked at his office force, who all ha-haed back at their comical boss. That is, all but one—the chestnut-haired one—the one with the broad, slim shoulders and the hazel eyes and the wide, red mouth. That one only smiled—just enough to hold her job. You know. And wrinkled her nose when the boss turned his back—and actually winked a devastating wink at Mr. Watchunem! A powerful wink. It may even be that it saved the life of her comical boss, Mr. Shean.

"You watch, Mr. Al," whispered Dan Tancovic in pleased expectancy. "Dot fellow, he's gon' kill dot little bug, mebbe!"

Al watched. Then he took a swift step forward. But before he reached the tall fellow that wink from Hazel Eyes took Mr. Watchunem fair in the face.

A hand that had gone swiftly underneath the ill-fitting American coat to where a man might, out of old custom, carry something in his belt, came away slowly, empty.

"No Mike Castor-oil, my name," came a polite correction. "Mark Kastriota."

Mr. Shean made no erasures. What did names matter? This hunky would soon have a number.

"Ey-tah-lian!" stated Mr. Shean confidently, and went on with the filling of the card.

"No, no!" said the hawk-nosed man vehemently. "No Italian!"

Mr. Shean looked up. "Ah," he said. "Now I have you. Not many of you come to the mills. You mostly sell nut sundaes. Greek!"

OH, MR. SHEAN! Oh, Mr. Shean! Type of so many who hire and use foreign labor! A man comes to you with a thousand years of fighting blood hot in his veins, and you make him the butt of your narrow-chested and narrow-minded ha-haings. A man comes to you whose race has held liberty its dearest possession, keeping its mountains against overwhelming forces of Roman and Hun, Macedonian and Greek, Bulgar and Serb and Turk for ten bloody centuries, and you guess for his nationality not the two races that have been his deadliest enemies—that were bad enough—but the two that he despises most! So much you understand of the only kind of immigrant that America needs, rough labor stuff. So much of it is bad, so little good, and you know as much about it as you do about the race character of the Martians!

Maybe Al Holly only imagined another move of the tall man's hand toward his belt. At any rate, Miss Chestnut-hair was still right on the job. In all her months back of that little fence she had never seen as handsome a rascal on the other side of it as that tall, fiery-eyed bandit. So making the most of her opportunities, she flashed at him a smile ten times as good an anger killer as her 75-mm. wink.

Hawkbeak succumbed. "No Italian! No Greek!" he said, showing a set of perfect teeth in a grin that went over the little fence and over one of Mr. Shean's narrow shoulders and hit a charming target, bull's-eye. "Me Skipetar!"

"Sure, Skipetar!" said Dan Tancovic to Al Holly. "I know dot fellow's country right away. I be home for my country, mebbe I kill dot fellow—I dunno. Mebbe dot fellow he kill me. He damn good man, dot fellow. His country be next door my country."

So Al, taking his mental geography with him, went up to where Mr. Shean and Mr. Kastriota were trying to get the latter's nationality down in writing.

"Skipetar, Mr. Shean," Al explained—acquiring a chestnut-haired grin for his own little self, meanwhile, that made his head swim—"is bohunk for the fightin'est fool there is. He's an Albanian."

"Well," demanded Mr. Shean, the only man of that name in the world that can't spot a fighting man on sight, "why in thunder doesn't he say so?"

BILL TAGGOT, the assistant super at No. 5 open hearth, knew a fighting man when he saw one. Bill belonged to the lodge—the same lodge that Mark Kastriota, Dan Tancovic, John Paul Jones, and T. R. belonged to. Many an old Ironviller remembers the last game of football Bill played—Ironville Y. M. C. A. against the Ohio Tigers. If ever a captain put his team on the long end by sheer coolness, brains, and the ability to take it, it was Bill that day. Immediately after the whistle they lugged him off to the hospital, opened him up, and snipped off an appendix that had needed snipping badly for several days. But, you see, a lot of Bill's friends had bet their shirts and wives and children on the outcome of that game. And what's an appendix or so between friends, anyway?

"Al," said Bill to his general labor foreman one day. "Tim Mulaney needs another good helper up on the floor. How about that big bohunk over there carrying four stopper rods to the other men's two?"

Al Holly cussed. He could cuss; you got to say that for Al.

"Whang blast you, Tag!" said he, or words to that effect. "If you got as good an eye for a girl as you got for a man, the one you marry will have Barbara the Screen Vamp crying herself to sleep every night. How the billy-hell do you expect me to get this roustabouting done when you cop all the good stuff I train and use it to get out your dog-gone tonnage?"

"You do run a good prep school," laughed Taggot, his hand on Al's shoulder. "And I couldn't think up a finer thing than that to say about any labor foreman. Send (*Continued on page 33*)

I have paid $4.35 for a sirloin steak in a Chicago hotel

I've Seen America

By Frederick L. Collins

Illustrated by Stuart Hay

Mr. Collins has been studying us Americans. Here he sets down some of his observations. Not all of them are flattering. But most of them are. For example: "Americans are better looking than they used to be, especially the men. They seem to have caught up with their women in the race for comeliness. I base this observation not only on my recent trip, but on many previous trips in the past twenty years."

The prohibition law works differently in different sections

AMERICA is so big.

I knew the figures once, and I do not know them now, but I never knew the facts until I went out and groped among them—until I stood with one foot in Mexicali, where opium is legal and liquor is life; and the other in Calexico, where both are sudden death; until I went to the movies at night with the wet Al Smith, and canoeing the next day with the dry Gifford Pinchot; until I spent an evening with a woman Billy Sunday in Portland, Ore., and a week with the grippe in Fargo, N. Dak.; until I discovered that Harvard and Yale are pygmies in the giant world of American education, and that barber shops, due to bobbing, are unprecedentedly prosperous.

And I didn't know, until I saw it, that the bigness of America does not lie in its mileage, its wealth, its population, but in its diversity—its terrifying diversity.

Not races, but sections. I see less difference between the Russian Jews of New York's East Side and the Norwegians of the Dakota wheat fields than I do between the native-born Americans in New Rochelle and their relatives in Great Forks.

When I Am Worried

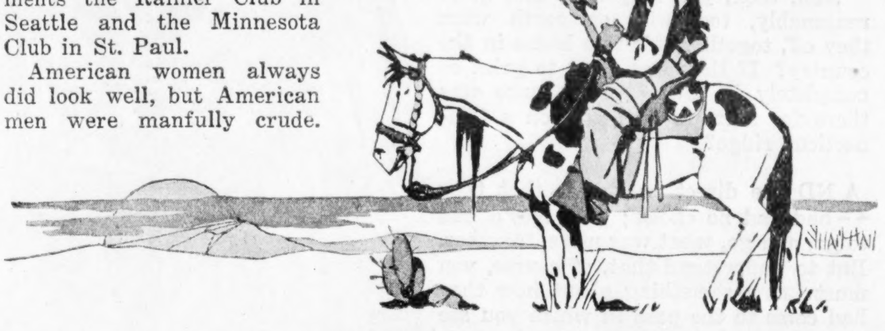
I AM much less worried about immigration than I was. Ellis Island smells a lot worse from the Battery than it does on the wind-swept prairies. But I *am* worried when a United States senator from the most southeasterly of our states tells the world that the northwestern farmer can't raise cattle on ground where the American buffalo used to roam; and I am annoyed to read about him while I am drying my feet after a tilt in the snow with a Dakota bull as heavy as a truck and as agile as a runabout.

Barbershops, due to bobbing, are prosperous

There are so few things which are even partly true of the whole country, and almost no things which are wholly true of every part. Take our universities. It is a reasonably true generalization to say that they have large campuses. The Harvard Yard is indubitably large; it covers a Cambridge block. But it is small in comparison with the campuses of western universities. Ohio State's covers a thousand acres; Stanford's nine thousand! In other words, it is almost as unsafe to describe America in generalizations as it is to legislate for her in the same inadequate vernacular.

My own "general observations," after catching hundreds of trains and studying thousands of people, can be counted on the fingers of two hands. Americans are better-looking than they used to be, especially the men. They seem to have caught up with their women in the race for comeliness. I base this ungallant observation not only on my recent trip, but on many previous trips in the past twenty years; and I base it quite as much on the traveling salesman in the dingy lobby of an Athens, Ohio, commercial hotel as I do on the substantial citizen who ornaments the Rainier Club in Seattle and the Minnesota Club in St. Paul.

American women always did look well, but American men were manfully crude.



Ellis Island smells a lot worse from the Battery than it does on the prairies

All that is changed. The American man shaves daily—and early; he wears white collars—unless he can afford not to—and he looks more like the clothing advertisements than would seem to be humanly possible. I attribute these things to good advertising, good merchandising, and good money. The same factors would be even more evident in the appearance of American women, if they weren't, to begin with, the best-looking and the best-dressed women in the world.

I see nothing to complain about in the bobbed hair and heightened complexions of the modern girls—though I sometimes doubt the value of the lipstick as an implement of race betterment. My only quarrel with American women is that they look so amazingly alike—and so annoyingly young.

Americans are better served than they used to be. Of course, a more equable division of spending money was bound to result in a more equable distribution of comfort; to banish poverty from polite circles, and to make luxury more socially inclined. But, too often, mere money has resulted in mere extravagance and in a sickly lack of decent proportion. Even I, who have not profited especially by the redistribution of wealth, am more careless in expenditures. I have paid $4.35 for a sirloin steak for two people in a hotel in Chicago, though I knew places in the same town where I could get a good table d'hôte meal for $1. I have paid 25c and $1.25 on the same avenue in New York for the same kind of cantaloupe.

Yes, money has brought comfort—of a sort, and at a price. But the automobile, which backs the grocery store into the farmer's yard, or backs the farmer into the grocery store, has brought more. And advertising, which first told the farmer and the grocery man about the automobile and about most of the things which the automobile carries, has brought more than anything else. The man in the street is more comfortable because advertising and merchandising have brought to him the cigar he wants at the time he wants it; the woman in the home is more comfortable—the "more" is wrong; she never knew what it meant to be comfortable until the last few years!

Americans are better fed than they used to be. I have chased beefsteaks across the country for many years and have never found them so frequent or so juicy as they are now. There was a time, when you left the Waldorf in New York, that you couldn't find a good hotel until you struck the Blackstone in Chicago, and thereafter you might just as well go foodless—and bedless!—until you ambled into the St. Francis in San Francisco. But now you enter a city like Spokane, Ore., or Houston, Tex., in the absolute assurance that you will find a good, modern "service" hotel.

Of course, hotel food is not typical—in some cases it is not even indicative—of a city's fare. The hotels in post-war Vienna offered the largest servings and the richest foods I ever saw—when bread riots were raging in the streets. But in a normal and prosperous country the standards of hotel tables rise and fall with the standards of home tables—and it is a significant fact that the before-and-after boys have transferred their attentions from the shrunken bust to the swelling abdomen.

Americans are better read than they used to be. They are reading magazines of prodigious circulation. Some magazines may not be much, artistically, but they are better intellectual fodder than an exclusive diet of transient news. And although the merchandising of literature has lagged notoriously behind that of other less essential commodities, books as well as magazines have found more and steadier buyers. I have seen more people reading books in the past six months than I have in twenty years of traveling. And a different kind of book—more Wells and less Wright. And, at last, the bookseller is rising to the intellectual level of the tobacconist and the druggist.

The other week I rode through Long Branch, N. J., for the first time in eighteen years. I used to nail up posters there on news-stands in an abortive effort to explain to the new-rich summer residents that the magazine was "out to-day." This time I was riding in Governor Silzer's car and had on the gubernatorial overcoat. But I do not think it was any increased sense of well-being which made the old, familiar book stalls look more enterprising and more inviting. There is a market for magazines and books in this country—good magazines and good books—and when that market is thoroughly exploited, Americans will be just as well read as they are well shaved.

We Are Well Entertained

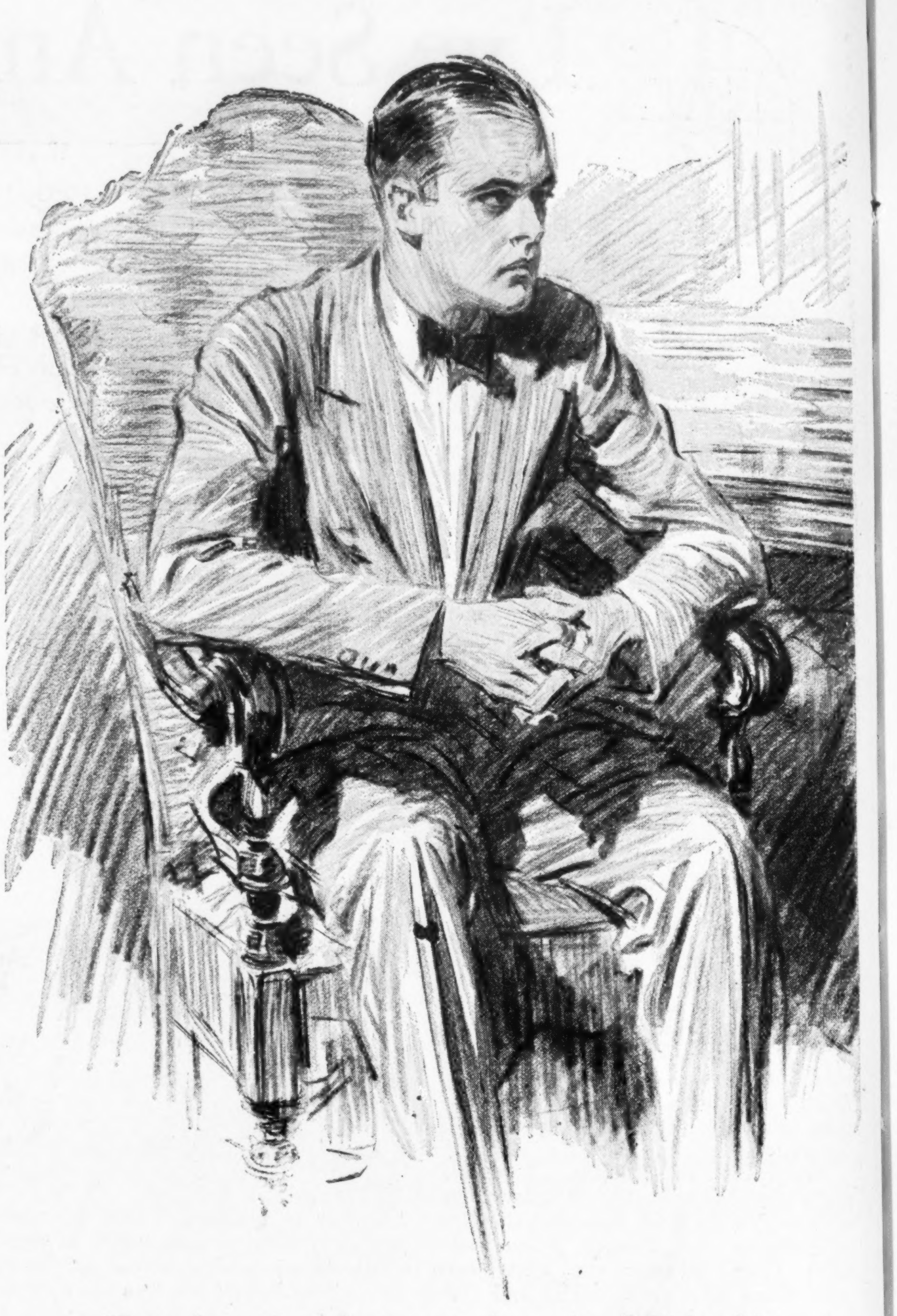
AMERICANS are better entertained than they used to be. The average movie is better entertainment than the average traveling theatrical performance of the old one-night-stand days; and morally and intellectually I am sure it is just as clean. The average picture house is certainly an improvement over the opera-house fire traps of our youth, and the high-class picture house is the finest structure ever devised for the indoor entertainment of the American public. Outdoors, professional baseball clubs are building fences so distant and stands so high that even Babe Ruth must make his home runs within the park. And college stadiums seating fifty, sixty, and seventy thousand people are as inevitable in college towns as bull pens in a Spanish city. In these auditoriums, there is being offered a pageantry of entertainment which has not been equaled since the days of chariot racing.

For those who do not wish to sit still and get their exercise vicariously, there are the country clubs, tennis clubs, boat clubs, public golf links, dance halls, shooting galleries, and bowling alleys; and for those who wish to sit, but not still, there is the open road. In some states—Minnesota, for instance—there are so many motor vehicles that there is an upholstered seat for every man, woman, and child. In all states there is sure evidence (*Continued on page 39*)

What the Neighbors Knew

By William Almon Wolff

Illustrated by C. D. Mitchell



"Lots of people make a mess of marriage," Dick said

IT IS amusing, or, at least, most people find it so, to speculate, occasionally, about people you don't know at all, but see, in restaurants, for instance, or on trains. You ask yourself all sorts of questions about them, and answer them, too, and you must, at times, of course, be most absurdly wrong! For even when you know people quite well, know their circumstances, know the way they talk and behave, you are, as often as not, quite in the dark about their real selves, their real lives.

A good many of the neighbors saw the Fosters leave New York for Connecticut. It was the sort of early spring day when winter has come back for something it left behind, and it was raining—but, oh, what an inadequate word that is for what was happening! The rain was coming down in sheets; the wind drove water before it in a solid mass. But the Fosters moved, just the same; two big, red vans backed up in front of their apartment house about half past ten, and a lot of the neighbors stood or sat in their windows and looked on.

Neighbors do look out of their windows, even in New York, and they see a lot, and get to know a good deal about people with whom they never come to be on speaking terms, even.

It wasn't any surprise to the neighbors to see the vans back up that rainy morning, and the men begin to carry furniture and boxes out to them. They'd known the Fosters were moving up to Connecticut, and the nicer ones among them were rather glad. For, you see, so far as they could possibly be expected to understand matters, there was nothing out of the ordinary about this moving, except, perhaps, the rain.

Here was just another nice young couple that had decided to get out of the city and go to live in the country. You can, even in New York, pick up scraps of news from butchers and icemen and such folk. So the neighbors knew that the Fosters were going up to an old house, somewhere up New Canaan way, that young Mr. Foster's father owned. And very nice it seemed that they should be doing so. There was a particular reason, perhaps, maybe young Mrs. Foster. . . . No one knew about that, but some of the neighbors were quite hopeful, for this was just the sort of young couple that ought to have a little family.

SO, ABOUT noon, the trucks got away, lumbering off in the rain, and, a little after that, young Mr. Foster came down, and his pretty wife, too, and he made her snug with blankets, and got in beside her, and drove away.

The neighbors couldn't see the Fosters, of course, as they drove off, in their big roadster, with its tires strapped on behind, and its important horn. They couldn't see the way they looked straight ahead, and never at one another, and the way they didn't smile at all, but just sat there, in a grim sort of silence, with sullen, brooding eyes, and tight lips. And that was just as well, for illusions are pleasant things, much pleasanter, often, than facts.

It wasn't surprising that the young Fosters should behave as they did, though. For these two, who had been married not quite four years, never spoke to one another any more unless they had to. They didn't quarrel much, any more, but that was simply because they were long past the quarreling stage. And each of them wondered, rather bitterly, rather savagely, indeed, how in the world they had ever imagined they cared for one another enough to be married. Put it in as few words as possible—their marriage had come to an utter, a complete, smash.

Well, then, you may ask—and quite reasonably, too—why on earth were they off, together, for this house in the country? If they had come to grief so completely in town, what chance was there for them to do better on a Connecticut ridge?

AND the direct answer is that they had had no choice; that they'd had to go, and go, what was more, together. But to understand that, of course, you must know something about how they had come to the pass in which you see them, and about what sort of young people they were, Dick Foster and Anne, who had been Anne Luray before she was Anne Foster. And you must be patient, too, while you learn a little about their families, or, at least, their parents.

The Fosters and the Lurays were nice people, more or less old New Yorkers, not blatantly wealthy, but very comfortably off. The Fosters lived in a big house near the park on the east side; the Lurays in just about as big a house near Riverside Drive. They hadn't known one another before Dick and Anne became engaged, but, after that, they met, naturally, and got along very well.

They were very simple, sensible people, these elder Fosters and Lurays. They wondered among themselves, sometimes, in an amused sort of way, what the world was coming to. But they didn't grow hysterical about the younger generation; they remembered that they'd been young themselves. There hadn't been much excitement about Anne's bobbed hair and bare knees, or about Dick's conviction that he needed a car at college, or about the way they went about together at all hours, before and while they were engaged.

And there wasn't any show of discipline. The older folk simply decided to wait and see how it all turned out. They liked both Anne and Dick, and they trusted them, too, And they encouraged them to get married at once, and, indeed, made that possible. Mr. Luray continued Anne's allowance, and Mr. Foster agreed to supplement Dick's salary, which wasn't very large. And there were many gifts for the apartment from both sides.

It looked, really, like an excellent match. There never were two youngsters more in love than Anne and Dick. And, so far as money went, Dick was doing well, even if his earnings weren't large. He was with Landsdowne and Beale, the architects, which would give him a certain standing when he was ready to start for himself, and he had, it was understood, marked talent. And, of course, both he and Anne had definite expectations.

Mr. Foster was the vice president, and the actual head, of a corporation that made incredible numbers of player-pianos and phonographs, and Mr. Luray was one of those inconspicuous lawyers whose professional income averages well along in five figures, year after year.

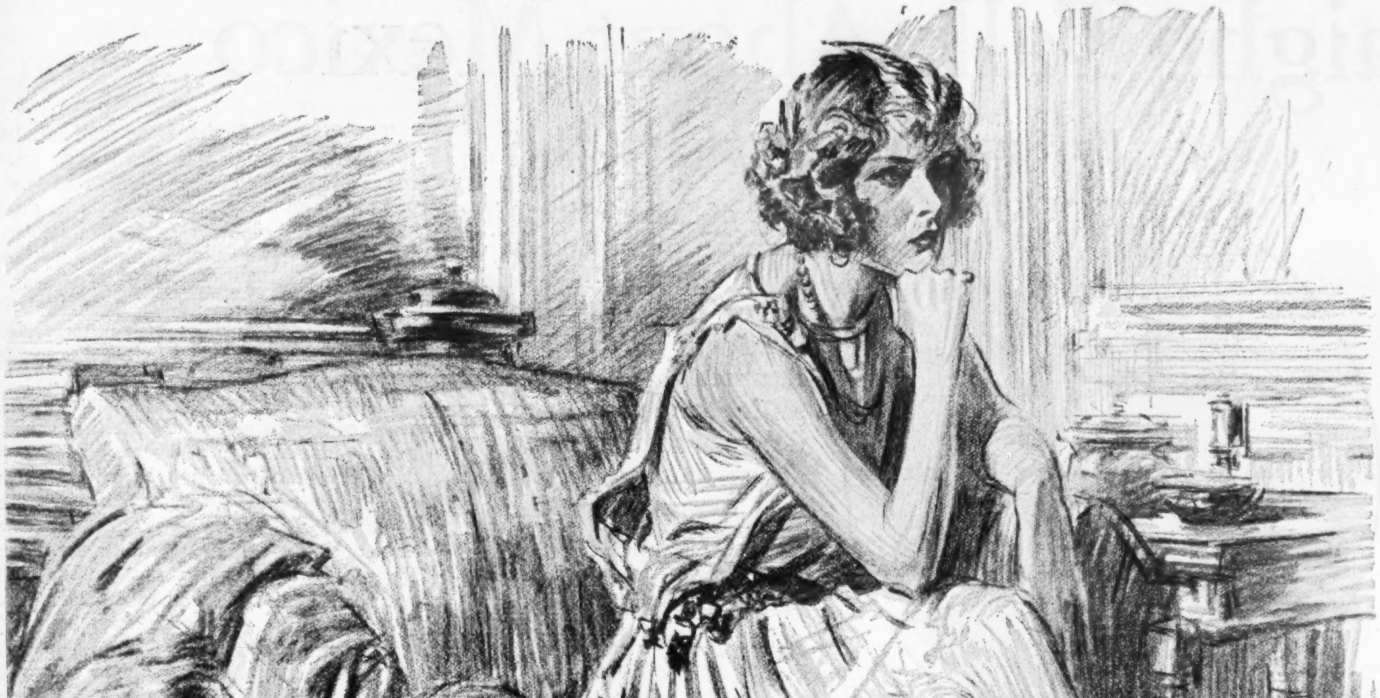
For the first year, too, everything went well. Anne and Dick had a marvelous time. After that—well, after that, they just didn't, and it isn't at all easy to put your finger on the reason why. There wasn't any one reason, probably. They spent too much money. They gave—and went on—too many parties. Parties of the sort where there are two extremely dangerous elements: prohibition liquor and sullen and discontented men and women on the lookout for something to restore zest to their jaded lives.

Those first few quarrels didn't seem to be serious at all; they were easily and quickly made up; Dick and Anne loved one another more than ever after they were over. But the trouble with quarrels is that they have a cumulative effect, like—arsenic, isn't it? And when quarrels become something of a habit, unpleasant talk becomes a habit, too.

They quarreled about all sorts of things. About bills, around the first of the month, when it became increasingly hard to pay them all. And after parties, when Dick, at first, would be nice enough, and explain that, of course, he knew it was perfectly all right, but people did talk, and Anne oughtn't to make herself conspicuous with any such blighter as Jack Deane, and Anne would turn the light protests into something ugly and bitter by coming back with remarks about Dick and his inability to see through a vamp like Kate Winston. And so on and so on.

THEY must have decided, at just about the same time, that their marriage was a failure, a mistake. But, by that time, they couldn't, either one of them, go to the other and try to get things talked out; they weren't lovers any more, and they never had been friends. And each of them, probably, was a little scared, a little appalled, by the discovery. So they went on, liking one another less and less, and traveling a faster and faster pace, and getting more and more into debt. And just why they never happened to strike the same obscure little eating places, at lunch time—when Anne was with George Vreeland, and Dick was with Kate Winston, who was, after all, a better sort of woman than Anne said, and did like Dick pretty well—Heaven only knows!

An emotional crisis is a costly sort of luxury. Not so much directly, as in an indirect way. You grow nervous, you see, and restless; you take taxicabs instead of the subway or a bus. And shops have a morbid sort of fascination for you, particularly shops where you have an account. You buy all sorts of



"I'll work like the devil, though—" "Yes, you will!" Ann jeered. "You'll never make any money"

things you don't need at all: clothes, and hats, if you're a woman, and clothes too, if you're a man, and neckties that, in your intervals of comparative sanity, you know quite well you wouldn't wear. No. Affairs of this sort call for an unlimited bank account, in effect.

And it was their bills that, with the young Fosters, finally precipitated the crash. Except for them they would, quite possibly, have drifted into a more or less amicable divorce, about which their parents, much as they would doubtless, have disapproved, couldn't have done very much. But they had their last and most blazing row when some of Anne's creditors went to Dick with their bills—which she should have paid out of her allowance, and hadn't. And she knew about some of his unpaid bills, too, so that he didn't get very far with what he had to say. It was then that there was the first actual talk of a separation, and Dick told her, in effect, to go and be hanged to her.

That was, though, about the last gesture he was able to make. For some of his creditors were, even then, laying certain matters before his father, and Mr. Foster took these under advisement, and had lunch with Mr. Luray, and they went uptown together, later, and brought their wives into the conference—at the Fosters', as it happened.

When the Lurays went home for dinner they found Anne there. She had, she explained, left Dick; she was going to Reno to get a divorce. She continued to believe that for nearly an hour. She had always had her own way; it took quite a long time for her to realize that this time she couldn't. But she had to realize it; had to realize, too, only a little more gradually, the ghastly thing her parents meant to do to her—the humiliation to which she was to be subjected.

THERE was, first and last, a good deal of straight talk that night, and unpleasant it was to hear, too. Her father told Anne that she couldn't go to Reno unless she had some way of financing the trip herself; she was to get no more money from him. Nor could she come home to stay; she wasn't wanted, to put it plainly. And there was more.

Upon conditions, her bills and Dick's were to be paid. But they had to give up their apartment and go and live in a house the Fosters owned, up New Canaan way—it had been their summer home before they bought the new place at Greenwich. And all the money they'd have would be Dick's salary—since there was to be no more allowance for either of them until the amount required to pay their bills had been worked out, so to speak, and, quite possibly, not then.

They fought as hard as they could, of course, both of them; they were, for the first time in months, united against a common foe. But they didn't have a chance. And what they did, long after midnight, long after Anne had been carried over to the Fosters for the continuance of the brawl there, was to go back to their apartment, dismally, by various subways and street cars, and face hard facts.

"Look here—I'm sorry, Anne," said Dick. "I don't mean—oh, hang it, lots of people make a mess of marriage, and I s'pose we've both helped about that. But, I mean—I'm sorry I can't ship you off to Reno and let you have a chance to break away. I'll work like the devil, though—it mayn't have to be for so darned long—"

But Anne was much too bitter and angry to meet him halfway, which might have made some difference.

"Yes, you will!" she jeered. "You'll never make any money! I wish I'd died before I ever saw you!"

It's been made perfectly plain already, hasn't it, that Dick was no hero of romance, but just a perfectly decent, human chap, with an average sort of temper? He didn't try any soft answer to that: he flamed up again and was just as angry as she.

"Well, anyway—we've got to go," he said. "No two ways about that. I thought we might try to be decent to one another. But have it your own way!"

So they went off together, in the rain, in the car that was one of the principal reasons for their unpaid bills, and the neighbors watched them, sentimentally, and waved handkerchiefs and wished them luck. Well, they needed good wishes, certainly!

Now, between Dick and Kate Winston—who, as has been said, wasn't a bad sort of woman at all—there really hadn't been anything at all serious. He'd liked to be with her, and talk to her. But he wasn't thinking about her at all as he drove off. He'd had his jolt, and a pretty stiff one, and he was looking to the future. He had to make good now, and he knew it, and knew too, that it wasn't going to be easy. He was going to hate commuting, for one thing, and it was going to be lonely as the devil. For, of course, Anne would get around her people pretty soon, and clear out. He was making his plans already. He'd sell this car and get a flivver. And . . . oh, well, his mind ran on, as one's mind does.

ANNE was a lot worse off than he, really. She'd taken George Vreeland and his technique a lot more seriously than she should have done, or than George—who, after all, was getting along, and beginning to like peace—had intended her to do. And she'd seen him, a couple of days ago, and told him everything, and practically put it up to him to do something about it, and he—well, she'd realized, suddenly, that he was trying to let her down easily, and that he didn't care a bit, and . . . she'd had a pretty bad time, for that sort of thing, while it may, ultimately, be very good for one's soul, is about as rotten to go through as anything that can happen to one. But Dick didn't know this; knowing George Vreeland, he hadn't, really, ever taken that business at all seriously.

One of the reasons Anne scowled so, and looked ahead of her so grimly, was that it was all she could do, as they drove uptown and out toward White Plains, to keep from breaking down and howling and telling Dick all about it. There hadn't been a soul she *could* tell; that was the very worst of it!

It was a miserable trip. There was a flat tire, just below Portchester, and the old rim was almost frozen to the wheel, so that it took ages to get it off. And they had to stop and eat some lunch, and the service was abominably slow, and they were supposed to overhaul the trucks, somewhere on the way, and lead them to the house. But they needn't have worried about that because they passed them below Darien, and had to wait half an hour, after all, at the turn for New Canaan, which, for a time, was their road.

"Gosh!" said Dick, when the trucks did come. "I don't like the looks of those side roads! Those trucks are pretty heavy."

Silence from Anne.

So he drove on, liking the looks of the dirt roads that came straying down to the concrete less and less. Some of them didn't look like roads at all any more, but like young rivers in flood. And how it rained! He stopped, after a while, and got out and put chains on all four wheels, because he had a feeling that his car was going to need all the traction it could get before long.

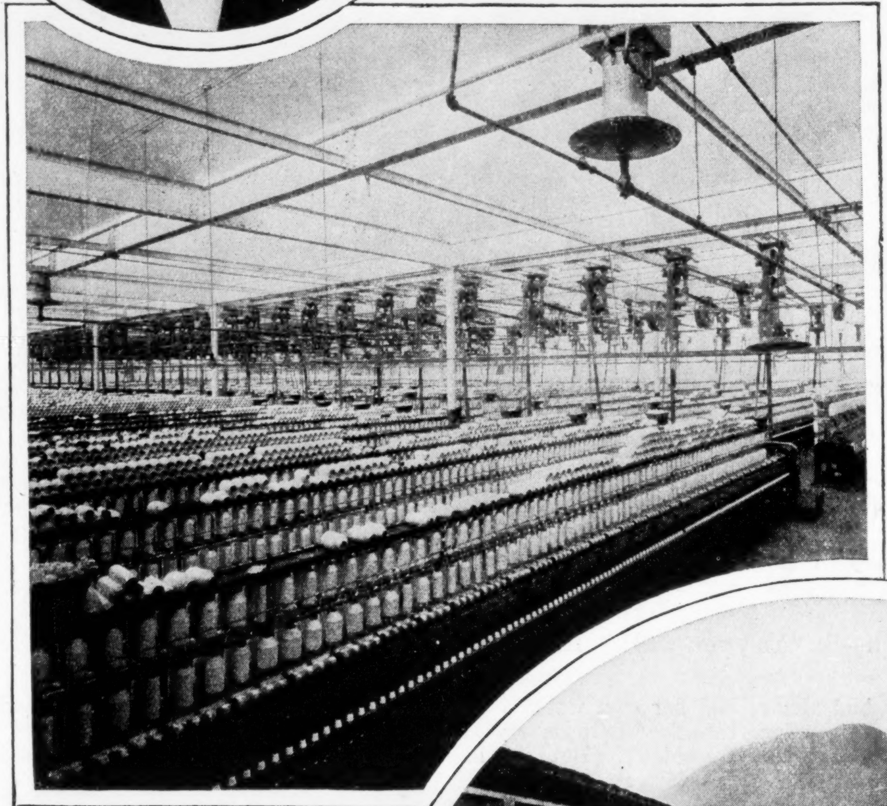
THEY turned off the concrete presently, and took to a road that, as it had been macadamized, once, a long time ago, was still wholly passable. And all the time Anne just sat there, not saying a word, but lighting a cigarette, now and then. That hurt Dick, too, in the oddest way, because, in the old days, when they liked one another, she'd always lighted his cigarettes for him, when he was

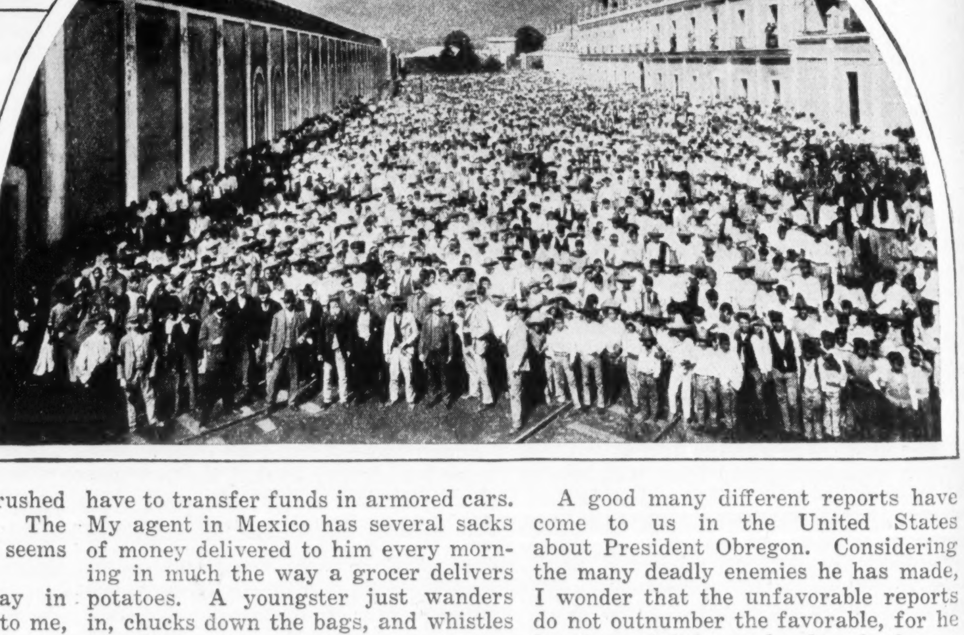
(*Continued on page 30*)

Straight Talk About Mexico

By Samuel M. Vauclain

One of Samuel Vauclain's favorite diversions, aside from running the world's largest locomotive works, is killing bunk. Having returned from a successful selling trip to Mexico, he debunks some pet notions about that country. He says, among other things, that few Mexicans are revolutionists. And as for safety, give him, above all other places, Mexico City!





Beneath Mr. Vauclain's picture is a view of part of the great modern cotton mill at Rio Blanco, Vera Cruz, one of the largest and best equipped plants in Mexico. At the right are 11,000 of the mill's workers massed outside the gates

I DO not pretend to know everything about Mexico. In the past thirty or forty years I have been there many times selling locomotives. My trips have been purely for business. They have had to do with selling locomotives and getting paid for them.

When the country has had the money in hand to pay, my operations have been very simple. When the money has not been in hand, then I have had to look to credit arrangements—which of course means determining the chances of ultimate payment. A locomotive will earn money and pay for itself, provided a railroad has the traffic and is well managed. A railroad running through a country in revolution is scarcely a credit risk. A country in revolution is certainly not a conservative credit risk. This year I have been twice in Mexico and I had not been there previously for three years. We have extended credit to Mexico for locomotives. That is the best evidence I can give as to my opinion of the stability of the present government. We think it is good enough to back with money.

In the three years since I was last there, what amounts to a new Mexico has been born.

For some reason we do not seem to know much about Mexico. Comparatively few Americans have ever been in the country. If we except the border towns, scarcely one per cent as many of our people travel to Mexico as travel to Europe. The average man thinks of Mexico as a place of revolutions, and practically all the news we ever get has to do with revolutions or trouble of some kind. The prevailing government seems always to be in imminent danger. If the government itself is not in hot water, then it is putting some foreign interests into hot water with taxes or confiscations. We get a notion of the country that is not very far from the general notion in foreign parts that lynching bees in the United States are one of the commonest forms of outdoor recreation. It surprises foreigners to learn that only a few Americans have ever seen a lynching. It will surprise most Americans to learn that the average Mexican knows of revolutions only by hearsay.

In very few of the revolutions have any great number of people actually taken part. A revolution is in the way of being a manner of speaking. If three or four criminals barricade themselves in a house and the state police go after them, as now and again happens in our own coal regions, we think of it only as an example of how much some people want to be hanged and not at all as a revolution; the disorders in West Virginia and at Herrin, we took as mere outbreaks of lawlessness, but had these battles happened in Mexico we should have heard of them as desperate revolutionary combats. We take all our news of Mexico in revolution form; if it is served otherwise it is not news.

It would not be safe to say that there will be no further so-called revolutions in Mexico, but I think it is safe to say that, unless something quite unforeseen happens in the development of the country, revolutions will steadily diminish in importance and in a few years will die out. The De la Huerta revolution is an example. It was quickly and expeditiously crushed—although at a heavy expense. The government to-day is strong and seems likely to increase in strength.

Life and property are to-day in Mexico, or so at least it seemed to me, about as safe as life and property are anywhere. Certainly property in Mexico City is safer than it is in New York City. In the financial district unguarded boys of ten or twelve carry sacks of gold and silver from one bank to another. They stroll along, and no one thinks anything of it, and they are quite unmolested. In New York we have to transfer funds in armored cars. My agent in Mexico has several sacks of money delivered to him every morning in much the way a grocer delivers potatoes. A youngster just wanders in, chucks down the bags, and whistles off again.

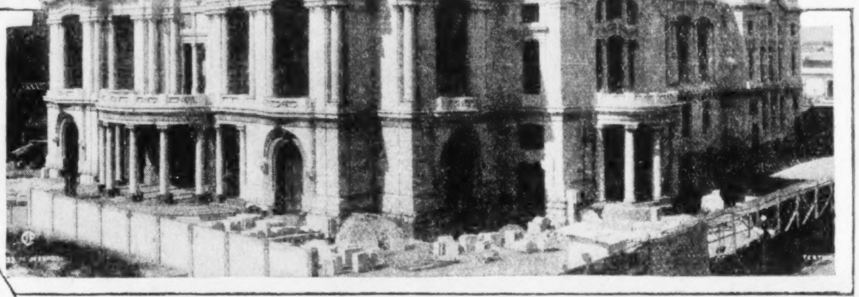
I cannot say that it is possible publicly to carry a bag of gold throughout all Mexico without being molested, but I do say that, if I had to carry a bag of gold around any country and had my choice of countries, I should pick out Mexico before I should pick out others whose civilization is not questioned.

The City of Mexico is as well administered as any city I have ever been in. The streets are clean and well paved. The houses seem to be in good order. The electric installations are first-class, and I should ask for no better firemen and policemen. The traffic regulation is particularly good, and it is not an easy traffic to regulate, for the streets are simply teeming with motor cars.

The streets may be dangerous. All kinds of assassins may be lurking about, but I did not hear of them, and President Obregon had not heard of them either, for he drives or walks wherever he likes, absolutely unguarded. One afternoon he drove me in an open car through the busiest streets. We had no detectives or soldiers in our car. We had no guard car along with us, and no detectives could have been sent out in the crowds because no one, not even the general, knew where we were going when we started.

On another evening he asked me to meet him at the Castle of Chapultepec, which is the White House of Mexico. I got there rather early and played with the children for half an hour or so before the general came down and announced that he was ready. We drove alone to a public restaurant in the park and there we had dinner, just as anyone else might have dinner—it was no official fête. After that we sat and talked for a while and listened to the music. Then he drove me around through the electrically lighted avenues of the city for fully an hour. The general is a brave man, but he is far too sensible to expose himself unnecessarily; he is not in the least foolhardy. I think he traveled alone simply because he knew of no serious danger against which he had to be guarded.

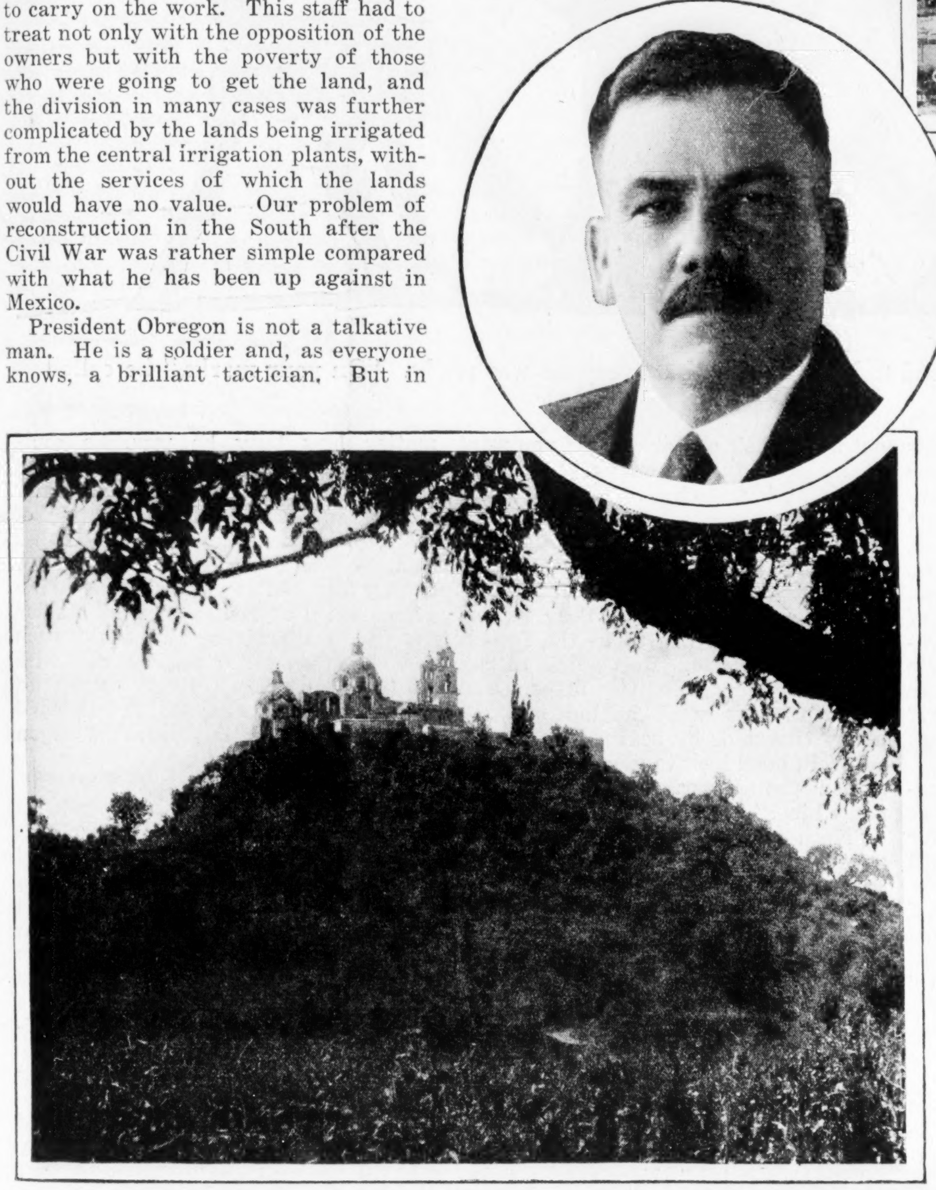
A good many different reports have come to us in the United States about President Obregon. Considering the many deadly enemies he has made, I wonder that the unfavorable reports do not outnumber the favorable, for he has been fighting a hard and often a ruthless battle to free the peons, to give them land and to make Mexico a nation of free people instead of a nation half free and half slave. He is fighting for the common, everyday man, and that is why I like him. He has been freeing the slaves, for the peons have been merely slaving, and of



The National Theater in Mexico City. Already over $8,000,000 has been spent on it; when completed it will cost about $14,000,000. The stone is Carrara marble, carved in Italy

course he has the hatred of the big landowners who have grown rich on what amounts to slave labor. The resistance to him has been so bitter that in his efforts to down it he has gone much further than I think he ever intended to go and probably much further than was necessary. He has been severe and he has been arbitrary. But I think with a fight of that size on my hands and with the character of opposition that he had to meet I might have been a great deal more severe.

Putting through the division of these great estates so that no man who wanted to work on the land should be landless has been one of the hardest jobs of modern times. Obregon first had to assemble as best he could a staff to carry on the work. This staff had to treat not only with the opposition of the owners but with the poverty of those who were going to get the land, and the division in many cases was further complicated by the lands being irrigated from the central irrigation plants, without the services of which the lands would have no value. Our problem of reconstruction in the South after the Civil War was rather simple compared with what he has been up against in Mexico.



A typical Mexican beauty spot; and President-elect Calles

President Obregon is not a talkative man. He is a soldier and, as everyone knows, a brilliant tactician. But in addition to that he has as keen a business head on his shoulders as ever I have met with. He was a successful merchant before he became a soldier, and he still knows how to drive a bargain, or, rather—which is more important—to make a fair bargain. In all our negotiations he was absolutely frank. He told me what he could not do as well as what he could do, and we had no difficulty whatsoever in reaching agreements that were fair to both sides.

He did not seem in the least worried about the condition of the country or who might succeed him as president. It was none of my affair to talk politics, but it was my affair to know if the election was going to change the whole face of the country. I gathered that he considered that no man could possibly be elected president who would be so unwise as to attempt the restoration of the old land system. When asked if he knew anything of the whereabouts of De la Huerta, the defeated revolutionist, he replied with a little chuckle:

"How should I know where De la Huerta is, when he doesn't know himself?"

We are apt to look upon Mexico as a one-man show, principally because the press dispatches have only to do with the president or his chief opponent. President Obregon, during these last four years, has been an overshadowing figure, but he is not the whole government of Mexico and neither is he the only man of ability. The country contains many able men and also a growing and very intelligent working class. The Mexicans are not all laborers any more than all Chinamen are laundrymen. For generations the great mass of the people have had no chance at education, but when given an opportunity they learn quickly. For instance, the railways are now entirely manned and operated by Mexicans. The roadbed from Laredo to Mexico City is in better condition than that of three quarters of the roads in the United States. The engines that I sold to them three years ago are just as good as new—and they have been run by Mexican engineers and repaired by Mexican workmen. The Mexicans are a good deal like the Japanese in the way they catch on.

The people are making an effort to do things for themselves in a modern way and get the benefit of the application of power and the division of labor—that is, they are becoming industrially civilized. I went through one clothing factory that was as good as anything of the kind I have ever seen. It employed seven hundred men and eight hundred women and it manufactured clothing from cloth made in Mexico. The machinery was all modern and electrically driven. The factory itself was spotless and the operators were all dressed neatly and cleanly. A feature that I have never seen anywhere was a day nursery with trained nurses for the women who had no place to leave their babies. For the older children the company maintained a kindergarten. And these things were not at the expense of wages or instead of wages. The new, unskilled girls received a minimum of approximately $1.25 a day, while the machine operators received up to $6 and the cutters $9.

I am expressing these wages in American, not in Mexican, dollars. Such wages have never before been heard of in the country because nearly everything has been done by hand. The head of the company told me that labor at this rate with the machines was cheaper by far than the old, cheap hand labor. That of course must always be so. But it takes many people a long time to realize it.

The big news item in Mexico to-day is not news at all, for it has nothing of disaster in it. This big item is that the great mass of the people are gaining rapidly in purchasing power—which means the end of disorder. The people on the whole are prosperous. On the lines of railway that I visited the local freight business has doubled.

They Like the Automobile

THE automobile craze has caught the people hard. Those who have not automobiles are scheming to get them. The number of trainloads of automobiles from the United States that I passed was simply astounding. And these automobiles are being bought not only by the rich. They are being bought by the same kind of people as buy them in the United States. Within a few years the Mexicans, by hook or by crook, are going to be on wheels.

Poverty is no longer being accepted as the natural condition of man. The people are being shaken out of their old acceptance of things and are learning that they can gain nothing either from war or from charity, but that they can gain only by work. Naturally, everyone has not changed over. The country is peopled by human beings, and a fair share of these human beings look at the world exactly as their fathers before them looked at it. But enough people have caught the new idea to give tone to the mass. Mexico has been a land of unequal opportunity in which foreigners or wealthy estate owners derived most of the benefit from the immense natural resources. The present Mexico is on its way to becoming a land of more equal opportunity. Within five years it is going to be a land of marvelous prosperity.

They Want American Goods

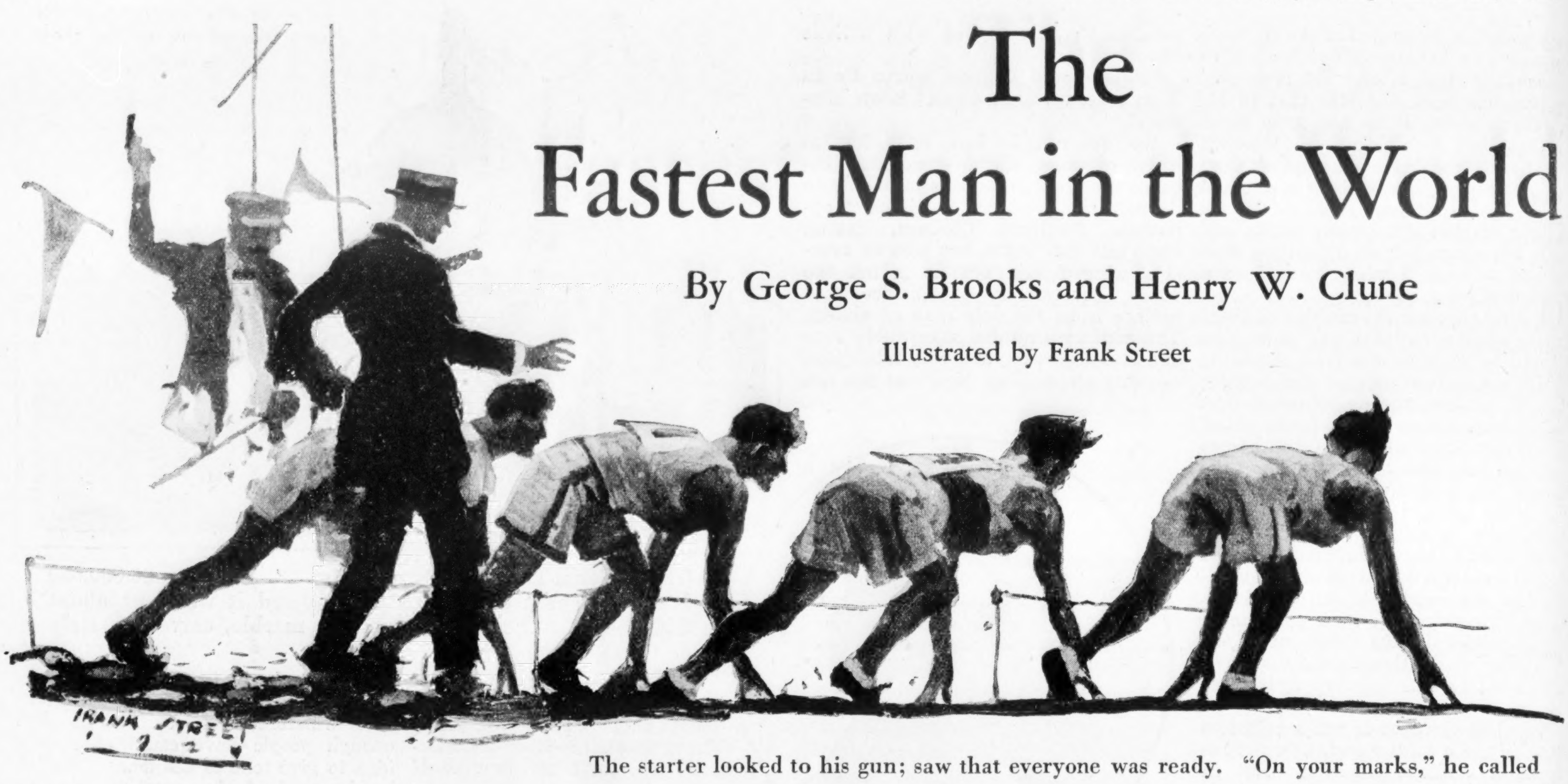
WE DO not cut much of a figure below the Rio Grande, probably because of a rather general opinion that the country is unsafe and that the government is radical in the extreme. Foreign capital is perfectly safe in Mexico, provided it is under good management and neither asks nor expects favors over and above those granted to Mexican capital. When foreign capital tries to establish special privileges for itself, then it is likely to run up against some special laws or special interpretations of existing laws. The Mexicans do not understand why an American should ask to do in Mexico what he cannot do in his own country. The present policy is that Mexico is for the Mexicans, just as our policy has always been that America is for the Americans. But the point is that the Mexican law, even if observed to the very letter, will not hinder the making of legitimate profits to anything like the degree that American laws will.

The people who do appreciate the opportunities in Mexico are the Germans. Three quarters of the traffic on the railroad line from Vera Cruz to Mexico City consists of goods made in Germany. Next in order come British goods. We sell a large number of automobiles, but that is about all we do sell. Our merchants and manufacturers have not permitted themselves to get a clear picture of Mexico to-day. And that is the more remarkable because the Mexicans that I met, instead of being jealous of us as once they may have been, are now trying to be industrially as much like us as they can. They want American goods, American methods, and American capital. Right at the present moment there is more trade for us in Mexico than in all Europe and the Orient put together. Nothing outside of this country is of more importance to the prosperity of our own people than is this stirring of business in Mexico—a country like our own great West is opening its eyes.

The Fastest Man in the World

By George S. Brooks and Henry W. Clune

Illustrated by Frank Street



The starter looked to his gun; saw that everyone was ready. "On your marks," he called

SOUTH Water Street was blocked. There was a temporary wooden railing around the entrance to the Harper Building, where a dozen workmen were removing the wreckage of a mammoth electric sign which had fallen from the roof, ten stories above. Diagonally across the street three surveyors were measuring the distance from the left curb to the spot where lay the twisted steel that had been the sign.

The surveyors were directed by an energetic elderly man who now and then cursed their stupidity with picturesque language.

Barney Callahan, the oldest policeman on the force, separated himself from the group of curious persons who were watching the surveyors. He made his way into Gordon's lunch room, which had been christened Gordon's saloon, and ordered a cup of coffee and two doughnuts.

"See that old fellow out there with them surveyors?" he asked the counter man.

The man nodded.

"What do you think he's doing?"

"Getting ready for a lawsuit, I suppose."

"You're a liar," returned the policeman, with genial good nature. "That's Billy Donlon, the old professional sprinter and track coach. He's hired them surveyors to prove that his son is the fastest man in the world."

The counter man showed awakened interest. "How come?" he asked.

"Have one yourself," invited Officer Callahan with a broad grin. "You might as well, for they're on the house, anyway. And I'll tell you about Donlon. I've known him since we both got licked for stealing rides on horse cars."

Thirty years ago Billy Donlon was a good sprinter. And on the day that he, then a callow youth, traveled 100 yards of cinder path in ten seconds flat, he dreamed that sometime he would see a runner cover the distance in the unheard-of time of 9 2-5 seconds. It made no difference to him when he heard trainers and athletes agree that no man born of woman would ever beat Piper Donovan's professional record of 9 3-5 seconds.

To prove this statement and to register a new world's record Billy Donlon sprinted, trained, and schemed for eight years. At the end of that time Piper Donovan's mark of 9 3-5 seconds was still intact and Billy's stiffening knees forced him from the ranks of runners into the profession of track coach at an Eastern university. But he continued to dream of a superman who would run as no other man had ever run before.

"Legs hung up Donovan's record of nine-three," he told his wife the morning they were married, when she was waiting for him to kiss her and praise her pretty tailored traveling suit. "If we ever clip a fifth off that time, we gotta use brains."

"Billy," implored his bride, a sudden gleam of temper in her eye, "won't you forget that hundred-yard-dash for two weeks? For just two weeks, until we get back from our trip?"

"Sure," replied Billy carelessly. "Of course I will, honey. But I'm blamed sorry I didn't hang up a new record myself. Brains will do it, you know." And then Billy wondered why his wife broke down and sobbed on the morning of her wedding.

DURING the next two years, while Billy Donlon coached sprinters, he began to realize the futility of his efforts.

"They're here in college only four years," he complained. "I can teach 'em a lot in that time, but you gotta spend a lifetime on your real world beater. You gotta start when he's awful young to get his mind right as well as his legs and lungs. So there you are."

His child was born at the hospital. Billy Donlon did a Highland fling in the corridor when the nurse assured him, "It's a boy."

"Does he look like a sprinter?" demanded Billy solicitously.

"Not yet," returned the nurse. "Your wife wishes he'd been a girl."

"I don't care anything about women's records," Billy said. "Please tell the doc I'd like to see him."

So before he went into the white room where his wife was lying he held a council of war with the doctor, the nurse, an amused interne, and his son.

"Good Lord!" Billy exclaimed as he glanced down at his baby's red and warped features, "he's got bowlegs!"

The doctor smiled reassuringly. "They all have when they're born," he explained. "His legs will straighten out before he's a year old. If you want to make a runner out of him, look at his back and chest. That ought to convince you he'll have the build for it. See how full and deep his chest is. Hear him yell—that proves his lung capacity. I never saw a huskier baby."

"He's got to be good," Billy replied grimly. "He's going to be the fastest man in the world. He's going to run 100 yards in nine and two fifths. And do it without wind behind him, or phony timers or by beating the gun."

"Well, good luck to you and to him," smiled the doctor. "What will you name him?"

"Nora can name him. All I ask is a chance to train him. Now I want to see my wife."

Nora Donlon laughed when Billy informed her about his plans for their son's future.

"I'll call him Stephen," she whispered. "As soon as the poor kid can walk, I'll turn him over to you. You can talk to him about your running and give me a rest. You know I've listened to it ever since we were engaged."

Billy kissed her. "Steve it is," he said.

"That's settled." Nora's eyes twinkled. "But, remember, the next baby belongs to me."

In an excess of repentance for his sins of commission, omission, and conversation Billy sent his wife a market basket of violets and a tourmaline necklace for luck. Then he wrote out a training schedule for Steve.

When the baby was four weeks old the training began. For ten minutes each day the father massaged Steve's little legs with olive oil, which the doctor said would help straighten them and make them strong. Every evening he gave Steve a "workout," placing him on a thick blanket and letting him kick and squirm and squeal for fifteen minutes.

"You're the first man who ever liked to hear a baby cry," Nora assured him.

"Look at the lungs it's put on him already," the father replied.

So, as the years rolled by and Steve became a lively, harum-scarum youngster, it was understood that he belonged to his father. Billy loved his daughter and worshiped Steve. He brought toys and ice cream to little Nora, but he talked to the older youngster. No matter how busy he was, he could always make time to listen to Steve's accounts of his playground exploits.

Billy was the keenest follower of athletics in the country, other coaches said, and he contrived to make Steve equally devoted to sports. They both concentrated on running. Billy studied the style and training methods of each new champion and compared them with his own theories. Every scrap of knowledge was tabulated in his mind to be used on the day when he began Steve's intensive training.

STEVE was developed along general lines at first. His father kept him at the sort of outdoor games that would give him a solid physical foundation for the severe training that was to come. He romped through boyhood, a school-yard oracle on sports, because he was the son of a country-famous coach and because he knew the name and history and records of every prominent athlete in the world.

Not, however, until his second year of high school was Steve permitted to tie running shoes on his feet. Billy had seen too many promising schoolboy athletes "burned out." He would not let himself be hurried in the development of his son.

"I don't want an infant prodigy," he said. "I'm making a world beater."

It was the spring that Steve first ran in a high school meet that his father disgraced him and broke up a baseball game. From Steve's earliest youth Billy had made a pal out of his son; had taken him with him to all the large meets, until the boy was almost as well known as the old coach himself. And when Steve played hockey or baseball, Billy was always on the side lines to give the youth a word of advice between the halves or innings.

Incidentally, Billy's devotion was so great that, when Steve was given a low mark in physics, the father bought a textbook and engaged a college tutor to explain it to him so that he, in turn, could assist the boy. Billy's efforts to learn science were even less successful than Steve's, a fact that afforded Nora and her daughter great amusement.

"Action is reaction turned inthide out," Nora junior lisped at the dinner table. She only lisped when she wished to tease her father.

"Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to anything," chimed in Nora.

"Please leave Dad alone," Steve begged his mother, flushing to the roots of his hair. As for his sister, he kicked her shins.

Steve was playing right field on the baseball team. He was a fair bunter and was used as lead-off man on the batting order because of his phenomenal speed in getting down to first base.

ON THE day that his father disgraced him, a high-school league game had gone eleven innings, when, to the surprise of everyone, the catcher poled a three-base hit. The opposing team was two runs ahead and two were out. Steve's tally was essential for a win.

As Steve walked up to bat, the crowd implored him to "hit it on the nose," and Billy, sitting on the bench, called to the opposing pitcher. "There goes your old ball game."

Steve grinned, let two high ones go by and hit the third ball pitched a tremendous wallop. The man on third raced home and Steve tore down the path toward first.

At that moment Billy rose from the bench and shouted, "Hold it, Steve. Hold it."

Obediently, Steve turned to the right and then waited half a minute while the fielders retrieved the ball. The team was in an uproar. "Go on, Steve," they pleaded, but Steve listened for his father's warning, "Hold it. Hold it."

"Put in a runner for him," Billy commanded. "I won't have him sliding into the bag at third on a tight play."

A substitute runner was placed at first, and Steve, his head hanging, walked back to the bench.

"I could have made it a home run and sewed up the game," Steve wailed, when, a few seconds later, the substitute was thrown out while attempting to steal second.

"I know it," Billy replied. "But I'm not going to let you turn your ankle going around those bags. This is the last ball game you're going to play. Your legs are too valuable to gamble with."

Of course the school and the other players on the team did not understand Billy's motives and Steve suffered in consequence.

On the track, things were different. There Steve was encouraged to give his best. The boy had a world of speed, inherited from his father. And together with his speed, he had the style of a real champion. He was corrected in a few minor faults; taught to keep his arms, which at first he had a tendency to carry high, swinging lower across his body; taught to keep his body well forward, when running, so that he would never tie up—"run upstairs," as the trainers put it—no matter how desperate the finish.

Steve lost his first race. He was nervous on the mark, and in spite of Billy's advice and his hours of starting practice, he left his holes before the pistol cracked. They penalized him a yard, and he was beaten half that distance.

Steve was crestfallen after the race. But Billy laughed.

"You're liable to lose a dozen races before you win one, kid," said Billy. "You got the style, and you got the speed, but you need racing experience. And maybe now you'll remember to stay on the mark. A lot of birds will tell you that the way to sprint is to beat the gun. That's the bunk. You can't do it with a real starter, and it gets you into bad habits trying it on an amateur."

That was the only defeat Steve endured. Two weeks later he won easily from the boy who had defeated him in his first start and earned a press notice in a Boston paper. Billy was so pleased at the editorial commendation that he had the clipping framed and hung in his room.

The father considered Steve's future all that summer. Although it hurt him to think of a separation from his protege, he concluded that the time had come to send the boy to another coach.

"I might go blind to your faults," Billy explained to Steve. "So I'm going to send you up to Cascade prep school. One of my old pals is coaching there. You remember Jimmy, the little Englishman we ate with at the Penn relays? He'll take you in hand."

THE following spring, under the Englishman's guidance, Steve began to strike his true form. He was eighteen years old, a tall, strongly built youth, with beautiful running style and a world of power. Billy, critical as he was, could find only one fault with his son. Steve was not particularly fast off the mark.

The Englishman was consulted about this.

"'E's not so fast comin' out o' them 'oles," was the reply. "But Billy, me boy, 'ow 'e do storm at the finish. Ah, but 'e's a rare finisher, your lad is, Billy. Like the great 'Arry 'Utchings 'imself!"

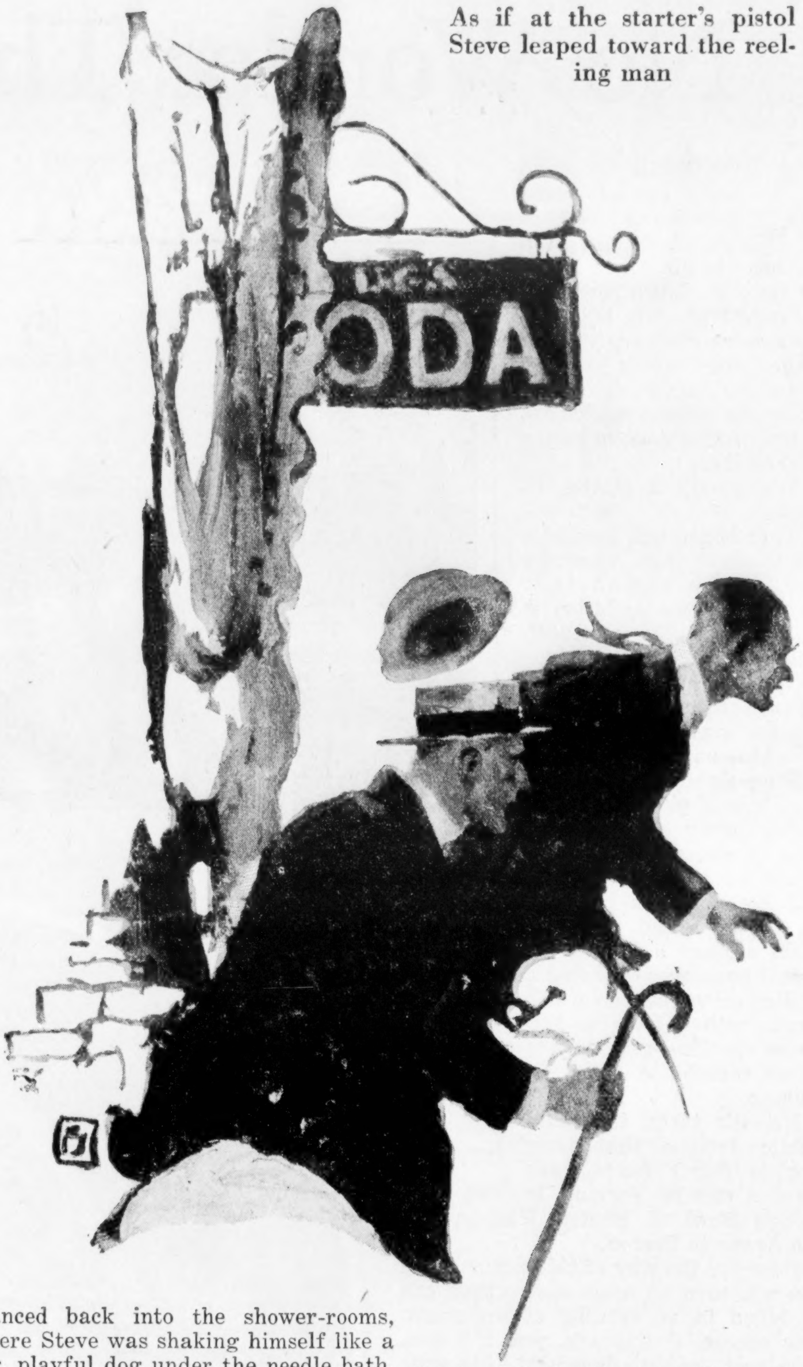
Billy pounded his fist on the rubbing table and glanced back into the shower-rooms, where Steve was shaking himself like a big, playful dog under the needle bath.

"He's got to learn to start fast," Billy thundered. "He's going to be the fastest man in the world. He's going to run the hundred in nine-two and leave a record that none of us will live to see broken. I tell you, he's got to start fast!"

It was true that Steve wasn't a lightning starter, but there was no schoolboy runner in the land who could beat him at 100 yards, and before he left Cascade school he was the equal of most of the college runners then performing.

The furlong was his natural distance, despite the fact that Billy's training had been concentrated on the "century." The start in this race is not half the battle, as in the shorter sprint, and even slow starters—which was hardly a fair description of Steve—often run creditable two-twenties. The trouble seemed to be that Steve's start was not up to the standard of his other running.

"'E wins his race in the last ten yards," said the Englishman to the youth's father. "'E's an explosion of energy just before 'e 'its the tape. But 'e don't get out of them 'oles with the pistol."



As if at the starter's pistol Steve leaped toward the reeling man

THE two men were conversing beside the grand stand, a few minutes before the clerk of course called out the runners for Steve's final race for Cascade Prep. There Nora junior found them. She winked at her mother.

"He's run the hundred twice in ten flat," said Billy. "If he'd only start right, he might shade evens."

"I knew how to make him get away fast," Nora interrupted.

Both men turned to her.

"Let me stand behind him with a hatpin," the girl pleaded. "I'll guarantee he'll jump."

Her father shook his head. "The trouble with you is that you weren't spanked enough when you were young."

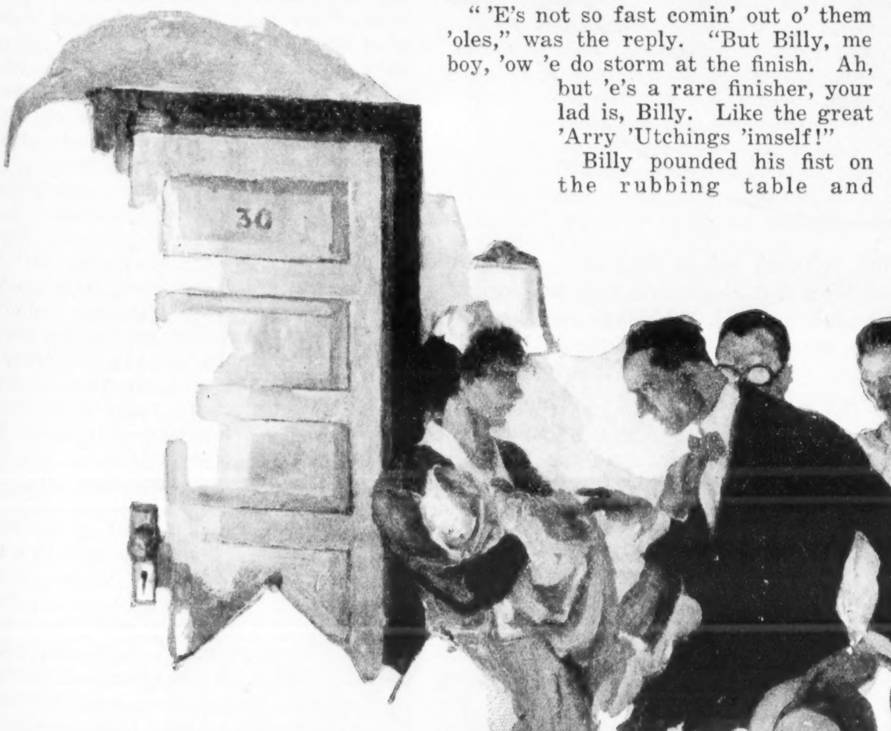
"If you won't let me do that, get Mother up by the finish and let her call 'Dinner'," suggested Nora.

The two coaches walked over to the track, where Steve was digging starting holes with his spiked shoes.

"Nora wants to start you with a hatpin," his father informed him.

"She's enough without the pin," Steve retorted. "Be

(*Continued on page 28*)



Billy glanced down at his baby. "Good Lord, he's got bow legs!"

No Wonder They Want to Fight!

By William Cunningham

A HUNDRED thousand more or less sane Americans pay a million dollars in a season when business is bad to see a large brunette stevedore commit legalized assault and battery upon a huge fur-bearing tourist from the Argentine for exactly the same reason that a Frenchman smears butter on radishes.

It's purely a matter of taste.

That hoary and academic alibi about the vicarious thrill—the notion that man's supreme ambition is to be physically masterful, and that sitting at a ringside even the softest of us dream ourselves courageous, paunchless, and punchful as we gaze at the milling fighters—is largely a matter of piffle.

For every citizen whose idea of ultimate exaltation would be to strut through life cracking his brethren on the jaw and watching them assume a limp horizontal position, you'll find a million or ten million who'd much rather have a six-figure checking account and three months a year in Europe.

No, it's taste, it's plain public demand that jams Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jack Doyle's out in Vernon, in Fitz Simmons's Bowl at Benton Harbor, and the Arena in Boston.

Plow for the why of this demand and you will turn up more snakes than can be killed in an evening of argument. One reason, it appears, was the war. Legalized, commission-ruled, big-scale boxing is strictly a post-war development. Of the twenty-three fights of pugilistic history separately yielding more than $100,000 at the turnstile nineteen have been staged since the Armistice.

ANOTHER contributing factor, coupled with natural curiosity perhaps, is the typical American desire to do or to see that which is expressly forbidden. Plagued by the police on both sides of the Atlantic since the dim days of Jim Figg and Jack Broughton, excoriated by reformers, and outlawed by legislation, the present renaissance of pugilism seems to join with hip liquor and the Ku Klux Klan in attesting the uncanny wisdom of the adage that says, "Every knock is a boost."

The third and biggest reason, however, is the tremendous publicity now given to fights and to fighters. When dapper Jim Corbett floored mighty old John L. in that famous sand ring at New Orleans in 1892, before what to-day seems a meager throng and for what to-day seems a pitiful purse, American newspapers discovered to their frank amazement the circulation value of fight news.

Before that momentous contest, a stick of type on an inside page was the printed meed of the outlawed sport. Just thirty-one years later, in a $500,000 stadium built for the event, Jack Dempsey, his magnificent body hard and brown as saddle leather, his black and bearded head darting like a rattlesnake's, sent his terrible fists crashing into the ribs of frail Georges Carpentier, "The Orchid Man" of France. Carpentier collapsed and Referee Harry Ertle solemnly counted him out.

The "gate" at Carson City in 1897 (above) when Fitzsimmons discovered Corbett's solar plexus and won the championship was only $22,000. Twenty-six years later the mob paid $1,082,590 to see Dempsey, after toppling out of the ring, crawl back and squash Firpo.

Approximately 100,000 persons paid $1,626,580 to bank themselves to the high skies about that scene and 600 of the highest paid news-writers of three continents wrote three million words. One reporter came from China, one from the Philippines. There were five from South America and thirty-two from the capitals of Europe.

When Firpo hacked the ancient Willard to his knees in the same ring two years later, 450 writing men told the story from the ringside. Almost 500 of them described how the embattled Bull sent Dempsey sky-rocketing through the ropes two months later at the Polo Grounds, and as this article is being written Tex Rickard reports more than 600 requests for "working press" privileges and special wires at the Firpo-Wills ringside.

What is the result?

First of all—amazing world-wide interest in a sport once outlawed or unknown. Before the newspapers began to stud their sports pages with fight news twenty or thirty years ago, boxing was unheard of outside England, Australia, and the United States. To-day it is truly international. France, for example, has given us three world's champions, if Siki's name is included. Ireland, in McTigue, has provided another title holder who, however, seems to have lost much interest in his trade.

The Argentine contributed the burly Firpo, and Chile the giant Rojas and flashy little Luis Vincentini. In Spain and Mexico the pugilist is beginning to vie with the matador for popular acclaim, and the native Italian champion, Ermino Spalla, is in our midst at present questing earnestly for decisions and dollars.

Canadian Jack Renault is a possible successor to Dempsey, and the diminutive Filipino, Villa, is the finest fighter of his inches in the world. The Canal Zone has its champions, and Germany, Holland, and Czecho-Slovakia are girding their loins.

Perhaps the whole story is told best in the order books of a New York firm publishing an annual boxing guide. Every European country, most of Asia, China, India, Egypt, Iceland, and other geographical pigeon-holes where you wouldn't suppose they knew a boxing glove from a burned-down bottling plant ordered copies of the publication this year.

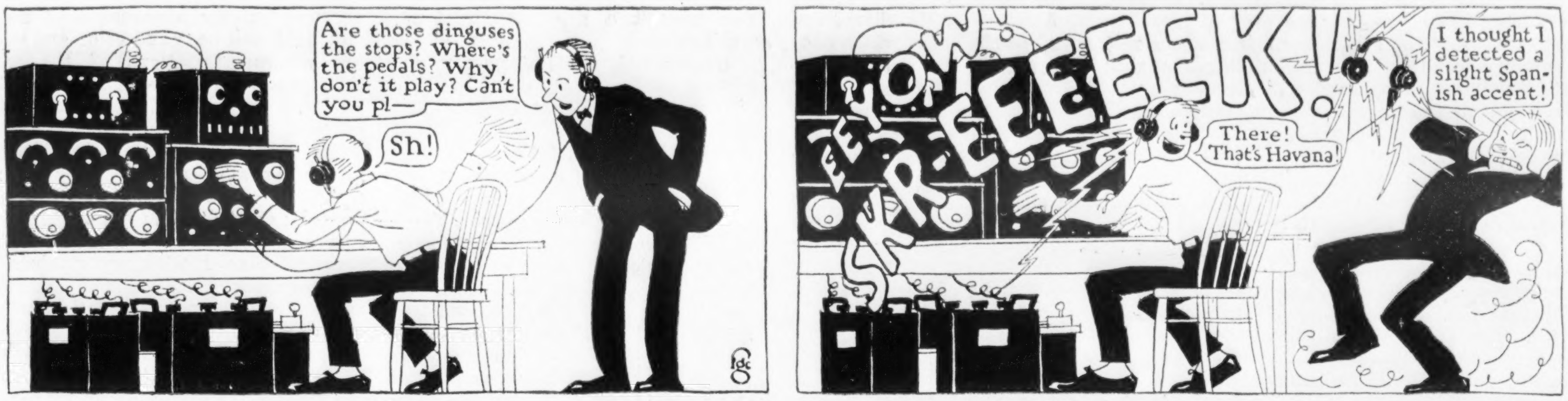
In the United States, boxing contests, in pure or camouflaged form, are held in thirty-three states of the forty-eight. In fifteen of these glove fighting is just as legal as motoring, and like motoring is supervised by salaried state officials.

THERE were more than 50,000,000 paid admissions to boxing contests in America last year, and more than $10,000,000 plunked into Uncle Sam's strong box in federal revenue from fights. New York State alone, for the fiscal year closing June 30, recorded more than 3,000 promoters, managers, fighters, and subsidiaries licensed to ply their trade. The state's five per cent of the gate receipts totaled more than $250,000. The present year may have a total much closer to $500,000.

Descending to the individual, pause and ponder the case of Jack Dempsey. From humble antecedents and hard-scrabbled environment, with scant education and no particular encouragement, this 29-year-old Coloradan has battered his way to riches and five-inch headlines with nothing but a fighting heart and two hard, hairy fists. In the past five years Dempsey has actually worked at his profession only thirty-nine rounds, or 117 minutes—three minutes less than two hours. For this he collected a total of $1,257,000—$32,230.74 a round—$10,743.59 a minute—$179.00 a second!

Last year, for 48 minutes and 57 seconds of fighting, he was paid $775,000. For his crunching of Firpo his financial satisfaction was $100,000 a minute, yet no customer whose view wasn't blocked by his neighbors left the Polo Grounds that night with the wail that he'd been swindled. Dempsey will probably be fighting as champion for at least another five years. And, instead of shrinking, purses seem to be growing.

Rivaling Dempsey, perhaps surpassing him, although his rôle is less spectacular, is the promoter, Tex Rickard. From a weird (*Continued on page 45*)


Are those dinguses the stops? Where's the pedals? Why don't it play? Can't you pl—
Sh!
EEYOW!
SKREEEEEEK!
There! That's Havana!
I thought I detected a slight Spanish accent!

It's Great to Be a Radio Maniac

By Howard Vincent O'Brien

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

After spending $242 on a radio set for the sake of culture, it's distressing to tune in and hear: "Mama goes where Papa goes, or Papa don't go out to-night." But Mr. O'Brien, having joined the dial twisters, finds that it's a sport—and more: it has taught him several things he didn't expect to learn.

IT IS now the hour which of all is the darkest, and KFI at Los Angeles has just "signed off." Something impels me to set down, for those who are Roman-born and proud, what has befallen me on the road to Damascus.

It is recorded that those who journeyed with Saul out of Tarsus "stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man." I was not speechless. I was full of contumelious words for the B. C. L.—which is radio jargon for Broadcast Listener. But conversion has lately come upon me, and I must make confession of it.

Believing me a rational person, you will find the words which follow difficult to believe. You have, I can hear you say, listened to many radio sets, and though you have rarely heard any single number through, you have heard enough upon which to construct an opinion. From the bronchial cacophony of the loud speaker you have heard sufficient of the whistling, howling, snapping, rasping simulacra of music to convince you that the use of the word "music" is grand larceny. The explanation of the radio fanatics, that it is their love of music which keeps them at their dials, merely arouses your derisive laughter. If what they get be music, say you, the creaking wheels of a milk wagon on a winter's morning are comparable to the wood winds and brass that make a Beethoven sonata.

You are familar with the usual defense, *i. e.*, nothing being "on the air" (tnis despite sounds of a hideousness and vigor to indicate that the air is fuller than a rush-hour subway express). Or there is "interference"—due, in some inexplicable fashion, to the bungling miscreant across the street. Or the voltage is too low. Or too high. Or—all else failing—there is "static."

Since no one has ever been able to explain what static is, you cherish, rightfully, a suspicion that no one knows. It is simply the original sin of radio. And when a skeptic complains that the quality of radio reception is worse than that of a phonograph playing a record with which the baby had already played, the word static is expected to silence him. It often does. Unfortunately, it does not silence radio.

If the quality be bad, what can be said of the subject matter? I heard recently of a man who bought a $185 radio set, a $22 battery, an $8 wave trap, a $7 condenser, four tubes at $5 each, and a book on how to use them. When he tuned in he got: "*Mama goes where Papa goes, or Papa don't go out to-night.*" And you ask if that is worth $242.

Well, each season it must cost many a man at least twice that sum to play golf. And from it he seems to get nothing but a sort of spiritual mustard plaster, the agony of which is so intense that ill-health, business worries, and the infelicities of his household are all forgotten. Golf is a costly anodyne, but he appears to find it cheap at the price.

Perhaps you are puzzled and a little grieved at the growing prevalence of radiomania. You gnash your teeth at the animation into which your inoculated friends flower when they pounce upon Schenectady and from a mountain of dial twiddling bring forth a squeaking mouse. You tremble for the future of the race.

I know just how you feel, because until recently I felt the same way. When, on occasion, I returned late to my house I could see a neighbor of mine, phones clamped to his head, staring into space like a crystal-gazing Hindu. Knowing him to be an eminently intelligent and respectable fellow, I wondered, and went to bed thanking God that I was a reasonable creature.

Once, after some hours of repose, I awoke. The light still gleamed from my neighbor's window. After that my sleep was fitful. It is not pleasant to dwell next door to a lunatic.

Youth Has Its Fling

MY CHILDREN, however, were of another mind. To their importunities I replied with proper dignity that I was a reasonable creature, expecting them, as flesh of my flesh, to be reasonable too.

The response of my eldest was assault and battery upon his bank, and the consequent appearance of a radio outfit.

I objected, of course. And when, on removing the wrappings, there was disclosed merely a small cardboard cylinder, a coil of wire, and a telephone receiver, I felt it necessary to be severe. "Where," I demanded, "are the batteries?"

"There aren't any," he answered.

"Nonsense!" I declared from the depths of my wisdom. "There should be an A battery, a B battery—a whole alphabet of batteries. My friends' houses are cluttered with batteries. You can't move without stepping on a battery."

"This is a crystal set," said my hopeful stubbornly. "An' it's better too. You don't get strategy."

"*Strategy . . . ?*"

"Perhaps," hazarded my wife, who is at times surprisingly acute, "he means *static.*"

I groaned. The dreadful thing—being brought into my own house, by my own son! I protested at being asked to mount the aerial, it being cold and dark and I a victim of vertigo in high places. But the pressure was too great. Out into the cold and darkness I went, comforted only by the fact that no one could see me.

Finding no ladder, I tied the ends with strings to a pair of reachable branches, and returned my shivering self to the fireside, where I pretended immersion in my newspaper. But over the top I contrived to observe my wife as she held the receiver to her ear. Suddenly her face changed. "It's Mary Garden!" she exclaimed in an awed whisper. "In *Thaïs!*"

"Try it, Daddy!" urged the children. With great dignity I obliged them. For a full thirty seconds I listened. Then I said: "Can't we get something else?" and moved the slider on the side of the box. I was answered by a prodigious crackling—and silence.

My son, an unimaginative, practical fellow, says I dislodged the "cat whisker" from the crystal. But I know better. What I had heard was Satan's derisive cackle. In those words I had offered him my soul in fee simple. My doom was sealed.

When I moved that wretched slider, seeking "something else," I signed a compact with the Lord of Darkness, known in Dr. Faust's day as the devil, and now called DX. And ever since, a Wandering Jew of the ether, I have been seeking "something else."

Don't, I warn you, ever let your unwary fingers touch dial or slider. You may be able to flirt successfully with morphine, but with DX—otherwise known as the Distant Stations—you toy at your exceeding peril.

That night, when all had retired, I was still at the cat whisker. And in the morning I visited a radio emporium to ask why I could not separate KYW from WDAP. The youth behind the counter made me go out feeling the least among God's creatures. I shall not soon forget the expression on his face as he demanded: "What kind o' set you got?" nor the meekness with which I whispered: "Crystal."

Nothing further, as I recall it, was said. But I got the impression that I had asked why I could not cross the Atlantic in a teacup.

Five Dollars Go Blooey!

EASY, as Virgil noted, is the descent to Avernus. The crystal presently gave place to an outfit with a vacuum tube, or, as it is called in merrie England, a Fleming valve. The circumstances of its acquisition were somewhat painful. It chanced that the night before my wife and I had had words concerning the bills. A slight coolness, therefore, developed over the new purchase. And when, in hooking up, I inadvertently hooked wires where they should not have been hooked, and my beautiful new tube, after one brief blaze of glory, vanished to that bourne from which no tube returneth, the coolness was no longer slight.

Perversely, she insisted upon viewing the tragedy as strictly economic. She pressed me toward uxoricide by harping on the five useful dollars which had vanished with such distressing suddenness. It seemed nothing to her that it was "silent night" and that my set had a guaranteed range of 1,500 miles.

This appeared ample to me. There were hundreds of stations within that radius. I was not interested in getting Havana, with all the tubes, batteries, and what not that were necessary for such a feat. The thing was for the children, anyway, and the simpler it was the better.

Then, one evening, a friend dropped in. That is to say, he had once been a friend. "I picked up Mexico City," he announced offensively.

It was obviously not a statement, but a question. I tried to answer it with the easy nonchalance of a man with a Rolls-Royce income and a preference for Fords. "Oh, Pittsburgh and— It's just a little set, you know—plenty good enough for the kids."

I thought I was convincing. But my friend merely grinned. It was an intolerable thing, that grin. And the very next morning, heedless of cost, I plunged into radio for myself.

Five tubes this time. And I put the parts together myself, at an expenditure of labor beyond all computation, everything having to be done over at least twice, and the *re*building being a hundred times harder than the building. But I finished it at last, and, difficult as you may find it to credit this, I shall never in this vale of tears have a more incandescent moment than when I snapped the switch and out of this maze of wires of my own contriving came the soft Southern voice of Atlanta!

I do not know what the soft voice said, because I was immediately seeking "something else." Some day, perhaps, I shall take an interest in radio programs. But at my present stage they are merely the tedium between call letters. To me no sounds are sweeter than "this is Station Soandso."

In radio, it is not the *substance* of communication without wires, but the *fact* of it that enthralls. It is a sport, in which your wits, learning, and resourcefulness are matched against the endless perversity of the elements. It is not a matter, as you may suppose, of buying a set and thereafter tuning in upon what your fancy dictates. Despite what the manufacturers tell you in their advertisements, radio reception is not yet comparable to the telephone. There are times when it is as difficult to land a given station—making the same demands upon patience, ingenuity, and even skill—as to bring to boat that elusive creature, the sailfish.

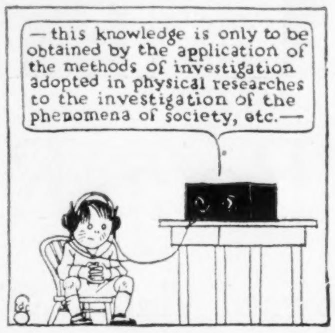
There's a Great Day Coming

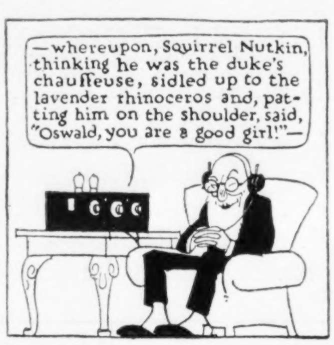
THE phenomenon of fading, alone, is exasperating enough to wreck a weak character or make a strong one stronger. It is to radio what the mirage is to those thirsting in the desert. Loud and clear comes in a station, only to vanish like a piece of photographic paper in the sun, and then, when you least expect it, come back to life.

But fading will be conquered, and static controlled. "Logging" will become a reality, and radio will settle down as another means of communication. In the old days automobilists lavished their substance and their hopes on gas savers. The radio crank now spends his on wave traps. But presently the radio receiver will attain the perfection that the automobile has attained, and the man who sits up o' nights devising new hook-ups will go the way of the man who fussed around the car.

Meanwhile, radio is an experiment—an experiment on the largest scale the human mind has ever attempted. Professor David Todd, obscurely studying cosmogony, suddenly finds an army of radio cranks eager to help him because he has established a relationship between sun spots and static. Radio is not, to be sure, as experimental as you believe—the really radical steps of the last decade have been astonishingly few. But it is still experimental enough to give everyone who plays with it the delightful feeling that any evening he may stumble upon something which will place his name beside those of Marconi, De Forest, Armstrong, Hazeltine, and the rest. And so the shops which once caught the gullible with carbon removers and trick wrenches now catch him with variable grid leaks, vernier condensers, and other devices guaranteeing greater "selectivity and distance." Three hundred and fifty million dollars was spent in radio last year by the American citizen—twice, please note, what he spent for golf and all his other sports together!

Maybe you are one of those who decline to purchase a radio receiver on the ground that it is not yet perfected. This you consider evidence of sound and conservative judgment. But you do not refrain from golf because you have never been in the eighties and never will; nor do you refrain from fishing because there are days when you come home empty-handed. Radio is *not* perfected. And the truth is that therein lies its greatest fascination. When it is perfected there will be no more fascination in it than there is in a phonograph or a washing machine. Meanwhile there is open to you all the zestful entertainment of scientific research—without the very tedious necessity of learning, beforehand, any extremely difficult science.


—this knowledge is only to be obtained by the application of the methods of investigation adopted in physical researches to the investigation of the phenomena of society, etc.—


—whereupon, Squirrel Nutkin, thinking he was the duke's chauffeuse, sidled up to the lavender rhinoceros and, patting him on the shoulder, said, "Oswald, you are a good girl!"—

My wife, with the exasperating literalness of her sex, never tires of explaining how seldom she can listen to my set, because it is forever in the shop, having its whistles removed, or new ones added. It was she who pointed out, when I explained to her that an acid flux should never be used in soldering radio apparatus, because of eventual corrosion, that such a precaution was needless, seeing that no amateur ever let his set alone long enough for corrosion to set in.

Parental Morale Gets a Jolt

THERE is another aspect to this radio matter, which was opened up to me shortly after the acquisition of my one-tube set. It was, to put it mildly, not functioning well. To the queries of my ten-year-old I had to confess, destructive as it was to parental morale, that while Father knew everything else of moment in the world, here was a subject which baffled him.

After the first shock to his ideal of omniscience, the lad made off, reappearing presently with one of his pals. The latter gave me an inquiring look, decided from my appearance that I would not be helpful, and immediately proceeded to stick his head in the cabinet. "You haven't a grid leak," he said accusingly.

I quailed before his stern eyes as I admitted that not only did I not have one, but that I did not know what a grid leak was.

"Well," he began, "it's a—" Then he halted, apparently convinced that technical explanation to anyone with a face like mine would be entirely futile. "A soft pencil, please," he went on, very professional. And when I gave him what he asked, he said: "I'll take out the tube, and with a little graphite—so—between the terminals, we'll have an impedance of very high capcity."

Being eleven years old, he said capcity, and not capacity, as I learned later he should have said. Otherwise he might have been Thomas A. Edison himself. Is he an infant prodigy? By no means. He is a perfectly normal lad of the period, proficient in games and rather dull at arithmetic, who has picked up more pure and applied electricity than engineering graduates were able to dig out of their books when I left college.

As the parent of three children I am thoroughly conversant with the extreme difficulty of introducing information into the consciousness of the young. It is a process fraught with great pain. And so I am interested to observe that radio provides an education both precise and varied. An education, first in the use of the hands—it is no mean task to "spot" and drill a panel, wire the instruments, and construct a cabinet. The "manual training" of my boyhood was trifling beside it. Second, the geography. My small boy, a map at his elbow, knows every city in the land from five watts upward, and its distance, to a fraction of a mile, from our home. Then come politics, economics, music, baseball, agriculture—imagine a ten-year-old voluntarily reading a disquisition on the Rotation of Crops. But mine sits patiently *listening* to one, and professes to find it entertaining.

But most of all, the young radioactive is acquiring something which neither you nor I was ever given in the process of education. To us, education was a series of thought-tight compartments, neatly labelled Physics, Chemistry, Geography, Spelling, and so on. There was no intercommunication between these compartments, and, as far as we could see, very little use for their contents.

But radio magically breaches the insulation on these absurd divisions. It becomes quickly apparent that sound and light and heat and color and *radio* are all manifestations of the same thing, and with frequency and vibration two keys are provided for unlocking the gates of truth.

The kind of education which develops native shrewdness and enables the recipient to secure more place, power, and material comfort from the world, is, of course, necessary and desirable. As a practical man I wish my children to have as much of that kind of education as they can get. But there is another sort of education, for which I know no coverage but the word philosophy—the *why*, the *wherefore*, the *whither*, and the *whence*. To the man or woman of full life, these questions and their answers are of equal moment, surely, with the technique of bricklaying, or dower law, or corporate finance.

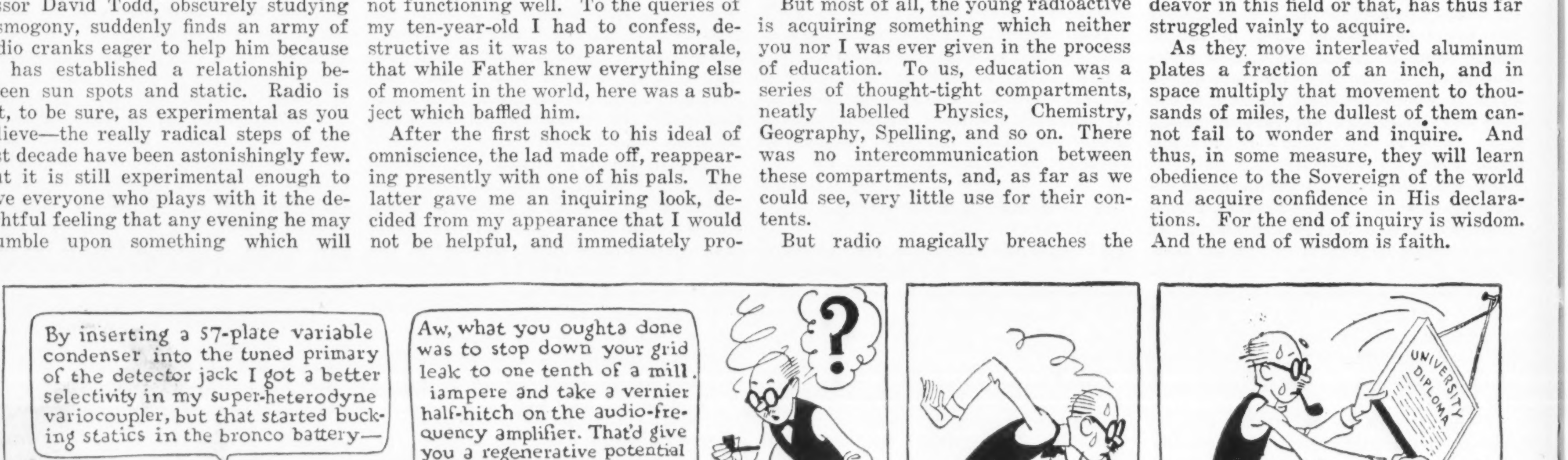
Our Young Are All Right

THIS has been called an Age of Science, a materialistic age, in contradistinction to the golden age of Something Else—which is the age always preceding the one in which we live—the Good Old Times. But it is more probable that this is merely an age in which scientific discovery has proceeded at a faster rate than those intangible spiritual discoveries which really make civilization. Philosophy, the bond linking fact and surmise, hope, fear, and experience, into a working hypothesis of life, has caught its coat on the brambles of Fundamentalism and Modernism. But it is a temporary delay only.

If there has been a split between religion and science, it is because the religious mind tends to crystallize in the belief that beyond its revelation there can be no revelation further; while the scientific mind tends to crystallize in skepticism as regards everything which defies weight and measurement. Science has faith in the ordered ways of nature, and religion is scientific in its conviction that God is immutable and precise.

Our young, just now, may seem a little deaf to pulpit thunderings, their eager minds focused on the mystery speaking to them out of space. But they are getting something, I think, out of their seemingly aimless dial spinning which in time will show itself as very precious. Not at all conscious of the miracle, they are beginning to glimpse a synthesis of knowledge which the human race, for all its proud endeavor in this field or that, has thus far struggled vainly to acquire.

As they move interleaved aluminum plates a fraction of an inch, and in space multiply that movement to thousands of miles, the dullest of them cannot fail to wonder and inquire. And thus, in some measure, they will learn obedience to the Sovereign of the world and acquire confidence in His declarations. For the end of inquiry is wisdom. And the end of wisdom is faith.


By inserting a 57-plate variable condenser into the tuned primary of the detector jack I got a better selectivity in my super-heterodyne variocoupler, but that started bucking statics in the bronco battery—
Aw, what you oughta done was to stop down your grid leak to one tenth of a milliampere and take a vernier half-hitch on the audio-frequency amplifier. That'd give you a regenerative potential quiver of 206 to 847 microfarads and bring your cacophonator oscillation up to maximum through the impedance gadget—
?
UNIVERSITY DIPLOMA
face to the wall.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

By Elmer Davis

Illustrated by J. C. Shepherd

Chapter III

ASHTON W. BRUMBAUGH dismissed his taxi in front of the Firdausi Building. It would be easy to phone for another when they wanted it, and inherited parsimony—the parsimony which had enabled his father to save the first thousand that he ran into sixty million—counseled him not to leave a meter running outside for an hour. Nevertheless, he had a guilty feeling. What would Olga think?

But Olga had taken shelter from the wind inside the revolving door, and Brumbaugh had to follow her, with no time for speculation. He would have a bad moment, he knew, when he confronted the familiar eye of Sheehan, the watchman; and it gave him a sense of relief to find that the man in uniform who rose from the chair beside the elevator was a stranger.

"Where's Sheehan?" Brumbaugh asked.

"Off to-night, sir. I'm new here. Where do you want to go?"

"To the offices of the 'Balance' on the third floor. I—I have a guest I want to show around."

"Be in long?"

Brumbaugh blushed. "Probably not. Maybe half an hour or so."

"All right, sir. Sign the register, please, and I'll take you up."

Brumbaugh bent over and signed it hurriedly. He couldn't explain the impulse that came over him as he took up the pen, but he was glad Sheehan was off to-night. Then they got into the elevator, and the man in uniform took them up to the third floor.

"Got a key?" he asked as he let them off, and it seemed to Brumbaugh that there was less deference in his tone.

"Oh, yes, thanks. I'm Mr.—one of the editors."

The watchman lingered. Brumbaugh tried to dismiss him with a look, a gesture; and the first cold premonition began to creep over him. Did the miserable rascal hope to blackmail him? At any rate, the watchman wouldn't dismiss. Somewhere, in a distant part of the building, they heard faint sounds; footfalls, muffled voices, the sound of heavy loads being tumbled about.

"I better see if your key works right," the watchman explained, and Brumbaugh thought there was a sardonic note in his voice. "There's been trouble with some of the locks."

"I assure you it isn't necessary, my good man." But the watchman didn't move, and Brumbaugh thought it best to ignore him. He unlocked the door, reached in and switched on the light in the anteroom, stood back to let the princess enter. He followed her, and pulled the door behind him, but it didn't shut. The watchman had thrust his foot in it.

BRUMBAUGH swung about and faced him, his features twisted with anger that drowned his fear.

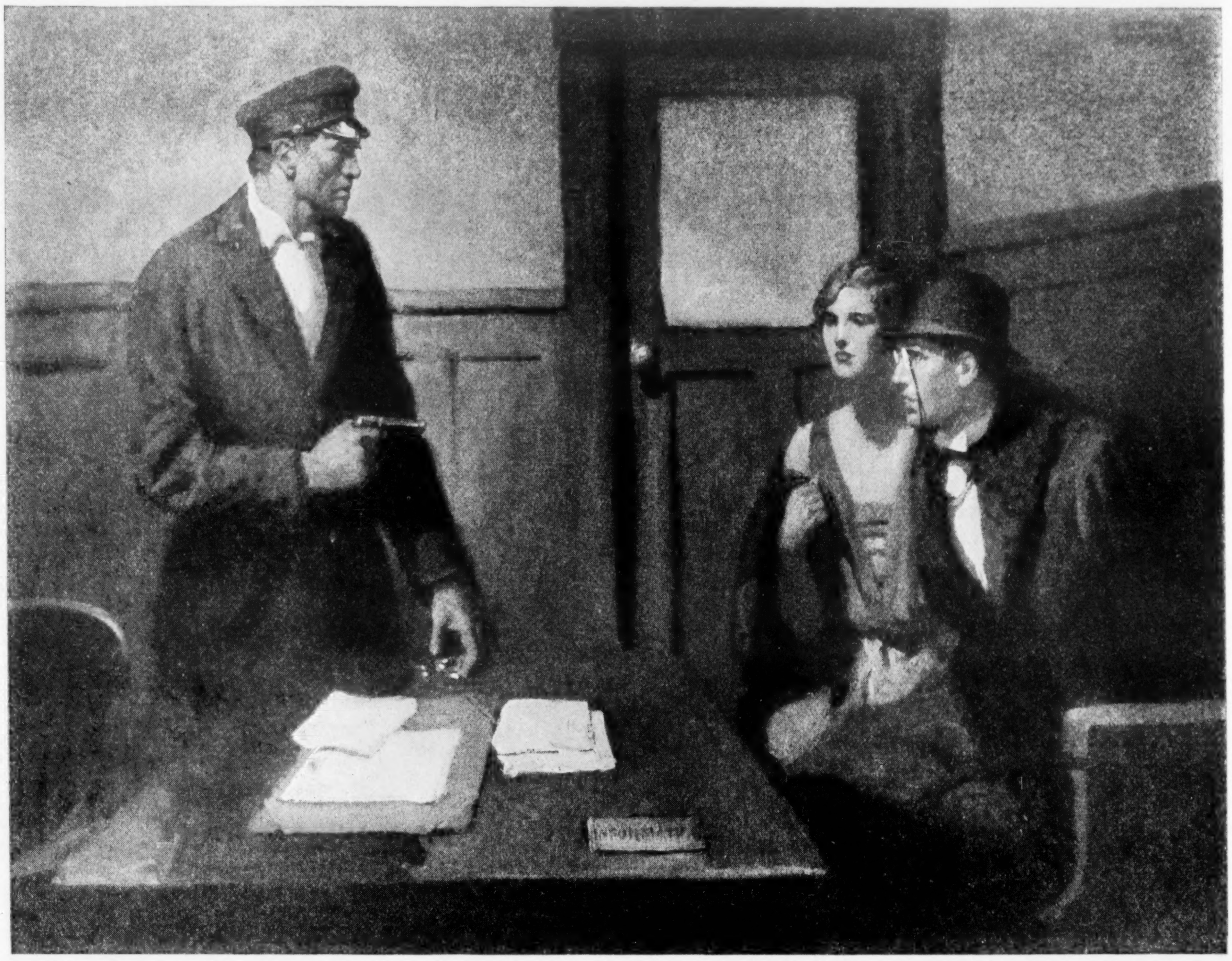
"This is beyond toleration," he snapped. "I shall report you."

The watchman stepped inside and closed the door.

"Yeah?" he inquired, his thick face twisting into a grin. "Who to?"

The princess gave a little scream as a short-barreled automatic appeared in his hand.

"There, now, lady, don't go miowin' around. It might be bad for you. I don't want to hurt nobody, only we've got to have a lot of silence from now on. Pull down them shades on the court windows."



"Those rings are very valuable," Brumbaugh said. "I'll ransom them from you." "Yeah?" said the robber

She obeyed him, for she had lived through the Dragovinian revolution and had learned that it didn't pay to disobey the orders of men with guns. But Brumbaugh had had no such educative experience. He dropped his overcoat on the floor and stared viciously at the other, his eyes closer together and his brows knit.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"You're thick, brother. The meaning of this is that while I don't want to disturb my friends down the corridor with any needless noise, I will certainly drill a hole through you if you don't sit down and shut up. Do you get that?"

"Obey him," said the princess dully. "What else can we do?"

"There, now," said their captor. "That's sense. Count on the women to see what's what without havin' to take two looks. Just sit down, both of you—no, never mind the telephone; the wire's been cut. And that reminds me. Likely there's a pair of scissors in that desk drawer. Just take a look, lady."

He was right.

"That's fine. Now just snip off four or five feet of the telephone cord, will you? All right, brother. Stand up and cross your hands behind your back."

"This is an outrage," said Brumbaugh with cold fury.

"Why, you got more sense than I thought. Sure, it's an outrage. There's lots of outrages goin' on all the time that I expect you and I never hear about. Lots of people live all their lives without ever seein' a real good outrage. You ought to think you're in luck."

"Olga, if he dares—"

"Don't worry, brother. Nothin' will happen to the lady unless she tries to make a noise. Then I'd have to drill her. But let her be good, and we'll all be good. I'll be good because I used to go to Sunday school, and you'll be good because she's goin' to tie your hands so you can't be naughty. Tie a good knot, lady; I know you can. I got to feel it after you tie it, so you might as well do a good job the first time; for if you don't you'll have to do it over again. Now, brother—don't turn around, or anything, while I feel your wrists. Feel that little piece of iron on your neck? Yep, it's the gun all right. Ask the lady if you don't believe me. No matter how quick you might be, it would be quicker. . . . There. I guess you'll do. Lady, you sure do know how to tie a knot. Now, let's see if there's anything in these pockets."

WITH surprising deftness his left hand went through them while his right kept the gun pressed against Brumbaugh's neck; and Brumbaugh stood still. The promise that Olga would be unharmed had measurably reassured him, but he couldn't understand all this elaborate tying up for a mere robbery.

And Olga, standing apart, was looking at him with unfathomable green eyes. Reckless, senseless courage was a tradition of the Dragovinian aristocracy; even the late Prince Araxine, Brumbaugh had heard, had been a war hero and a famous duelist. Perhaps Olga was despising Brumbaugh, now, because he had made no resistance.

The search of his pockets was complete; his wallet tossed on the floor, with no investigation except a quest for money. And of money, Brumbaugh reflected comfortably, there was not much.

"Yah!" said the robber scornfully. "Eighteen seventy-five. You must be one of these birds that never have to carry cash because they can sign checks everywhere. Still, I ought to get a couple of hundred on the watch. And the lady—"

He looked with an appraising eye at Olga's jeweled fingers.

"Take 'em off," he commanded. "No, never mind the earrings; they ain't worth pocket room. But I want the rings."

"My rings!" she gasped. "But they are all I have."

"Huh!" He sat down on the switchboard desk, took off his cap, looked her over, then flung a scornful glance at Brumbaugh. "All you got, eh? Honest, brother, if I had a wife that looked like this I'd treat her better. Give her another change of rings, anyway. Well, you'll have to give her another lot, now, because I get these. Take 'em off."

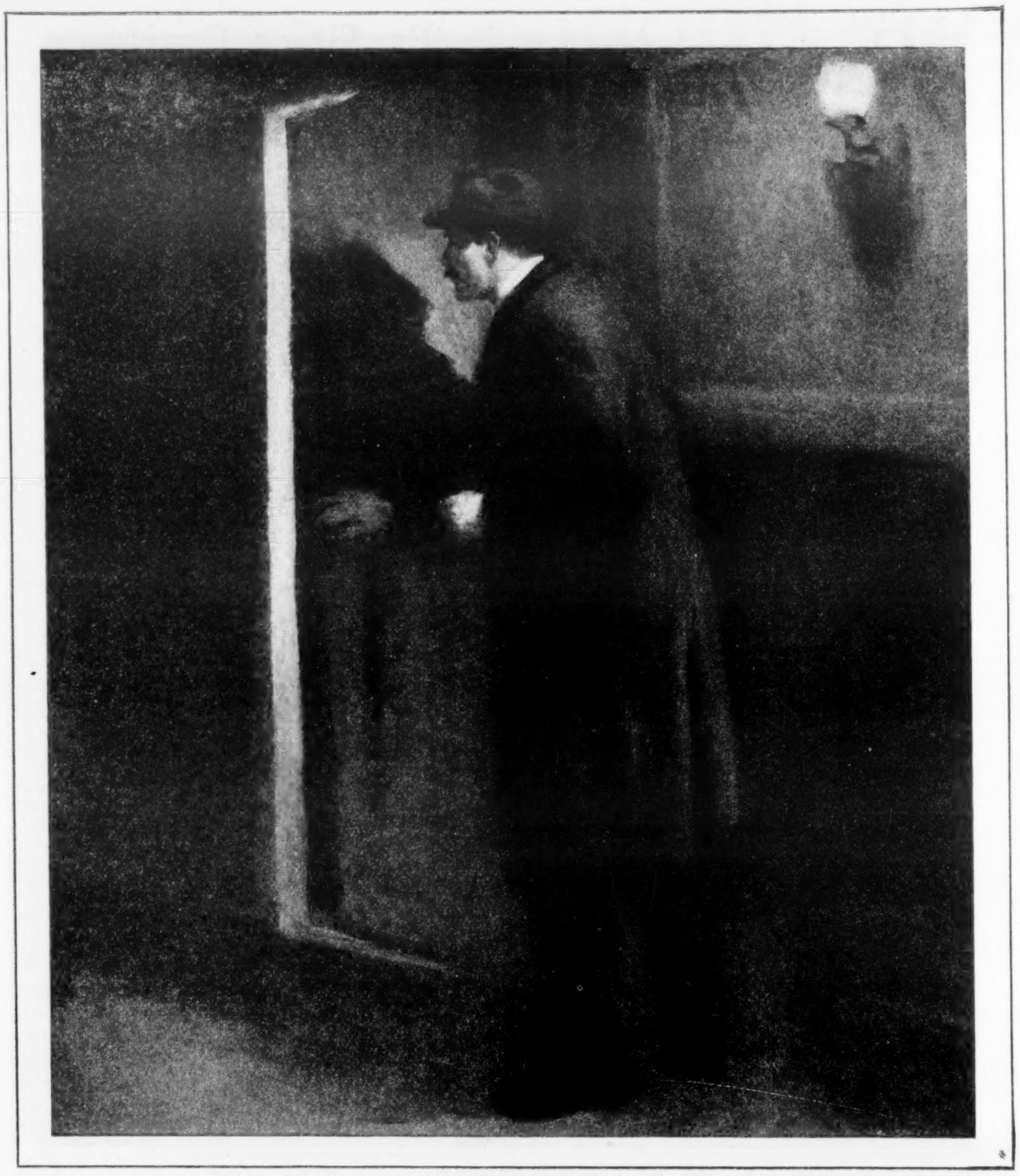
Sullenly Olga dumped the famous Araxine emeralds in a heap on the information desk beside the outer door; the burglar walked across from the switchboard and pocketed them. Olga joined Brumbaugh on the only other piece of furniture—the long bench beside the inner door, where callers used to sit and wait the pleasure of editors of the "Balance." Brumbaugh had already discovered that the bench was inhospitably hard.

"Those rings are very valuable," he said.

"Yeah? I thought so too."

"Worth more than you could get for them at a pawnshop. They're very old—historic. I—I'll ransom them from you."

"Yeah?" The robber's full face curved again into a sardonic grin.



Holliday heard a woman's voice. Stealthily he crept up and pushed open the door

"Send me a check, I reckon; or maybe bring the cash in a suit case to the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street—you wear a red carnation in your buttonhole and I carry a white handkerchief in my hand. No, brother, I may not get all they're worth, but you gotta leave a fence his percentage. Besides this here is my private speculation. I get my cut out of certain things that are bein' done elsewhere in this building, but this is gravy. Findin's is keepin's—ever hear that?"

BRUMBAUGH gave in. "Well, now that you have all our valuables, you might as well let us go."

"Huh?" asked their captor, pausing in the business of lighting a cigarette. "Oh, no; I can't let you go. I would if it was only me, but we all gotta stay here till this job I speak of is finished. That is, you got to stay here, and I guess I might as well stay here too. It's cold down in that ground-floor lobby, and there's drafts. I had the flu once, and I don't want it again. You was my only customers on the elevator in more than two hours, and it don't seem likely that anybody else is comin' into the buliding this late at night, with to-morrow a holiday. So I might as well stick around here, and have a smoke, and get warm.

"Now don't get sore about it. You're in luck. If I had to go back, I'd have to tie the lady up too, with some more of that telephone cord—tie you both up, hands and feet, and stuff your muffler into your mouths so you'd both be good and quiet for the rest of the night. As it is, we can all be comfortable and friendly."

Olga laughed suddenly—an icy little laugh. "We might as well," she conceded. "You do not object that I smoke also?"

"Sure not. Me, I stand for equal rights for women. What goes for one sex goes for both. Have one of these?"

"I prefer my own, thank you." Olga lit one of her long Russian cigarettes, its scented smoke blending agreeably with the cheaper reek from the burglar's domestic brand.

"That's a good cigarette," he said appreciatively. "Might give one to our sour-faced friend here. Honest, bo, I hate to have you all tied up like this, but you see how it is."

"I don't see how it is at all," said Brumbaugh sourly. "You say we have to stay here till something or other is done—"

"You got it right. I was a lookout, see, only it seems there ain't much to look out for. So I'll just stay here and chin with you; and if I hear my elevator bell, why, we'll have to do this tyin' up I speak of so that I can go down and receive callers. I guess you and I both hope nobody will call, don't we?"

Brumbaugh was turning this over in his mind.

"How long do we have to stay here?" he inquired.

"Well, now, that depends. I got to stay here till this job is finished, which will be along about daylight, if nothing goes wrong. And I'm afraid you got to stay here a while longer, till everybody has made a good get-away. So after I smoke a couple more cigarettes I got to tie you both up, and muffle you good; and then I'll lay you out on a couple of benches, as comfortable as I can, and leave you. The day watchman comes on at eight, and he'll find things wrong elsewhere in the building; and then likely they'll go through all the offices and find you. You'll be loose by noon, anyway."

"Noon?" gasped Olga. Then she shrugged. After all, during the Dragovinian revolution she had spent two weeks in jail.

"Noon?" groaned Brumbaugh sepulchrally. "Noon to-morrow?"

For his wife was coming home from Washington on the overnight train. She would reach home by eight o'clock, and he wouldn't be there. At noon he and Olga would be released by the police, and some time after noon he would go home to meet his wife.

The police who found them bound and gagged would believe that he and Olga had been held up. Possibly the public would believe it, though Brumbaugh felt that there was some doubt of that. He knew he had a good reputation; he suspected, vaguely, that to many people it must seem inhumanly good.

But of one thing there was no doubt at all. His wife would never believe it—not though his story was backed up by all the policemen in the world.

Slowly his face turned whiter and whiter. He looked at Olga, seated beside him on that inhumanly hard bench; looked at the burglar, swinging his feet from the information desk just inside the door, his gun lying beside him—well beyond their reach, and easily within his. Before Brumbaugh could rise, even, the gun would have him covered; before he could cross the ten feet of floor between him and the burglar, he could be shot through and through.

THE other man read his thought.

"No, brother, better not try it. I'll leave you and the lady as comfortable as I can. Lady, do you mind lettin' me have one of them cigarettes? They're better than mine. No, don't bring it over; toss it over."

Brumbaugh cleared his throat. "I—I can't stay here till noon to-morrow," he said. "I have an engagement in the morning. We'll have to fix it up, somehow."

"Eh?" his captor stared curiously through the smoke of the Russian cigarette. "How?"

"You must let me go," said Brumbaugh. "I—I'll pay."

"By check, I s'pose?"

"No, by cash. I—I shall make no effort to have you arrested. I give you my word."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Certainly it is so. I never break my word."

"Do not be a fool," said Olga irritably. "He will not believe you."

"I told you," said the burglar, "that the ladies know what's what."

Brumbaugh sat up as straight as he could, his eyes blazing.

"Look here—do you know who I am?"

"Can't say I have the pleasure. But I know the name you signed on the register, before I brought you up here, was Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Johnson."

"Oh!" Olga Araxine did her best to choke back that laughing gasp—did her best to stifle the burble of laughter that followed it. But she couldn't. This was too much. Her face in her hands, she bent over, her shoulders shaking, while Brumbaugh looked at her with offended dignity that finally gave way to cold apprehension.

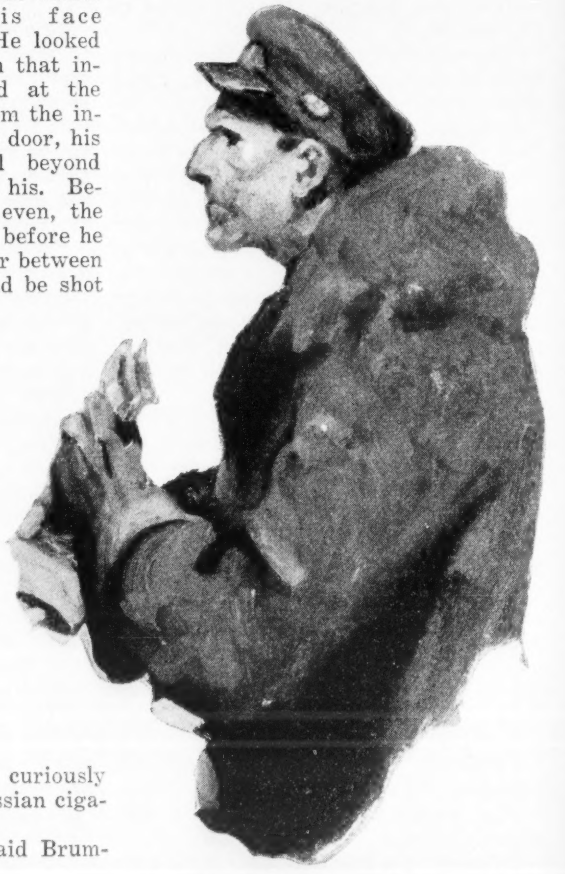
"Now you raise the question," said the burglar, getting down from the desk but keeping one hand near the gun, "let's see who you are for sure." He picked up the wallet from the floor, looked through it, took out two or three cards, a letter, a memorandum— Then his fat face was irradiated by a glow that rose slowly to a gleeful grin. "By golly, it's so; I've seen your picture in the papers. Ashton W. Brumbaugh!"

HIS eyes went from the one to the other, his grin broadening.

"Ashton W. Brumbaugh, eh? And I s'pose this lady is no more Mrs. Henry C. Johnson—or Mrs. Ashton W. Brumbaugh—than you're Mr. Henry C. Johnson. Well, well, well!"

He paused, and blew out three or four puffs of smoke before he spoke again.

"Now, let's see, Mr. Brumbaugh. I don't want to upset your plans—not a bit. I'm your friend. Only if I let you go too soon, so as that business I spoke of, elsewhere in the building, is bummed up, them birds will drop me. They're a tough lot. So I got to figure if I can do it, and then how and when I can do it; and when I see that, then we'll begin to figure how much."



"Ten, fifteen, twenty," counted the driver, "and five more for luck"

How much. . . . The phrase sounded in Brumbaugh's ears, cold and implacable. He had been prepared to buy his way out, when it had seemed impossible. Now it was possible, but he hated the (*Continued on page 39*)

"Let's Stop Blowing Bubbles"

By W. O. Saunders

The Scottish Rite Hospital in Atlanta, Ga.; Forrest Adair, who first suggested to his brother Masons that they found it; and one of the 5,000 little Georgians who have been restored to health in it. The Atlanta idea has spread, and to-day, with hospitals for children already started in six other cities, the Shriners are planning a vast building campaign

A BOY in Atlanta fell under a moving railway train, and one of his legs was crushed beyond repair. The leg was amputated and infection set in. The boy had no friends or money.

Forrest Adair heard about the case. He took the boy to Dr. Michael Hoke, an orthopedic surgeon, and told Mike Hoke to save the boy at any cost and send him the bill.

Mike Hoke wrestled with the case for weeks and finally sent the boy away well and robust, with an artificial leg. Forrest Adair waited for the bill. No bill came. Then he wrote Dr. Hoke. The bill came in a few days; it was $5. Forrest Adair called on Dr. Hoke.

"What are you doing, kidding me, sending me a bill for $5 for three months' work?" he said.

"No, I'm not kidding you," the surgeon answered.

"Well, I'm not going to stand for this," said Adair. "I want you to understand that I'm thoroughly able to pay for what you did for this boy and I wasn't passing the hat for him."

"I'm afraid you just don't understand," said the surgeon. "There are some things in this life more satisfying than the money rewards we get for our work. I have been repaid a thousand times in the case of that boy, by his gratitude and joy at being restored to a life of health and usefulness."

The two men stood with eyes fixed on each other for a long time, then they sat down and talked things over.

Dr. Hoke named seven or eight specific cases of poor children in Atlanta who would be crippled for life because there was not in all Georgia an institution in which they could be cared for during an operation, and hospitalization was out of the question because of the poverty of their parents.

"I can only give them my technical skill," said the surgeon; "I haven't the means to supply beds and nursing for the weeks and weeks it takes to straighten twisted limbs and spines."

NOW, Forrest Adair is perhaps the most forceful man in Atlanta. He has given several fortunes to charity and he has a way of making his hardest-boiled friends help the distressed because he knows the joy that giving will bring to all who give. After his earnest talk with Dr. Hoke he interested the Scottish Rite Masons of Atlanta in providing a little hospital for crippled children. And then in 1917 a ten-bed hospital was born. That Scottish Rite hospital grew and grew until to-day it has sixty-two beds and plans are being made for twenty-five more. In eight years 5,000 of Georgia's crippled children of indigent parents have been restored to health and set upon their feet, raised from despair to normal boyhood and girlhood, resurrected from years of helplessness and possible pauperism to the certainty of health and self-sustaining citizenship. This is what the Scottish Rite Hospital in Atlanta has done for the children of Georgia.

That hospital not only captured the imagination of Atlantans, but its fame spread and visitors came from far and near. W. Freeland Kendrick, at that time Imperial Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, now Mayor of Philadelphia, visited the hospital in Atlanta in 1918. There he saw the wonders being wrought, and the smiles of crippled children about to be made as other children are inspired him with an idea.

There are about 560,000 Shriners in North America. Noble Kendrick knew what a half million Shriners could do if interested, and at Indianapolis in 1919 he told them about the Scottish Rite Hospital for Crippled Children in Atlanta and proposed that Shriners establish similar hospitals in every important city in America. The Shrinrs listened indifferently. The motion was lost—and forgotten.

At Portland in 1920 Noble Kendrick went before the Shrine again. But nobody wanted to hear about kids with crooked spines, clubfeet, rotting bones, and that sort of thing. The thing was again about to be tabled when Forrest Adair arose. He told them in his own way about what a handful of Scottish Rite Masons had done for the children of Georgia. And then he said:

"I was awakened about two o'clock this morning by a Shriner playing a baritone horn underneath my window. He was all lit up, but he was going strong with that horn, and the tune he played was 'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles.'

"Now, see here, Nobles, we've been just blowing bubbles, without ever a care for anybody but ourselves. Let's do something besides blowing bubbles; let's justify our existence in a big and beautiful way and get some real fun out of the business of being a Shriner."

He indicated what could be done even with an assessment of $2 a year on every Shriner; an insignificant sum to the individual Noble but a princely million and better when pooled. The idea—certainly a splendid one—went over with a bang. That was back in 1920.

To-day the Shriners have hospitals for crippled children in St. Louis, Mo.; Portland, Ore.; Shreveport, La.; San Francisco, Cal.; and in St. Paul and Minneapolis. Sites have been bought for similar hospitals in Chicago, Philadelphia, Montreal, Springfield, Mass., and in Honolulu, Hawaii. Plans are under way for the erection of twenty hospitals—more if necessary—to reach the 460,000 crippled children in the United States alone. It costs about $300,000 to build one of these hospitals and about $70,000 a year to maintain it. The Shriners are at present spending more than a million a year out of their assessment of $2 apiece, and they will raise that assessment when more is needed. It means that at last, here on the threshold of a new and better century, millions of hitherto hopelessly crippled children are to have a new life, a chance to laugh and romp and grow up to be cheerful, useful self-supporting citizens, instead of charges upon their families and society.

ORTHOPEDIC surgery is comparatively a new thing; it has made its great progress within the past decade without its miracles getting the publicity they deserve. For instance, the method of straightening out a club foot has been to force the foot into line by virtually breaking every bone in it. The operation was torturous and often unsuccessful. Dr. Hoke goes into the thin and wasted leg, chisels the femur in two, turns the entire femur around and, lo, the foot that turned backward is straightened. The bone of the leg in its new position knits in a few weeks and in a comparatively short time the patient is able to walk.

Until very recently a flat foot was treated by forcing the bones of the arch back into position by painful manipulation that seldom effected a permanent cure. Dr. Hoke takes the contrary bones of the flat foot, constructs a one-piece permanent arch, and the arch forever retains the shape he gives it.

The modern miracles of orthopedic surgery are many. But that isn't the story I wanted to tell. I wanted to give the inside story of how a great idea was sold to a lot of fun-chasing men in America when it was properly presented.

For though folks may seem busy and selfish, they are almost always humane at heart and ready to do good when someone shows them the way. You will generally find that the hearts of men are right when you speak to their hearts.

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Most of Us Are Afraid of the Wrong Things

YOU may have heard explorers talk about danger. They come back after years spent in deep jungles or arctic seas or arid deserts and tell us that they are afraid of getting run down by an automobile. They say they feel more in peril in one week of going about the streets of a busy city than in a year among wild animals and poisonous insects, on cruel ice, or under parching suns.

Part of this, perhaps, is a pose. But it does emphasize the fact that we humans haven't much sense of proportion about our fears.

Millions of people live their lives under the shadow of one fear after another. And the curious point of it is that they are afraid of the things least likely to happen, and careless of the real risks of life.

We worry about catching some rare disease and are always letting ourselves catch cold.

We go out in fear of odd accidents, such as trees falling on us, but run down a flight of stairs never thinking about the great number hurt every year by tumbling downstairs.

Many young people are so desperately afraid of losing their jobs that they don't go ahead and do the things that would win promotion; they ought to worry about not making progress.

We are afraid of what our neighbors will think of our clothes and our social standing, and forget what they may think of the quality of our minds and our true character.

We have expensive fire departments because so many people are afraid their houses will burn. But we spend far too little on public health departments to see that our water is pure, our food clean, our schools healthful.

Fears are largely learned by experience or hearsay. A child is born with very few fears. A new-born baby will jump and cry at a loud noise, but grow up to live tranquilly near a railroad track and work in a boiler shop.

A baby has no fear of the dark, but a seven-year-old child is full of night terror after foolish grown-ups have told him about bears and burglars.

We must wipe out of our minds petty and senseless fears. We must go boldly and confidently through life. We must be less afraid for our bodies and more afraid for our minds.

Above all, let us dread ignorance and intolerance, crooked thinking, sour prejudices, jumping at conclusions, and hurting the feelings of others.

The more we know and know truly, the less physical fear we have, for then we know how to guard against all kinds of dangers without worrying about them. Let such worry as we have time for be devoted not to what the world may do to us, but to what we may do for the world.

America for Him

HE DOESN'T look much like Uncle Sam, and he isn't a native son, but no one in the neighborhood is more determinedly American. And he is most anxious never to leave America.

For he did leave America once: he made and saved a bit of money as a farm hand and tenant farmer in the West, then he went back to Europe (where he was born forty years ago) and started a dairy farm near his home town—just before the war.

The war and its aftermath wiped out half of his relatives and all of his savings. And he blindly blames the whole thing—perhaps not so blindly—on those old-world conditions which he sums up as "all rotten for poor man." He was glad as a man could be to set foot once more on American soil. To him America truly means freedom, opportunity, and fair play. "Here I make a little dollar and save a little and live good. Here I bring my family, one each time," he says.

Whatever criticism we may have to make of conditions in our own country, whatever things there may be that we want to improve, to this new American ours seems the promised land, for here it is not "all rotten for poor man;" here every toiler who has health and really works is able to "live good."

The Little We Know, the Much We Hope For

IN MOODS of disgust most of us have cried out that the World War accomplished nothing. Which is reckless and foolish talk, because you can't prove it. The "American Legion Weekly" has done well to collect the opinions of many men on this moot question. Here are some of their guesses as to the gains of the war:

> General Pershing: The end of autocracy.
> Sir Philip Gibbs: The inspiration of ideals and valor.
> Hilaire Belloc: The defeat of atheism.
> The Kaiser (through his secretary): Nothing at all.
> Crown Prince Wilhelm: Dictatorship and militarism.
> Newton Baker: The doom of the "balance of power" theory.
> William Allen White: Self-respect among the plain people.
> Maximilian Harden: The exposure of war as inglorious.

And as usual we like best what Charles W. Eliot says:

> The World War destroyed the huge Russian, German, and Austrian autocracies, revived several freer nations which those autocracies had crushed or cut into pieces, strengthened the three great powers in which democratic principles have made good progress, and brought them nearer to effective union for promoting liberty, justice, and peace throughout the world.

Our fervent prayer must be that our children's children, looking back at our unwisdom, can say: "In spite of all blundering, all envy, and all inertia, the men and women who had lived through the World War did somehow manage to contrive that never again there should be such evil on this earth."

Study the Lovers and Salesmen

FROM now until November we shall be having political arguments with each other. We may be able to get further along if we are not too emphatic. When we begin to put on pressure, to rebuke and exhort, we begin to talk against ourselves. Most of us respect an earnest man—and thoroughly resent a too earnest manner.

Lincoln was profoundly serious. Yet his usual manner was leisurely, and his language was often droll: even his gravest utterances, such as the Gettysburg Address and the Emancipation Proclamation, have no note of reproach or of self-righteousness.

If we really want to persuade others, there are good examples all around us of how the thing is done—lovers and salesmen, who are in deadly earnest about winning people. But, however determined and intent they may be, the successful lovers and salesmen are seldom too insistent: they know that to get anywhere they must be interesting and agreeable. They are great hands at the amiable approach, which is half the battle.

Bass Time

THE black bass with his La Follette pompadour of stickers is again open for engagements. He lacks the aristocratic slimness of the trout, and he has a somewhat large mouth. Yet as he shoots rocket-like out of the water at the end of fifty feet of line he looks good enough to the fellow wielding the rod.

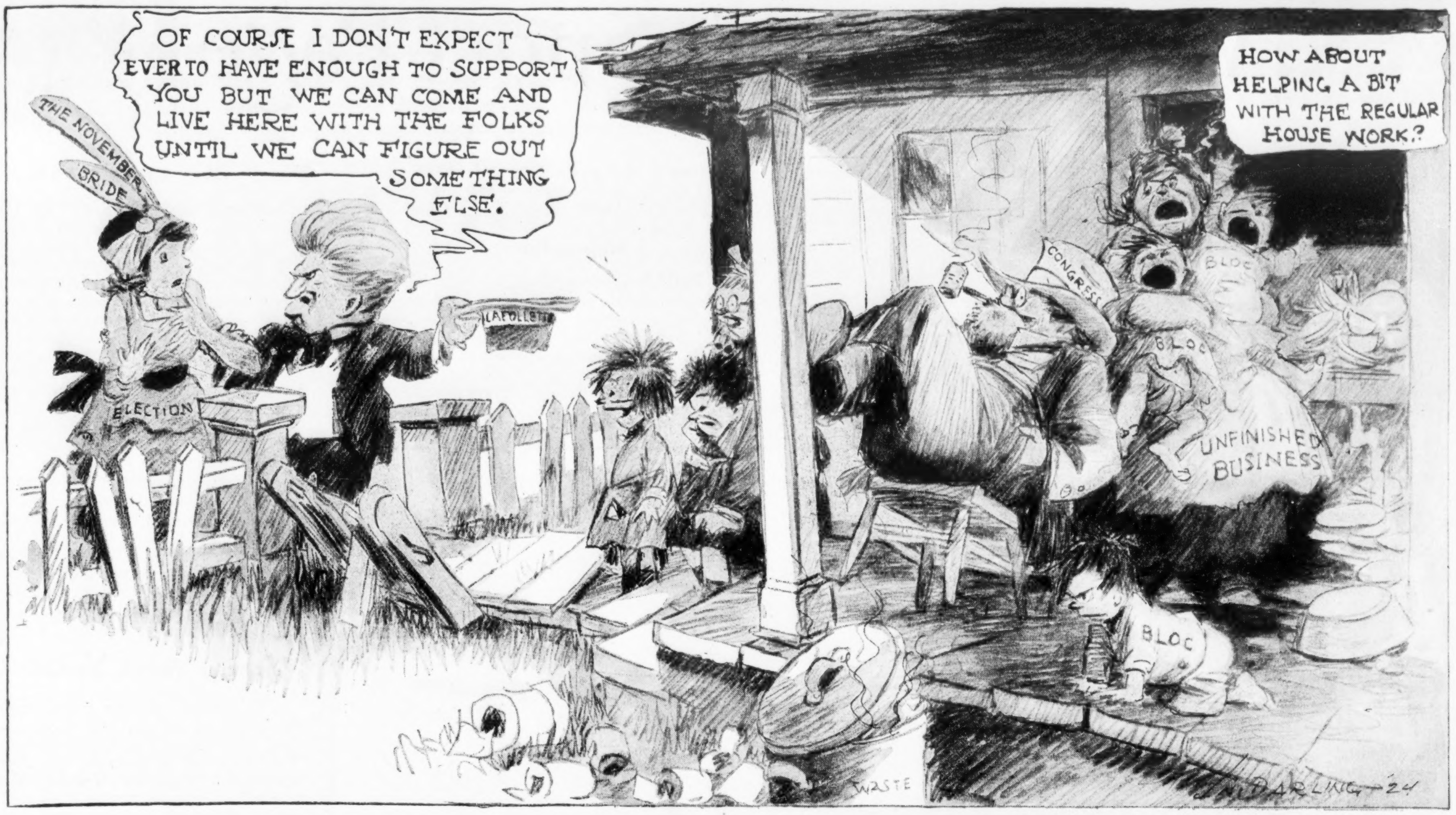
He needs no balsam-shaded pools. Put him in any clean water and he will thrive and found a large family. No finicky diet of flies for him.

He is a democratic fish. He finds life, liberty, and happiness in the waters of almost every state in the Union. He does not require laws to protect him in August or in September, when the late vacations come. And if he sometimes baffles the shrewdest angler, he often decorates the small boy's string.

Bass time: an old skiff, creaky oars, sandwiches, an anxious eye to the weather, an eager ambition, colossal hope—that is the state of mind and train of thought that the season awakes in boys and in bank presidents.

Short Sermon from Panko

PANKO MATIVI SOKOLOWSKI of Newark, N. J., recently got a couple of scrapbooks full of newspaper publicity by buying a $100,000 apartment house on what he had saved out of his salary as a window cleaner, after paying the bills for his family, including four children. Panko had ten rules, but he said them all in the first one: "Even if you make little, spend less."


OF COURSE I DON'T EXPECT EVER TO HAVE ENOUGH TO SUPPORT YOU BUT WE CAN COME AND LIVE HERE WITH THE FOLKS UNTIL WE CAN FIGURE OUT SOMETHING ELSE.
HOW ABOUT HELPING A BIT WITH THE REGULAR HOUSE WORK?
THE NOVEMBER BRIDE
ELECTION
LAFOLLETTE
CONGRESS
BLOC
BLOC
UNFINISHED BUSINESS
BLOC
WASTE
DARLING-24

Seems as if that was asking too much of the girl, no matter how much he loves her

It's Up to You Nonvoters

By Walter Lincoln Whittlesey

THE alphabetical order runs Coolidge, Davis, La Follette. What will be the winning order when they flash under the wire in the Presidential race? That's up to you nonvoters, you absentees, you stay-at-homes; you'll pick the winner. Some four or five million of you, out of the forty-five million or more possible voters, will hand the big prize to the candidate of your choice.

This Presidential election is *by states* and *by states only*. Harding in 1920 carried California by nearly 400,000, Wilson in 1916 by less than 4,000, and for each of them the Golden State counted as exactly thirteen electoral votes. Hughes carried Minnesota by 392 votes, Harding four years later by 376,427, and each vastly differing majority scored twelve electors for the Republican candidate.

This national Presidential election is *by and within the states.* The famous Solid South lines our Atlantic coast from the Potomac River to the Rio Grande and loops up to take in Arkansas. From 1880 to 1920 not one of these ten states has ever been carried for a Republican Presidential candidate. Tennessee, the eleventh, broke the solid tradition. In 1876, with a total population under ten millions, they gave Hayes nearly 650,000 Republican votes. In 1916, with more than twenty-one million persons within their borders, these ten commonwealths gave Hughes less than 350,000 Republican votes. That is the Solid South.

In 1920 North Carolina voted 21 per cent of its entire population. The remaining nine ranged from slightly under 4 per cent in South Carolina to slightly over 15 per cent in Florida. The "Old North State" could well-nigh double its vote this year and South Carolina could multiply her 1920 ballot total by five or ten. The two governors would then have something to talk about.

But suppose four or five million more votes were cast in the Solid South this November. That would make no difference. These are one-party states and political battles are fought to get the Democratic nominations. Election follows as a matter of course.

Then look at the Solid North. Michigan helped put a Democrat in the White House back in 1852; Pennsylvania assisted with Franklin Pierce and also with James Buchanan in 1856. Neither has done it since. Vermont never has been carried for a Democratic Presidential candidate. Maine and Massachusetts went for Wilson in the split of 1912, but this was their only departure from Republicanism since before the Civil War. These five states well might add some three millions to their host of marchers to the polls on election day, but the net result would be Republican majorities, sure as shooting. You cannot gather thistles from figs.

The nine votingest states in the Union, as 1920 showed, are New Hampshire and Delaware in the East, then West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Iowa, and Nevada, out to the sagebrush. These communities got from nearly 35 per cent (West Virginia) up to 43 per cent (Indiana) of their entire population to the polls in 1920. If the rest of the U. S. A. had done as well, there would have been over 13,000,000 *more* votes cast and counted.

These states are not fixed, nor politically petrified, and will plunk for whatever candidate they prefer, but the voters will do the choosing, not the nonvoters. Nonvoters are as scarce in these nine commonwealths as they ought to be everywhere.

You nonvoters, then, have got half the states in the Union, twenty-four of the forty-eight, in which you must decide the issue of Coolidge, Davis, or La Follette.

Battling Bob has kindly offered to take care of five of these; namely, both Dakotas, Minnesota, Montana, and Wisconsin. Even if he does, you nonvoters have got nineteen states left to swing as you will, all the way from Rhode Island and Connecticut to Arizona, Idaho, and Oregon. Let's take only the five biggest. Here, as I figure it, is how they stood in 1920, allowing a generous margin for citizens old enough to vote but legally disqualified or disabled:

State	*Electors*	*Nonvoters*
California	13	450,000
Illinois	29	600,000
Tennessee	12	400,000
New Jersey	14	325,000
New York	45	1,250,000
Totals	113	3,025,000

The Presidential election of 1924 may well turn on how these states stand this coming November. Three million nonvoters hold the balance of power in and for these decisive commonwealths.

Don't forget for a minute that there are fourteen other states, with electoral votes adding up to 83 in all, where those who did not mark a ballot in 1920 can have the last word in 1924. Every one of these communities can turn out an additional and decisive vote of from 10 to 20 per cent of its entire population.

Come on, you nonvoters! Let's have a real election. Shoot!

Walter Camp's Sport Page

Lowering the Cost of Golf

THE solution of the high cost of golf for the average golfer may soon be found in the realization by real estate men that the semi-public course is a paying proposition. Chicago now has eight clubs in a Daily Fee Golf Association, where the golfer who can't afford membership in a private club may, for the payment of a greens fee, enjoy a round of golf and all the clubhouse privileges of a private club. Joseph J. Lannin has done the same thing at Salisbury, Long Island, where two courses open to the public are paying their way and where a third for club members, with dues of only ten dollars a year, is succeeding on the pay-as-you-play plan. Real estate operators in any populous center can benefit both the public and their own bank accounts by similar promotions.

Another Baseball Evil

Another detail baseball's rule makers might profitably consider during the winter meetings is the evil of the exhibition game. In July a game in New York between the Yankees and a Western club was cut to eight innings so that the Yankees might make connections for an exhibition game to be played on the following day. The same thing has occurred in other cities in spite of the fact that the fan pays to see nine innings of baseball. Chasing the dollar is a necessary business and entirely worth while until the race becomes the most important of all considerations.

Wills vs. Firpo

If Harry Wills could recapture the condition he knew five years ago he might stand an even chance against Firpo in their coming engagement, but throwing the 16-pound challenge over a five-year stretch never developed a right hook that would win a championship.

If Firpo wins and spends the next year fighting he will stand a very much better chance against Dempsey than he did in their first meeting, for boxing screen shadows isn't calculated to do the champion much good.

I disagree with those who feel that Firpo should be taught to box. Firpo is too old and too freakish a fighter to absorb the scientific graces of the ring, but if he will train, if he will learn the trick of balance, and if he will use his left hand as a protection he will be 100 per cent more dangerous than he was in his first meeting against Dempsey.

Two Great Stars

In spite of the fact that Snodgrass has been showing some great tennis, it was Howard Kinsey who furnished one of the dramatic surprises of the season when he beat "Little Bill" Johnston at Seabright.

But that certainly does not prove that the finalists in the national championship will not again be Johnston and Tilden and that the latter will not face a hard fight. Unless, however, Tilden proves to be over-tennised it seems to me that he has more than an even chance to win his fifth straight national title.

Tilden, splendidly equipped physically but as horrible a duffer as ever messed up an easy "kill" when he began the game, has made himself invincible by complete mastery of tennis technique and strict attention to training rules. Johnston, handicapped by a frail frame, has shown us what can be accomplished on raw courage and a perfect form that gives him a superb power that isn't contained in his 125 pounds of fighting muscle.

Both have gone to the top because they have gotten the best out of themselves whereas most of us are content with a 25-per-cent return. It is thrilling and fine to be a champion, but no one finds tickets to a Broadway hit on sale at a cut-rate agency. Think it over.

How to Be a Champion

"All I need to develop a championship club," a prominent manager said recently, "is to get my players to eat, sleep, and think baseball." All most of us need to be champions is work that we enjoy so intensely as to make it a 24-hours-per-day inspiration.

A Hagen Innovation

British golfers declare that Walter Hagen places his club head in the right position behind the ball and then adjusts his stance to the position of the club. The average procedure is to take the stance and then adjust the position of the club head. Whatever the worth of the idea may be, taking such an odd prescription from Dr. Hagen seems well worth trying.

Pre-Season Football Practice

As this is printed pre-season football practice is beginning in many of the colleges. The teams permitted to engage in such practice are fortunate, for in the early games they will have the advantage of condition over those teams where such preparation is forbidden. The youngsters who are members of these teams are fortunate because, in addition to condition, they will know the fine thrill of giving up the soft pleasures of a summer vacation for the strict disciplinary grind of a football camp and they will be better men for having made the sacrifice.

The Walker Cup Matches

A fourth straight victory in the Walker Cup matches is almost a certainty for the American team with Jones, Ouimet, Guilford, Evans, Marston, Johnston, and the others against a none-too-strong British team due to the inability of several English stars to make the trip. One wonders, however, how Jimmy Manion, after his brilliant performance in the Western amateur against "Chick" Evans, failed to make the team. Bill Reekie, the new Metropolitan amateur champion, also seems like a stronger entry than either Bill Fownes, a veteran, or Bob Gardner, the captain, who will probably not play because of having undergone a serious operation last spring. One also wonders why Joe Coble, the public links champion, is a national champion who is not favored with recognition on that team.

"Express Yoself, Ma Chile"

The intent of this page, incidentally, is to reform, instruct, and aid sport and sportsmen. The title of a current popular song is "Express Yoself, Ma Chile." Anyone with a worthwhile thought or emotion concerning sport can, with space permitting, easily follow the advice of that song in these columns.

One Reason "Ty" Got There

Ty Cobb found that he could do better and more intense work on the ball field if he cut his lunch down to only the lightest fare. He delayed his one heavy meal until the dinner hour when the day's work was done. Ty Cobb has been a brilliant star for twenty years. One very definite reason for that remarkably brilliant stretch has been this strict self-discipline in the matter of diet. Brain, nerves, and muscles simply can't work at top speed when there is too heavy a job of assimilation to be performed.

Odds and Ends

Gamblers say you can't beat the law of averages, but a game 15-to-1 shot frequently comes through because he refuses to figure the chances against him.

Victory may not always be to the strong, but there aren't many lightweights challenging Dempsey.

All of us are born with courage. Keeping it and developing it is a matter of proper handling.

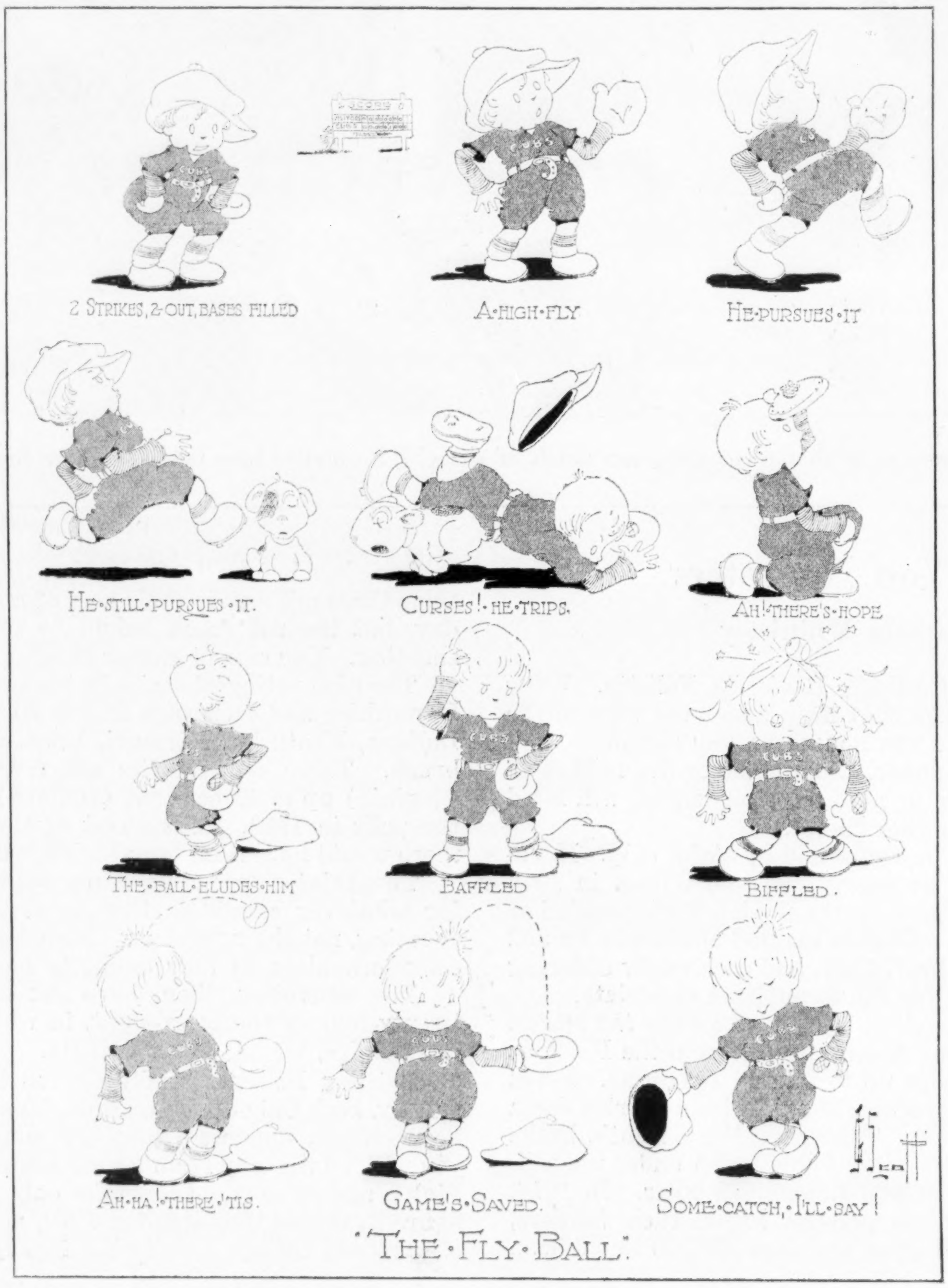
Cheers from the grand-stand are pleasant, but the winning entry is generally very much too busy to hear them.

There should be no prohibition of temperament, but a man has to learn to take it or leave it alone.

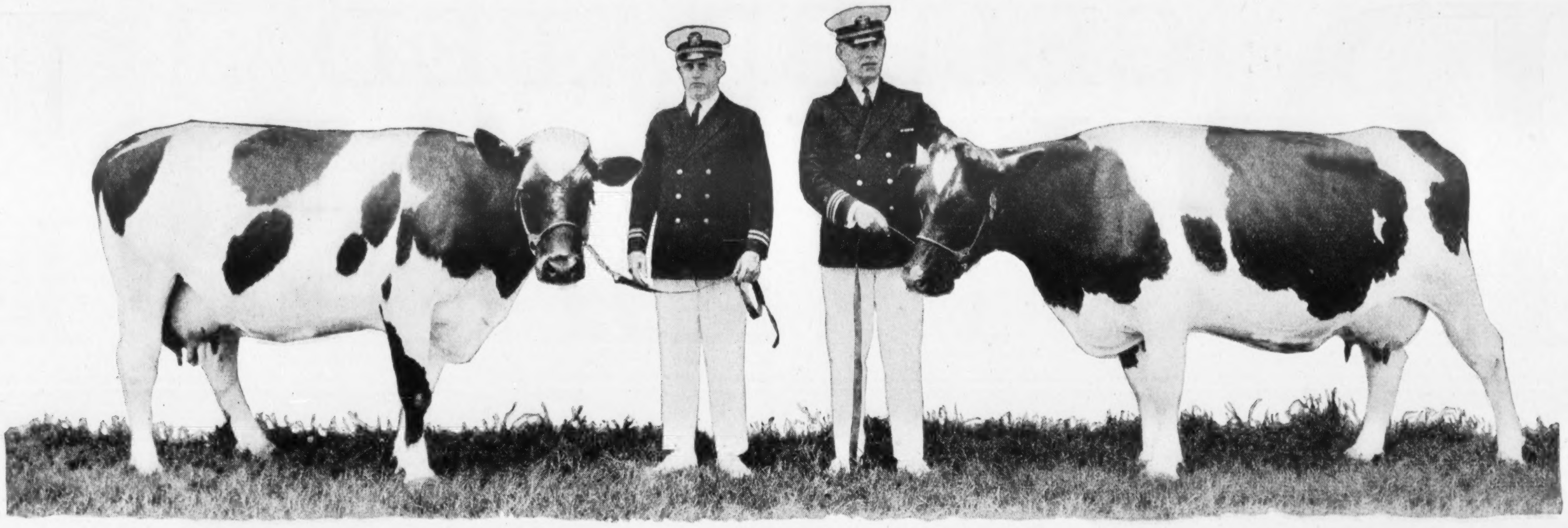
He travels fastest who travels alone—and who doesn't turn his head from the tape to see how close his competitors are.

With a bad jockey up Ability hasn't got a chance when Perseverance and Intelligence get a good ride.

The ready alibi is comparable to the precocious child. The parent is really the only one interested.



"THE FLY BALL."



At the navy's farm. In May the cows held by Lieut. Commander Wainwright (right) and Lieut. Hill each produced more than eight gallons of milk a day

Way Down on the Navy's Farm

By Herbert Corey

A sailor on a farm! The very idea is amusing. But it isn't impossible. Our navy has a farm. What's more, it is making money on it. It's at Gambrill's Station, near Annapolis. The Naval Academy runs it; and it's *some* farm too!

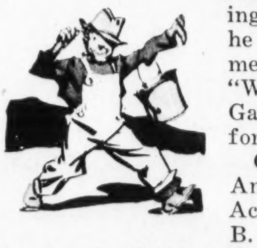
QUESTION: If a farmer cannot make money on a farm, who can?

Answer: A sailor.

That sounds silly, does it? Sailors have no professional contacts with agriculture. Sailors are persons who wear small round white caps and bell-muzzled breeches and say ahoy. They go to sea in ships. The only horses a sailor knows are the moth-eaten remnants he charters when in spiggoty land and on which he cruises severely on an equally moth-eaten beach. The only cows he knows are sea-cows. He ploughs the salt water and harrows the enemy. Four o'clock in the morning is just eight bells to him.

It costs the country fifteen thousand dollars when he fires a round from the big guns on his ship. That money is gone forever. If he hits the target he does not even get a cigar. If he does not he gets something worse. The band strikes up when he goes ashore, which is the cue for dishonest hearts and willing hands to get busy. He is the innocent victim of an old tradition. He must act as though he has a wife in every port, although at to-day's prices even one extra family would ruin the captain of the starboard watch.

There you are. There's the sailor as the world sees him. A wild, extravagant, carousing dog. Hearts of oak and butter fingers. The last person in the world to take a business that the regular business men proclaim they have failed at, and make it pay.



For all that, the navy has a farm that makes big profits. Not paper, questionable, debatable profits, but cash profits that have been put in bank. When I first heard of it I suspected a catch somewhere. I wondered if Admiral David Potter, paymaster general, high keeper of accounts, were preying upon my inferior land-going intelligence. I had heard so much from professional farmers about the necessity of marrying money if you lived on a farm that I had become a skeptic. So I had a look at the books.

In nine years, on a total investment of approximately $400,000, made under conditions which equalize with ordinary land farmers, an actual cash profit of $186,000 was made. So large a share of the receipts was turned back into improvements—apart from this cash profit in bank—that the book value of the plant, which shows the actual investment, is $311,000 more than the original capital. This book surplus does not include the original value of the land, which is carried at its original cost. A tax assessor looked at it the other day.

"I'll sell it for twice as much as you paid," said he, "and it is worth three times as much."

Admiral Potter told me about it in the casual manner affected by men of the sea. He seemed to think that everyone knew the navy was making money on a farm. When he had thoroughly interested me he made a suggestion: "Why don't you run down to Gambrill's Station and see it for yourself?"

Gambrill's Station is near Annapolis, where the Naval Academy is. Admiral Henry B. Wilson, superintendent of the Academy, is likewise superior officer of the navy farm, which is a working part of the Academy plan. It is not so long ago that Admiral Wilson commanded the Atlantic fleet of battleships on its cruise to Peru. One would think this would not be an auspicious beginning for the management of a dairy farm. But there one would be wrong. It is the navy's pride to be able to do everything and do it well.

Lieutenant Commander D. B. Wainwright and Lieut. H. N. Hill, the officers in command at Gambrill's, are seagoing men. When he was assigned Commander Wainwright had never seen a farm except through car windows. When he was a small boy his grandmother told him to keep out of a field in which there was a cow. Lieutenant Hill was raised on a farm, but as the mere sight of corn tassels inspires some men with a wild desire to go to sea he joined the navy as soon as possible. By no possible twist could either be considered a professional farmer.

But Wainwright and Hill became book farmers. They went to school, to the experts of the Department of Agriculture. Then they added the big navy idea.

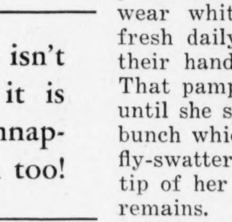
"We keep the farm clean," they said.

Years ago the cadets at the Naval Academy developed the unpleasant habit of typhoid and other fevers. The trouble was traced to the milk then furnished the Academy mess. The Academy heads reported to Congress that the one way to obtain safe milk was to buy a farm and let the navy run it. Congress had a hearty, rib-twisting, superior laugh.

"These sailors" said Congress, being largely composed of gentlemen who have farmer constituents, "think they can run a farm!"

"Lend us the money," said the navy, "and we'll show you."

For some reason *that* appealed to the lawgivers. Just what is the real, basic difference between lending the navy the money and giving it to the navy outright is a bit hazy to the civilian. Maybe the loan looked better on the audit. At any rate, Congress lent the navy $280,000. The mess fund of the Academy contained $79,000, and that was borrowed. Other odds and ends ran the total investment, all borrowed money, up to about $400,000. Some rundown farms in the vicinity of Annapolis were bought for $65,000, a herd of good grade Holstein cows and some thoroughbred bulls were installed; and the sailors went to farming. In nine years the $79,000 borrowed from the mess fund has been repaid, and $107,000 in cash is ear-marked in the bank for payment on the debt to congress, if it is demanded. To-day the farm is better than a show place, because show places are usually expensive luxuries. This one pays.



"Show me," I said.

We began with the barns. Doors and windows screened against flies. The floors scrubbed twice a day. Each cow has an individual drinking cup into which cooled water spurts when she puts her muzzle down. The milkmen wear white canvas suits, which are fresh daily, ship-fashion. They wash their hands before milking each cow. That pampered lady has been sponged until she shines like velvet. The fuzzy bunch which nature gave the cow as a fly-swatter has been shaved from the tip of her tail until only a bony spike remains. Milking is done in small-mouthed pails to reduce the catch of floating dust. The cows were gentle and friendly.

"We have capitalized their good will," explained Commander Wainwright.

A cow not only gives more milk when she is treated better than a member of the family, but she prefers to be waited on by the same man. A decrease in milk quantity is noted at once, for the milk from each cow is weighed daily. In order to obtain the fullest coöperation by the dairy hands a bonus of seven dollars a month each is paid if the bacterial count is kept down.

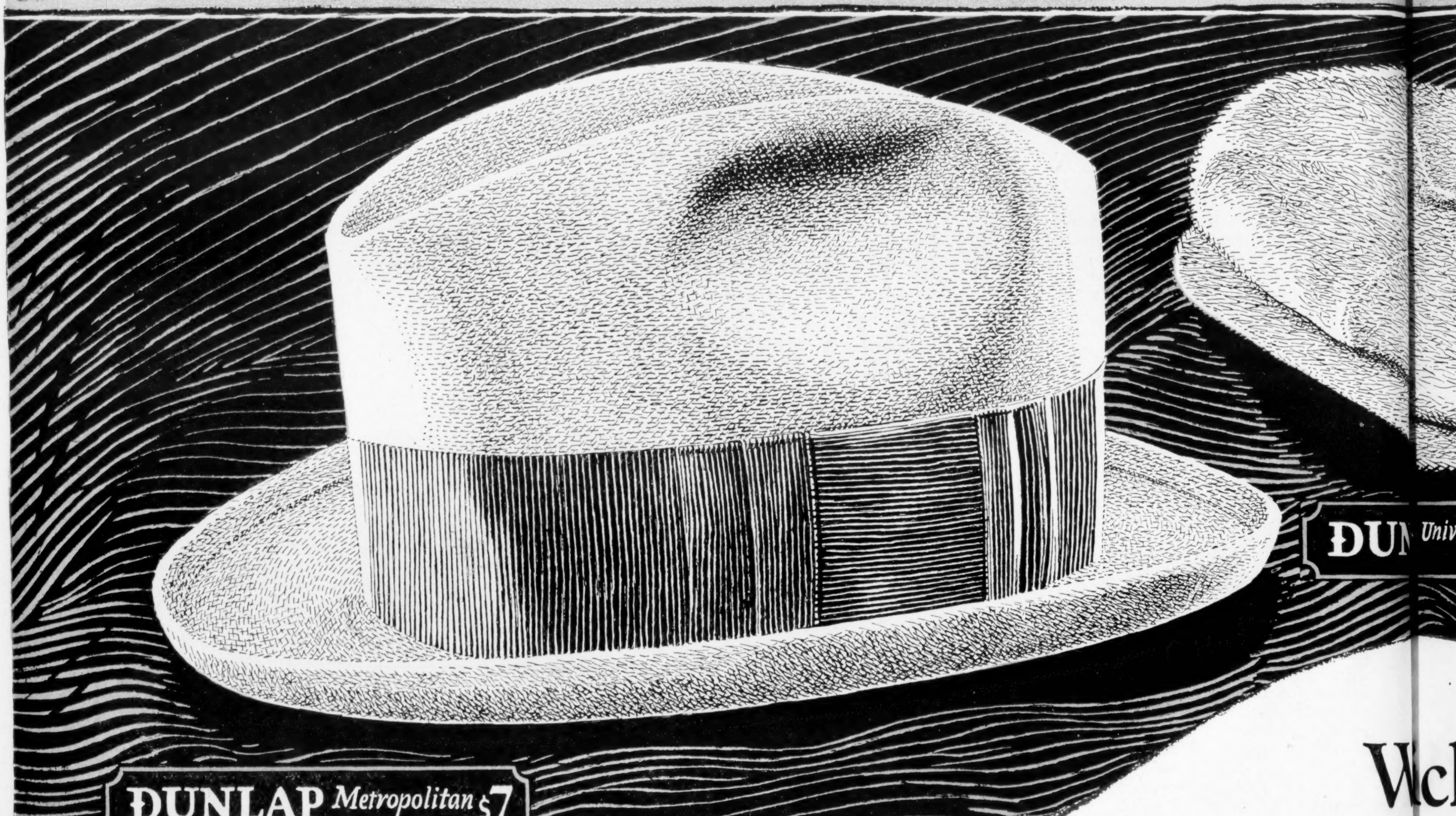
"Ordinary farm milk," said Lieut. Hill, "contains about 5,000,000 bacteria per CC. We have cut the count down to 5,000, which is as low as anyone has ever been able to get it. And we keep it there."

We drove over the farm. A herd of black and white yearlings watched us from afar. Lieutenant Hill "coo-eed" them, and they came galloping in to have a chat. Pretty things, with great deerlike eyes and slim legs. They nuzzled at us. If one so forgot his manners as to turn his back upon a lady the tip of a small, sharp horn might prod it. They were as fat as puppies, for the book farmers have discovered that it pays to feed grain to the heifers during their growing months. This is a wide departure from farm-farming precedent, but they grow to be larger and stronger cows, and therefore give more milk.

"Are they pretty good?" I ventured.

It appeared from the choral statement that they were pretty good, indeed. The average cow on the average farm does not give (*Continued on page 44*)

CELEBRATED DUNLAP H



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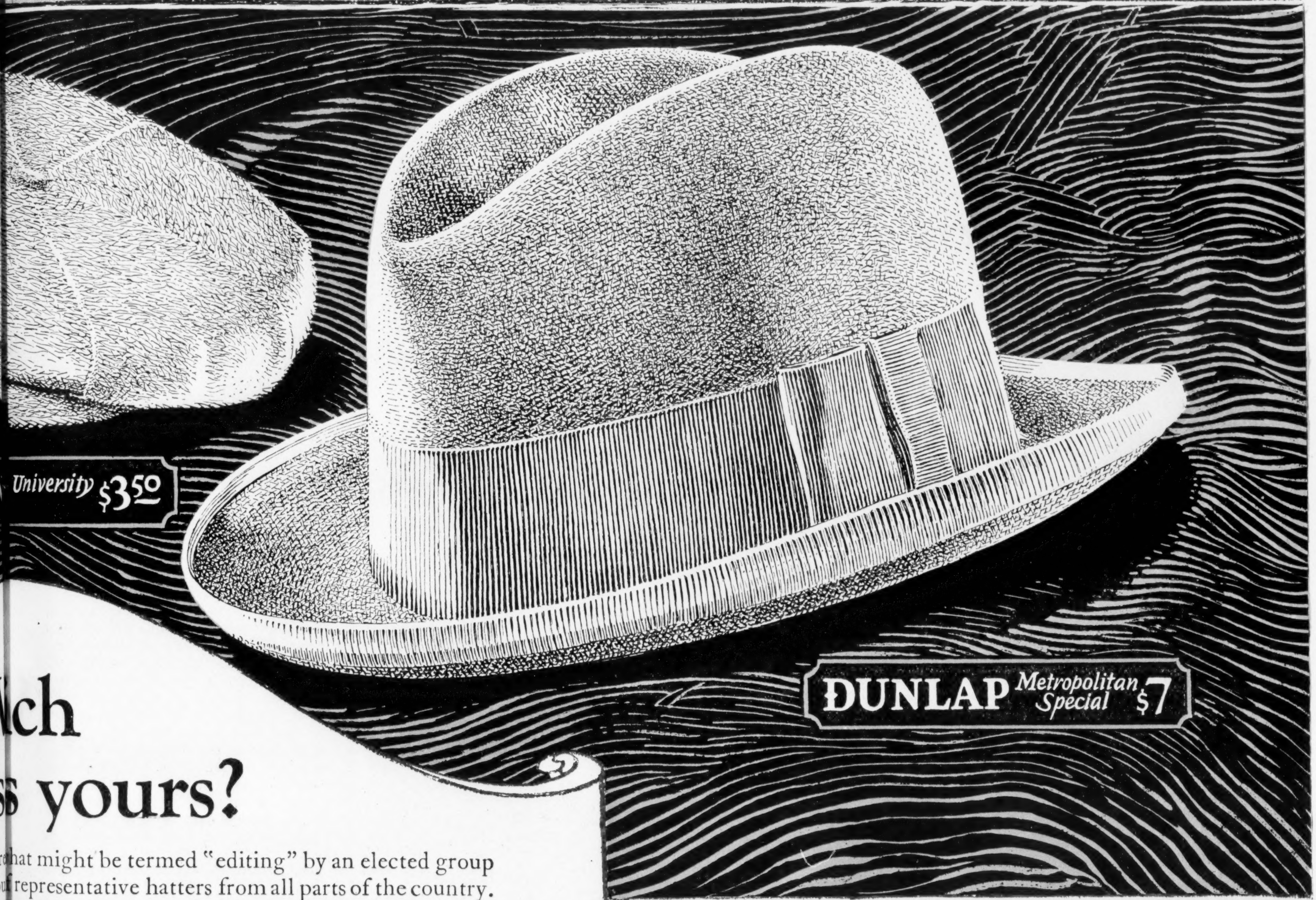
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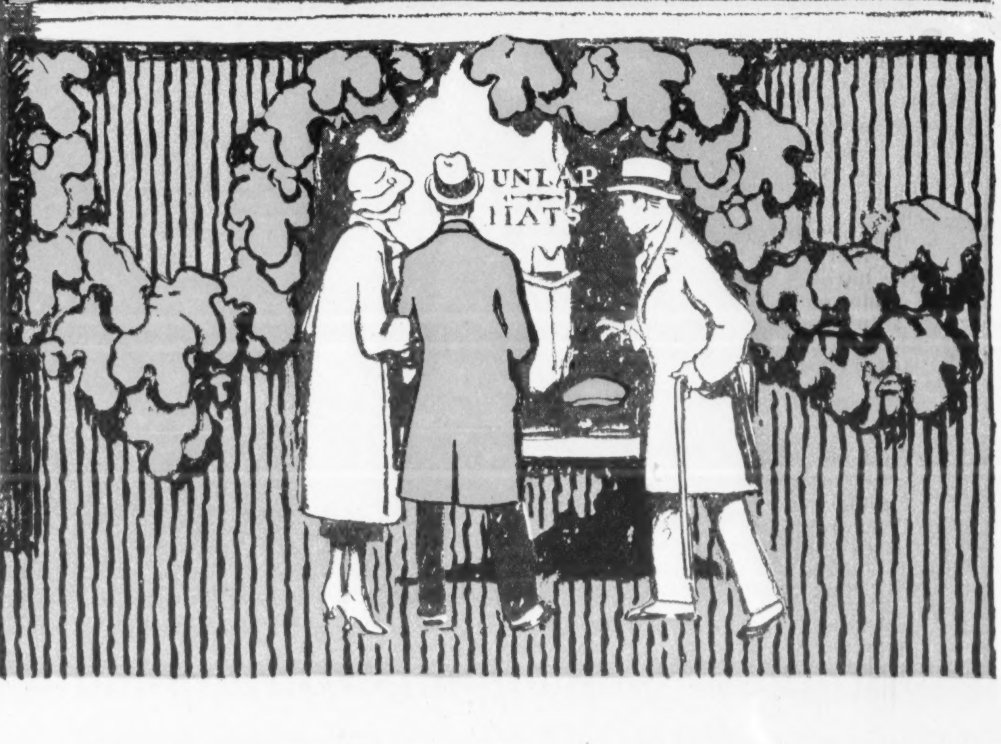
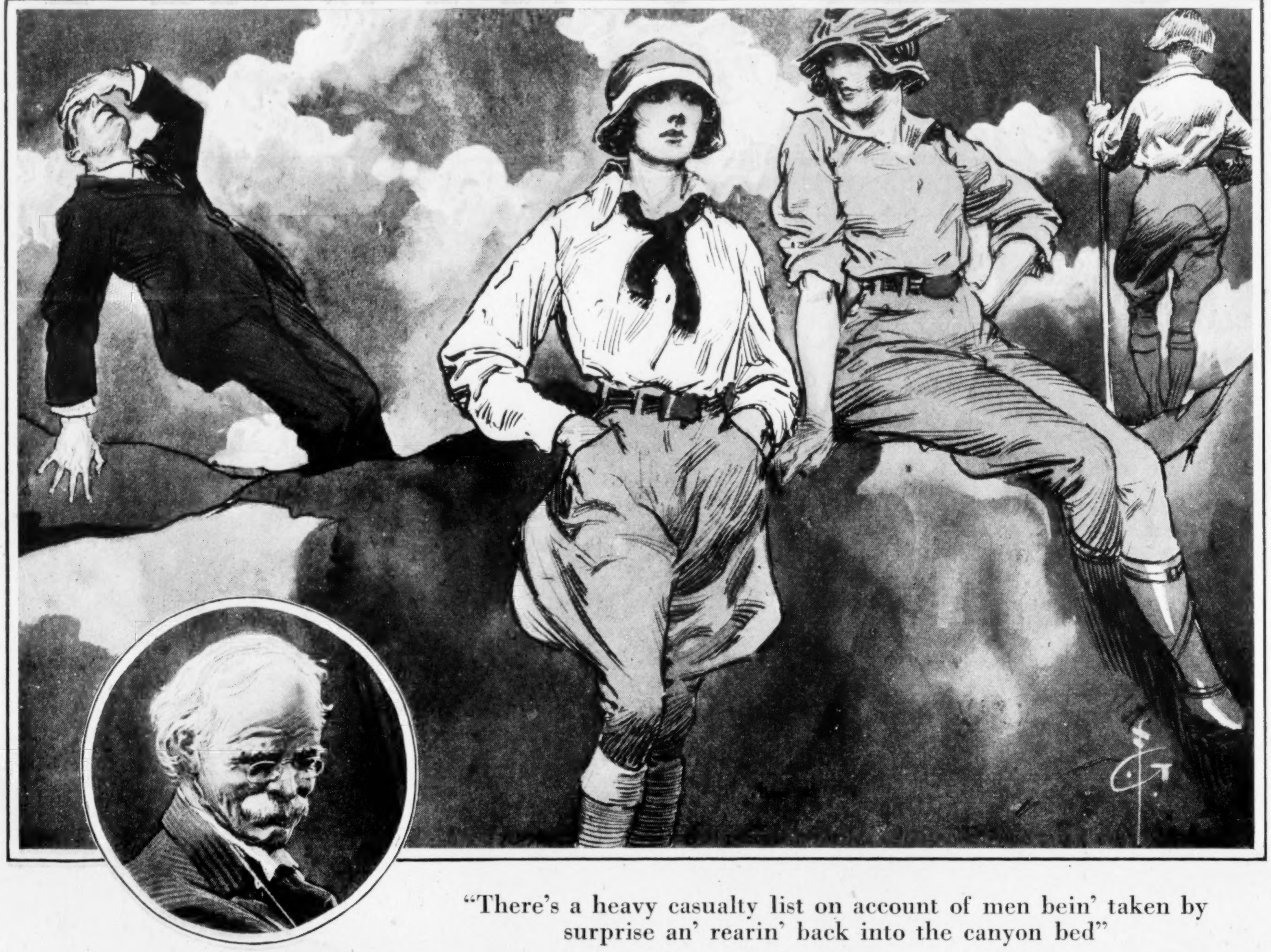


Nailing Her Colors to the Master

Uncle Henry Says the Only Time a Woman Gives a Man Rope is Just Before He's Tied



"There's a heavy casualty list on account of men bein' taken by surprise an' rearin' back into the canyon bed"

"I SEE as how some college professor says that women are much crueler than men," remarked Mr. Stubbs in the tone that he reserved for comment on female failings.

"Most likely he's a new-married chap that's jes' had his first experience in bein' a lady's maid," Uncle Henry replied tolerantly. "I remember the first hookin' up I did myself. The cunnin' with which the eyes were hid gave every evidence of a deep-laid plot against man's peace of mind, an' the way the little woman wriggled her shoulder-blades furnished additional proof of sheer malignity. It wasn't long, though, before I discovered that she suffered as much as I did, an' after trainin' a bloodhound to help me find some of the hooks, I got so I could whistle at my task. Or probably the professor had jes' come back from seein' a whole lot of women in hikin' breeches. No question about it bein' a horrible sight, 'Lonzo, almost as hard on the eyes as home brew. The first time I saw females in khaki pants I took to the storm cellar, an' even now I never raise my eyes from the ground until assured that the coast is clear. If there was ever anything in the world that nature meant to blush unseen, it's that part of woman bounded by vast rollin' table lands on the north an' by the thick, impenetrable masses of ankle on the south.

"Funny how the human race overlooks its greatest benefactors, isn't it? For years we've heaped praise on those great minds responsible for non-roll collar buttons, delicatessen, tax exempt securities, tradin' stamps, incompatibility, dog biscuit, woolless wool, an' other contributions to human happiness, but never have we raised a monument to that noble soul who first thought out the skirt an' made it possible for man to go through life without hopin' for a case of cataract or trachoma.

The Ladies' Line of Fire

"OF COURSE, hikin' breeches give every indication on innate an' instinctive cruelty. It don't seem possible that women would put 'em on unless with deliberate intent to cause anguish, makin' it unsafe for males to venture forth until they've armed themselves with smoked glasses an' eye shades. In the mountain country out West, women hikers have to carry horns to give warnin' of their approach, an' even at that there's a heavy casualty list on account of men bein' taken by surprise an' rearin' back into the canyon bed a thousand feet below.

"But it really isn't cruelty at all, 'Lonzo. Jes' thoughtlessness. When it comes to clothes, women give men about as much thought as the recent Democratic convention gave Dave Houston. They dress for each other, an' if men haven't got sense enough to stay outside the line of fire, then they've got nobody to blame but themselves. It's a battle that's been goin' on ever since Eve learned the difference between fig leaves an' poison ivy, an' history doesn't record a single instance of quarter bein' given or captives taken.

Barber Shoplifters

"THE idea that women are always thinkin' of their effect on men has about as much scientific base as the popular superstitions that toads cause warts an' that his whiskers make Lodge a statesman. Except the time when a girl decides to lay one by for a rainy day, men are about as important in the female scheme of things as a potted palm at a party. Even during this brief huntin' period she only uses one brain cell for the chase, an' by the time she's absentmindedly mumblin' her promise to love an' obey, she's plannin' new aggressions in the old campaign.

"Take the case of the elderly married woman that I'm livin' with. She's well on in her fifties, although beauty doctors have fixed it so that she don't look a day over seventy, an' only last week she had her hair bobbed. Do you think it was for the effect on me, a wife's last desperate effort to fan love's ashes into flame? Not on your life. Only the day before I had expressed myself on the subject of bobbed hair with vehemence, for women's invasion of the barber shop is somethin' to be resisted to the death. How can a man make it clear to the manicure girl that he's misunderstood at home when his wife's liable to be in the next chair?

"Look at the way women are made up nowadays! Why, you can't kiss one without runnin' the risk of painter's colic. No man likes it, for pickin' a woman is gamble enough without havin' to sink a lot of shafts before you can reach any idea of the natural formation. But a lot they care about what we like or don't like. Every mornin' I look to see whether the little woman has taken my golf bag to carry her lipsticks in, an' I never come home without expectin' to find a force of kalsominers at work on her face.

"Don't make the mistake of thinkin' that she wants to attract men. Aside from havin' made her kill an' bein' satisfied with it, she knows that no man is goin' to look at her except one inured to it by habit. No, 'Lonzo, it's other members of her sex that she's thinkin' about, an' she carries on the ancient battle by sheer force of fightin' instinct. She paints because she wants to go down with her colors flyin'.

"As a matter of fact, 'Lonzo, when women do pay any attention to men there's really a certain kindliness about it. Durin' the courtin' days especially, they give us all the rope we want, far more than enough to hang ourselves by. Why, right up to the moment of the weddin' my little woman indulged me in the delusion that I had all the lithe grace of a panther when it came to dancin', an' many's the night that she sat, seemin'ly entranced, while I sucked all the poison out of 'Asleep in the Deep.' Even when we heard her father upstairs exclaimin', 'Oh, my *God*,' she convinced me that it was merely a cry forced from him by his keen appreciation of music.

"They can talk all they please about Daily Dozens an' deep breathin', athletic games an' long walks, but there isn't anythin' that makes a man gain strength more rapidly than the admirin' regard in a woman's eyes as he confesses to various Samsonian achievements that have marked his career. Actually, after raisin' a window or openin' a bottle, she'd look at me with such awe in her eyes that I'd go home worryin' about the possibility of gettin' muscle bound.

"I found out afterwards that she'd been brought up in a stable an' ate out of a nose bag until she was twelve, but when we used to go ridin' she'd call the stirrups 'pedals,' an' say she'd never dare get on the back of such a terrible creature if it wasn't for that Somethin' in my eye that made her feel sure I could quell even the fiercest beast by a mere look. An' she'd be afraid of me did she not know that the strongest men were generally the tenderest, an' while the power part of my face certainly revealed an elemental nature, fierce when its passions were aroused, the broad thinker's brow gave the necessary note of reassurance.

He Thought He Was Lucky

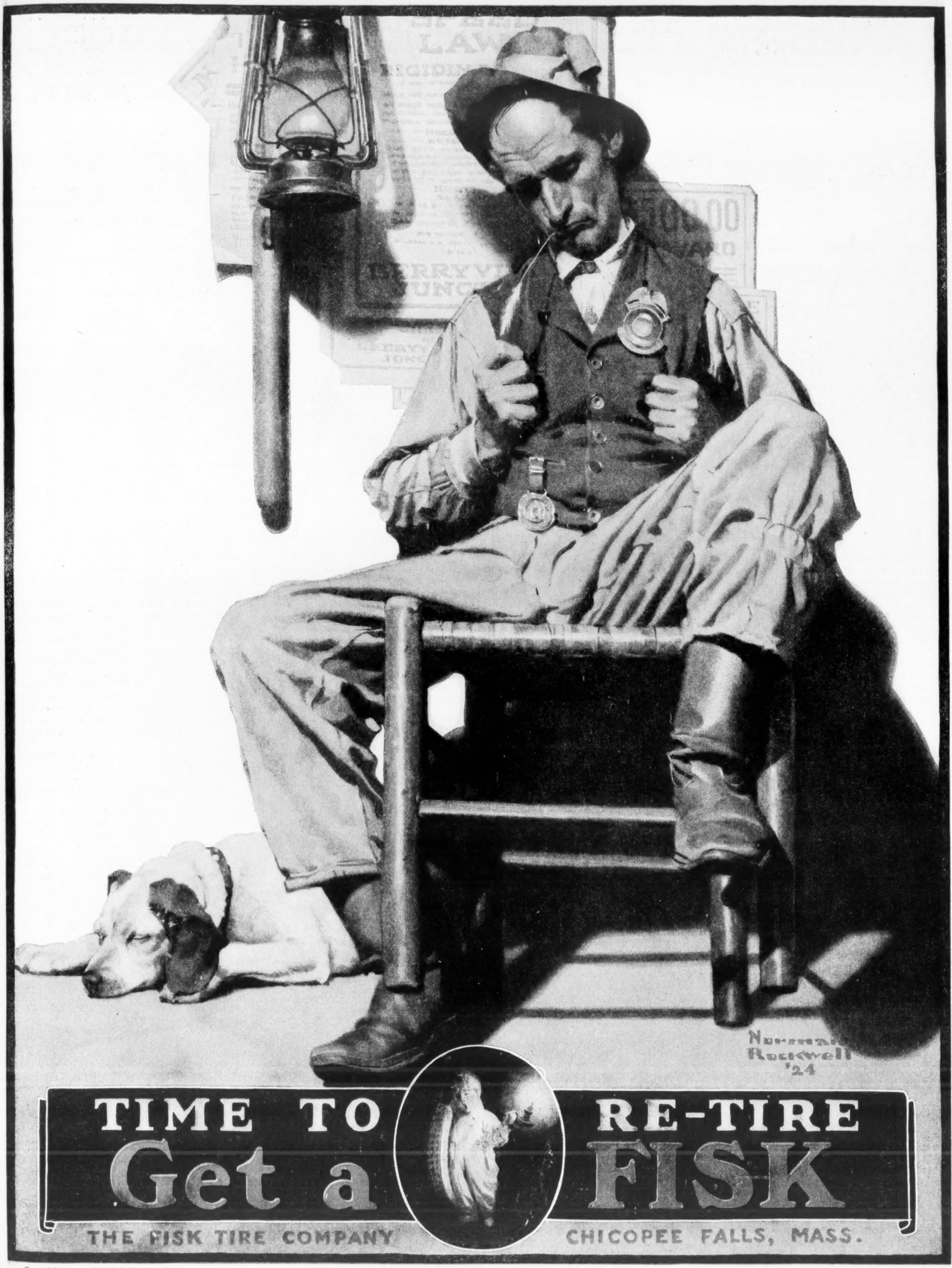
"NOWADAYS I have to go into the heart of the Everglades if I want to get through any of my favorite stories without interruption, for it's jes' when a husband has reached his point that a wife feels an impulse to general conversation.

"But I certainly had no complaint before marriage. 'How do you *think* of all those funny things?' was her regular remark.

"No sir, 'Lonzo, before the steel glove encases the velvet hand, there's nothin' kinder than woman. Even when they break it to us that there's a lot of work to be done before we're fit for general consumption, it's not in cruelty but out of the love that passeth human understandin'. What they simply can't seem to grasp is that while every man wants to improve, he hates *bein'* improved."

"Well," said Mr. Stubbs, "I've been lucky enough to escape women so far."

"No man ever escapes," said Uncle Henry. "Some are jes' ignored."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The Fastest Man in the World

Continued from page 13

sure and park her up by the finish line. I do better when I'm running away from her."

A hush fell on the crowd as the runners crouched down on the limed starting line.

"Go up to the finish," Billy said to the Englishman. "I want to see him get away. You tell me how he hits the tape."

The starter looked at his gun; saw that everyone was ready. "On your marks," he called.

Steve's spikes settled into the starting holes, and the muscles of his legs stood out against the skin. "Get set . . . ." Steve stiffened like a statue in marble. Billy's heart leaped as he realized the perfection of that starting pose.

"Crack!" The pistol in the starter's hand snapped.

With the explosion of the gun the line of runners leaped forward. But Steve delayed an appreciable fraction of a second. As he began to straighten up, ten or fifteen yards from the starting line, into his matchless sprinting form, he was a yard behind the leaders.

Billy was broken-hearted. Here was two weeks careful preparation for this particular race, hours of starting practice, lost. Again Steve had been almost left at the post.

Down by the finish line a man with a megaphone bawled out the result to the grand stand.

"First, Steve Donlon, Cascade Prep. Time ten seconds."

Billy scratched his head and hurried to meet the Englishman who had viewed the finish. "How did he do it?" he demanded.

The other coach grinned. "Like 'e always does," was the reply. "'E passed two of 'em at fifty yards, then another at seventy and the last one at ninety. I'm blowed if 'e didn't gain a yard and a 'alf in the last ten. 'E's one of them kind that needs the bloomin' competition before 'e'll let 'isself out. Put 'im up against the best man there is, and on 'is day 'e'll beat 'im—in world's record time."

Billy jumped. "You're right, Jimmy," he admitted. "If we could dig up a nine-three man to force him, he'd run nine-two."

"Yes."

Then a tragic thought struck the father. "Where is there such a runner?" he demanded. "Am I going to be cheated out of that world's record simply because there ain't a man in the land capable of giving Steve a race?"

STEVE'S starting proved quite sufficient during his first three years at college. He never lost a race, and the time he made seemed to depend upon the caliber of the men pitted against him. Twice he ran 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds. Men who should know called him the greatest sprinter of the decade.

Through these years of college competition Billy watched and waited for a sprinter who would be a worthy foeman for his son—a man so good that Steve would have to show "all his stuff" to beat. The desire to have Steve hang up a new record became an obsession.

Steve's last year in college was marked by the rise of a Pacific coast champion. His name was Redman, and Billy welcomed the opportunity of the Eastern Intercollegiates, on the fast Harvard track, which made it possible for Steve to race the Western marvel.

For Redman was a fast starter, and sporting writers said that his speed from the mark would give him the victory over Donlon. Then, too, Redman was not one of those lightning starters who fall away in the last ten yards. He could run every foot of a hundred yards at top speed, and his start would give him a margin of victory, the experts agreed. If the men were on even terms at sixty yards, Steve should win.

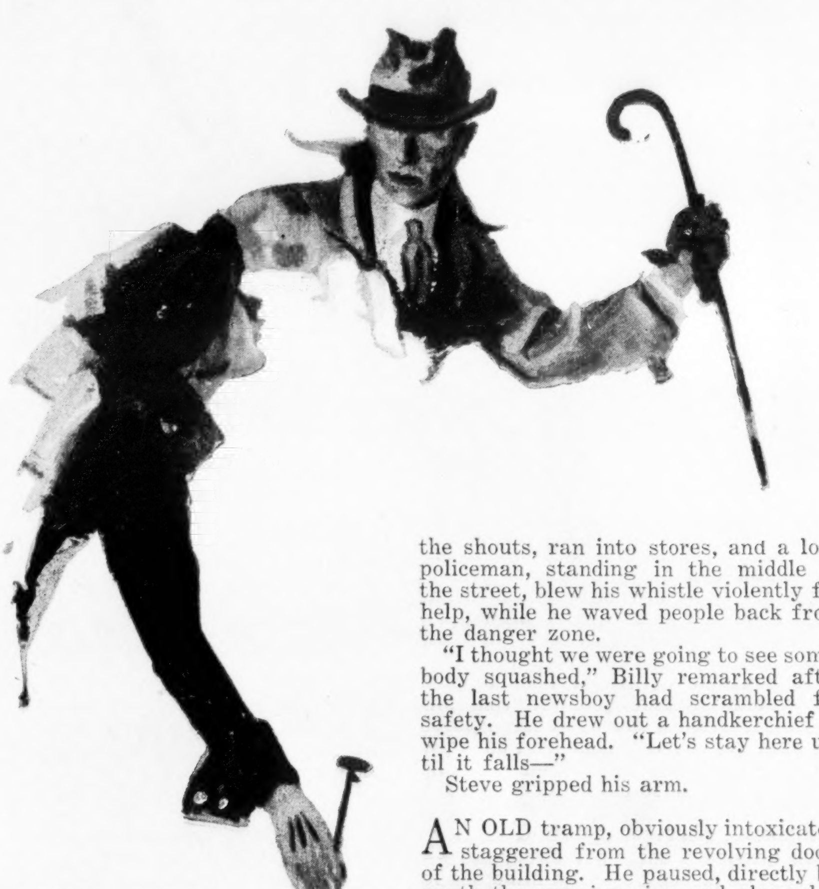
Steve was in rare condition—the very zenith of his sprinting career. Mind and body were in perfect coördination. He could tell exactly how many strides he would take in running 100 yards and a string could be laid down in his spike marks.

Two days before the Intercollegiates, Steve and his father walked downtown. They were on their way to the bank and, as usual, Billy was talking about the race.

"Steve," he said earnestly, "for a good many years—ever since you were born, in fact—I've wanted to make you the greatest sprinter in the world. Maybe it's a foolish ambition, but I've never been able to shake it. So far you've proved that no one can beat you."

HE PAUSED, bit the end from his cigar, and resumed his monologue.

"On Saturday, Steve, you've got to make up your mind to be leading Redman at thirty yards. You can't wait and trim him in the last twenty or thirty yards, Steve. Not this bird. You'll never catch him if you wait that long. You're the fastest man at the tape in the world, probably the fastest man in the last half of a hundred that ever lived. I've seen most of 'em. But you gotta get away fast. And if you only think you can do it—why, dammit, you can."



"Billy," implored his bride. "Won't you forget that hundred-yard dash until we get back from our trip?"

"I've been starting faster in the past week than ever before," Steve replied. "Seems as if the knack of the thing just struck me. It'll be a cinch. Redman or no one else can beat me off the mark. I know it."

Billy stopped and looked his son straight in the eye. He raised his hat to the youth, as he had hoped to do, since first he saw the bowlegged baby in the hospital.

"Then Steve," he said—and his voice shook—"Then, Steve, you're the fastest man in the world, and you're the man I've been waiting to meet all my life."

They turned from Main into South Water Street. Far above the pavement sounded a warning crack of metal from the roof of the Harper building. Both looked up and saw that a vagrant gust of wind had caught a large electric sign. Something was wrong with the supports and the half ton of metal was swaying backward and forward over the sidewalk. It was so high above them that it seemed the struts and cross beams were mere threads and the metal nothing but lace work, pinned to the façade of the building.

"It will crash in a minute," Billy decided. "Look out, everybody!" he called in a voice that carried a block.

A panic followed. Billy and Steve stood in the doorway of a lunch room while automobiles and trucks made a mad dash for safety away from the neighborhood. Pedestrians, warned by the shouts, ran into stores, and a lone policeman, standing in the middle of the street, blew his whistle violently for help, while he waved people back from the danger zone.

"I thought we were going to see somebody squashed," Billy remarked after the last newsboy had scrambled for safety. He drew out a handkerchief to wipe his forehead. "Let's stay here until it falls—"

Steve gripped his arm.

AN OLD tramp, obviously intoxicated, staggered from the revolving doors of the building. He paused, directly beneath the swaying sign and glanced in drunken surprise at the quiet street, swept clean of people and automobiles.

The policeman waved the man back. "Look out there," he called. Get back inside. Go back! Go back!"

The drunken man grinned broadly. "Go in yourself," he returned. "They just threw me out."

For another long second, the sign balanced unsteadily. Then slowly it rocked toward the street, rocked back. Another breath of wind tipped it forward.

Steve could stand it no longer. "Get out of the way," he shouted.

The drunken man looked toward him and waved an unsteady hand. "See you to-morrow," he called.

A steel beam above his head snapped, like a shot. As if the sound came from the starter's pistol, Steve leaped toward the reeling man. He seemed to cover half the pavement in his first two bounds.

Steve had started to run from a dead stand, yet so quickly did he gain momentum that Billy realized with horror his son was about to be crushed beneath the falling sign.

"My God," he cried in agony. He turned his head away so that he would not see Steve killed.

There was a rending crash that sounded for blocks. Billy looked again. The sidewalk before the Harper building was piled high with steel beams, broken glass, and wreckage. Safe in the doorway, and trying vainly to rise, was the drunken man. Steve had hit him like a battering ram and driven him back under the shelter of the cornice. Beneath the wreckage was a figure that Billy realized was his son.

With the policeman's help he attempted to move a steel brace that lay across his son's legs.

"The whole works . . . fell . . . on me . . ." Steve gasped. "Don't touch . . . me . . . my knee hurts . . ."

Again Billy Donlon paced the hospital corridor, as he had done the night Steve was born. He waited for the surgeons to come from the operating-room.

"He's very comfortable now, Mr. Donlon," the nurse assured him after an interminable time. "You can see him in half an hour. It was a bad fracture, right at the knee. But there were no internal injuries, as we had feared. Cheer up, Mr. Donlon. A fractured leg isn't so bad, you know."

"Let me talk to the surgeon."

The specialist shook his head at the question.

"No. I'm afraid not. He won't be a cripple, understand. But the leg, of course, won't function as it has. You see, the sign crushed the knee cap."

"Then he'll never . . . run again?"

"No."

Billy Donlon fainted.

BARNEY CALLAHAN finished his coffee and his story at the same time.

"So that's why Billy Donlon has them surveyors out there measuring."

The counter man peered through the window. "Measuring?" he repeated dully.

"Sure. Measuring the distance from the place where Steve was standing to where he got hit by the sign."

Just at that moment Billy Donlon, his face wreathed in smiles, came through the door. He seized the policeman by the arm.

"Well, I'm right," he exclaimed. "It's twenty-six yards, four and a half inches."

"Glad I am to hear it," Officer Callahan responded. "How's Steve?"

The father of the boy who would never be the fastest man in the world slapped the policeman on the back. "He's fine. I got to get some lunch and hurry back up there."

He took a square of paper from his pocket and demonstrated the figures he had set down upon it.

"Now," he explained, "if my boy traveled twenty-six yards four and a half inches while that sign was falling, he made a faster start than any man that ever lived. And he did it in street clothes, too. He started when the brace snapped. He was away on the crack. He ran across the street, hit that old bum and knocked him back where it was safe."

"I know it," agreed the policeman. "It was a brave thing Steve done."

The father paid no attention to this. "That sign was 147 feet above the sidewalk. We measured it. So we know that it took just three seconds to fall. It fell 16.08 feet the first second, 48.24 feet the second second and 80.40 feet the third second. So if Steve crossed the street while the sign was falling, he did it in three seconds."

"Go on," said Callahan, beginning to understand

"Of course, what Steve did won't help him get into the record books, but I don't care so long as I know he had it in him. Everybody agrees he was the fastest finisher in the world. Now I know that he was even faster at the mark—when he had to be."

Callahan, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, thrust out his hand.

"Billy," he announced, impressively. "I congratulate you."

The counter man, who was adding up the figures, began to raise objections. "Look here," he interrupted. "I don't believe the kid done it. I'll show you why. Even if he started on the dot when the brace cracked, which I don't believe, and if your figures for the speed of falling bodies is right, which I doubt, you gotta remember that the old sign hit a window ledge at the sixth floor and that slowed it up—"

His speech was interrupted by Officer Callahan, who reached across the bar and with one mighty heave pushed the speaker into the kitchen. Callahan followed his quarry behind the screen and addressed him with bitter emphasis.

"Sh-h-h-h," he whispered. "The old man's got the figures to prove it. If he's satisfied, why should you care a damn?"

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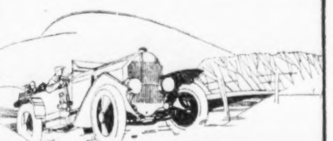

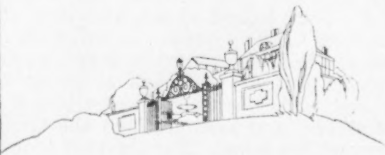

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"A martyr to indigestion and constipation, I was as thin as a rake with a complexion like mud. I had tried many different kinds of tonics and laxatives without permanent relief. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In about four months my constipation and indigestion had disappeared. I am now in perfect health and look it. My complexion is clear and the envy of all who know me. I have more vigor and look many years younger than I did."

(A letter from Mrs. P. F. Robin, Mobile, Ala.)

"I was only 24 years old, my health, my good looks, and the old time dynamic energy, which I had believed so permanently mine, were gone. A man of wisdom is my physician, but I thought him indeed crazy when he prescribed three yeast cakes a day. But at the end of a month I was surprised to find that the world looked much better to my tired eyes. For two months more I took the Yeast and now I am well and happy, the old-time buoyancy and energy are mine again."

(A letter from Miss Elva Tanner, Clover, Utah)

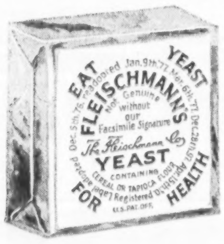
"When I was constipated, I was always gloomy, melancholy, and unhappy. I got so I did not believe in any remedy at all. But I found on taking Fleischmann's Yeast that I did not have to have faith in it. It is one thing that will do its work whether one has faith in it or not.

"At the end of about three months I was as well as any man could possibly be. My constipation was gone, all my old headaches, listlessness and gloom left me. It does seem strange that these little yeast cakes can do this thing, but as sure as the sun shines, they can."

(A letter from Mr. T. C. Hinkle of Baldwin, Kansas)

"Youthful freshness made way for lackadaisical indifference—headaches and constipation were my constant companions. Splotches appeared upon my face, and with seven large carbuncles, in a short time my neck and back resembled a shell-torn battlefront. When Fleischmann's Yeast was proposed I readily accepted it as a possible means of escape. The effect was miraculous. The invaders withdrew, and in ten days the last of the carbuncles was healing, and very soon my health was restored."

(Miss Lydia M. de Fuentes, Waukegan, Ill.)



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*

"One day the chef at the country club suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I was haggard, anaemic, and had lost all interest in life. I smiled, reminding him of my previous experiences with 'tonics.' He began serving me with what he called a special cheese sandwich daily. A month elapsed, and everyone marvelled at my complete transformation. One day I saw the chef spreading Fleischmann's Yeast on sandwiches and realized that I had been the butt of what he thought was a good joke."

(Mr. Herbert J. Hoffman of Philadelphia, Pa.)

What the Neighbors Knew

Continued from page 9

driving. He didn't see why the deuce she couldn't be halfway decent now. They were up against this thing; it was their own fault, pretty much, that they were; why not make the best of it? Still he wasn't taking any more chances of having his face slapped, verbally. But he wished she'd give him a cigarette—though he'd have died before he asked for one!

They'd begun to climb now, and they could hear the trucks, lumbering along behind them, and making heavy going of it. Dick looked ahead, anxiously, for the road to their house; he was relieved to see, when he reached it, that it hadn't washed out as badly as some of the others. His car took it easily and in its stride, and behind them the trucks were still moving. But the real trouble was coming. Heaven only knew what the road up to the house itself would be like!

They came to it at last. They could see the old, rambling white house; it looked cheerful, even in the rain. In a week or so it would be lovely; the apple trees would be in blossom; even now there was a mass of forsythia, gleaming yellow in the rain. And the woods beyond the orchard were full of violets, Dick knew. Lord, how often he'd come up here in the spring! But it was no time for mooning and being sentimental. He shifted down and rushed the road; it climbed sharply up the hill to the house, but his car took it well, kicking out the gravel, though, as it went.

At the top he sprang out and held out the keys to Anne.

"Better get in out of the rain," he said. "I'll come in as soon as I can and start a fire. Hope there's some dry stuff in the wood box!"

Then he turned back to the trucks. They'd stopped, on the lower road, and he went down the hill. Both drivers were out, inspecting the gravel driveway to the house. They didn't like its looks, and Dick didn't blame them. Still, there was stone below the gravel; it ought to hold.

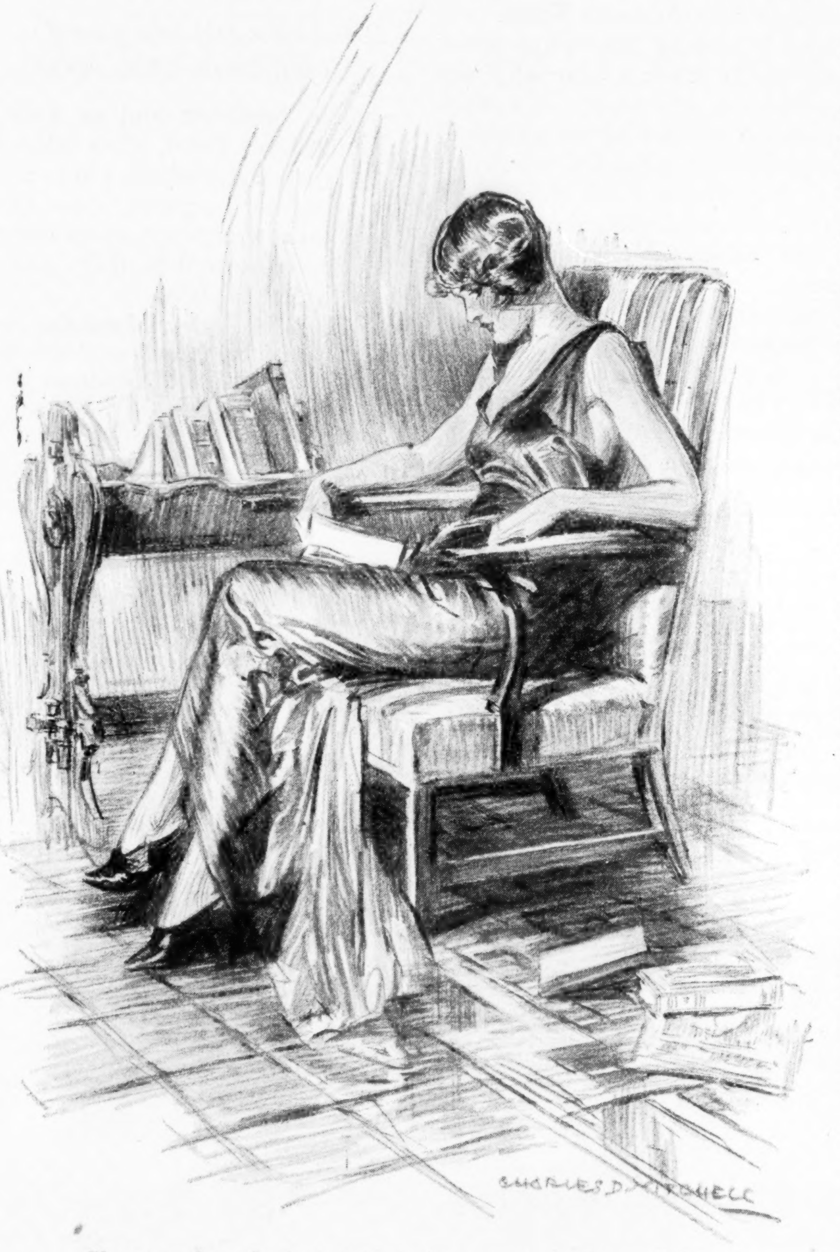
The first truck made the hill. It died near the top; had to be held by rocks behind the rear wheels while it got going again, but did, finally, get up. The second one, though, got into trouble. Its driver, just for a second, swerved; in that instant a rear wheel went down. And that, on such a day, was that.

Five men had come with the trucks. Dick got into some old clothes and went down to help them. Neighbors came, hearing the din; a tractor turned up, presently, spitting and coughing, shooting blue flame from its exhaust in the gathering dusk. Boards and sacks were brought. Tractor and truck together worked to get out of the hole—and every effort seemed just to deepen the hole and let more water in.

AND at last they did what, really, they had known all the time they would, in the end, have to do. In the driving rain, in the teeth of the gale, they began to carry that truck's load up the hill to the house. And, of course, that was the truck the piano was in, and most of the big, upholstered pieces of furniture—all the heaviest and most awkward things.

And still, as he worked with the men, taking whatever came to his hand, and joining the steady procession up the dripping road, Dick found himself laughing, most of the time. They all laughed; neighbors, movers, everyone. The storm couldn't beat them. There was something vastly comforting about that to Dick; something healing to his spirit. Nothing, it seemed to him, could have carried him further from New York and the life of the last year or two—the parties, the silly, alcoholic quarrels and maudlin reconciliations, the close, cramped, stuffy smallness of it all.

He didn't go into the house at all for quite a long time; one man had stayed there, to get stuff in, so that the others, wet and muddy, shouldn't make too much of a mess. And so he had just carried a load up to the door, and turned around, after dropping it, to get another. And then, on one trip, he found himself, to his surprise, alone. He shouldered a box of books, and went on up, and, when he dropped it, he heard Anne's voice.



She wasn't a bad sort, but Anne was jealous of her

"Come on in and get some coffee," she said. "It's hot, anyway—"

"Oh, I guess I'll keep at it till we get through—" he said.

"Don't be silly, Dick. They've all come in."

So he went into the kitchen, where he found all the rest, steaming from the heat of the fire, and just beginning to recover from the tongue-tied embarrassment that the sight of Anne, in an apron, pouring coffee and passing sandwiches around, had caused in them. She looked quite wonderful, really; the contrast served her well, of course, and her bobbed hair was fluffy from the dampness—she'd had a permanent wave just a few days before—and she was flushed from the fire. And she was, she always had been, an awfully pretty girl, even though Dick hadn't, of late, thought much about that.

The men slipped out, one by one, as they finished their coffee, to go back to work.

"Can they get that truck out tonight?" Anne asked, finally, as Dick, the last to go, was following the others.

"Gosh—I don't know!" he said. "I'd hate to bet any money on it. The tractor sticks every time it tries to pull the truck and has to dig itself out. They may get out backward, when all the load's out. But I don't know—"

"It just needed something like this—!" said Anne, with concentrated bitterness.

"Well—it's not my fault! I didn't make it rain this way! We'd have been all right in dry weather."

She didn't pay any attention to that, but began gathering up the dishes, viciously. She'd made the fire in the kitchen range herself, and now she rolled up her sleeves, with the obvious intention of washing dishes. But Dick didn't notice. He had things to do outside, still.

IT MUST have been nearly midnight when they finally gave up. Both trucks were empty by then; everything was in the house, somehow, though there hadn't been any particular attempt to arrange anything. Anne, alone in the house, had been busy too; she'd managed to get a lot of linen and blankets unpacked. And she was standing in the door when the procession came slowly and dejectedly up the hill, for the last time that night, from the mired truck.

"No good," Dick said. "We'll have to wait for daylight. Anne—these chaps'll need a place to sleep."

"Of course!" she said. "I couldn't get the beds up alone—"

"We don't need no beds, ma'am," said one of the drivers. "Sleep in the truck, often as not, we do, on a long-distance job. If we have some blankets, we'll roll up here in the living-room—"

But Anne wouldn't hear of that. So the beds were set up, and then one of the men asked Anne which was her room, and when she told him he carried the twin beds into it, and set them up. How should he know how long Dick had used the spare room in the apartment in New York?

It wasn't a very big house, really, and that night it was smaller than usual, because, during the winter, there'd been some trouble in one wing, and the rooms in that were soaked and uninhabitable. And it came to this—that Dick discovered, suddenly, when the men had turned in, that there wasn't any place for him—except with Anne, or in the living-room, where three of the men were already asleep. He stared for a moment; then he laughed. And then he stripped the blankets from one of the twin beds.

"Good night, Anne," he said. "You must be dead—"

"Where are you going?"

"There's a couch in the living-room—"

"Come back here, Dick. Do you suppose I'm going to have you go out there with those men?"

He stared.

"Oh, lord, Anne," he said wearily, "what's the difference?"

"You're not going, anyway," she said. And she picked up the little bag she always traveled with, and went into the bathroom. He sat down on his dismantled bed and looked after her. He was too tired to argue; too tired to think. He just sat there, and as he sat he slumped over sideways, and in a moment he was asleep.

HE WAS still asleep when she came back. She'd undressed in the bathroom, and she was in a very warm and lovely robe she had, of soft and fluffy white fleece, trimmed with yellow. It was so big that in it, somehow, she looked very small indeed, and like a little girl. And she stood and looked at him, as he lay there, asleep. He stirred, at last, and said something, in his sleep, and she moved, and he awoke, slowly, and not very completely, and looked at her.

He hadn't seen her so for a long time, you must remember. And he was still more than half asleep, really, and he'd been dreaming, perhaps. And when he spoke to her his voice was tender.

"Hello—!" he said. "Hello, Anne, dear—"

The sound of his own voice finished waking him, and he started up.

"I'm sorry—" he said. "I forgot—asleep, I guess—"

She didn't say anything at all. She just stood and looked at him for a long time, and he felt queer little tingles running up and down his spine.

"You're so tired—" she said, at last. And he started at the sound of her voice, because he could scarcely remember when it had sounded like that before. "Oh, Dick—Dick—when you—just now—when you were asleep—I wish you hadn't finished waking up—"

But he had, you know. He'd never been more wide awake in all his life than he was in that moment, as he jumped up and went to her. And then she was in his arms, crying as if her heart would break, and he was kissing her hair, and her neck, and her cheeks, and saying wild, incoherent things, and calling himself names. . . .

The hours that they talked that night! The things that got said and told, finally, with the rain still beating down outside! The way they laughed—the way their laughter rang out, sometimes, so that even the beating, driving rain was silenced by its sound!

"I'd like to punch his head—the big stiff!" said Dick, when he heard all about George Vreeland, at last.

"I never did—I never cared a hoot about her!" said Dick, of Kate Winston. "Oh, she was all right to talk to, when you weren't around—but beside you—!"

And that's all, you know—all there is to be told. They knew, even that night, that there were hard times ahead—but what of that? They even knew there would, quite possibly, be more quarrels, some time. But again—what of it? And so—but, yes, there's one thing more to tell. Something Anne said, very late, when it had stopped raining, at last, and they could see, through the window, a watery moon.

"Oh, Dick," she said. "This morning—yesterday—whenever it was we started out—I looked back, just as we got started, and there was a woman, across the street, waving her handkerchief to us for luck. I'd like—sometime I'd like to go back, and find her, and kiss her—"

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THROUGHOUT the history of this institution, extending back almost a hundred years, its products have been known all over the civilized world for their excellence, their dependability and the service behind them. Probably no other institution has contributed more to the development of every country of the globe.

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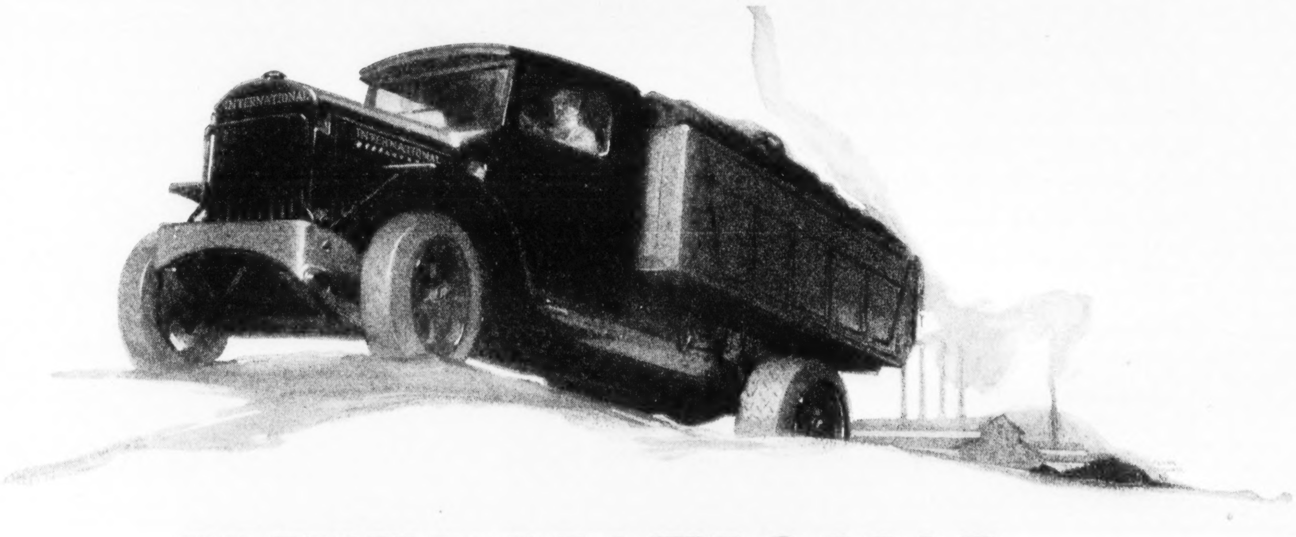

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FOR LOW-COST HAULING

The Pacific Northwest offers you *two* definite opportunities

You owe it to yourself to weigh these facts

This is, in a way, a confession of faith—faith in the destiny of a great and growing country.

We make it not for ourselves alone, but for those who in days past "dreamed the railroads across the plains." For those who from the beginning were actuated by an unswerving belief in the future greatness of the Pacific Northwest.

This belief has come down to us as a heritage. To know the Pacific Northwest is to believe in it. And to know it has been the business of our lives.

* * *

We have watched it grow. In a twenty-year period we have seen its population more than double.

We have seen the commerce of its magnificent ports increase more than 500 per cent.

We have seen a 118 per cent increase in the number of its farms.

The products of its workshops and factories we have seen increase more than 800 per cent in annual value.

But this development, phenomenal as it is, has not surprised us. On the contrary.

* * *

For we know upon what deep and firm foundations this growth is based.

Here, within the borders of five states, are natural wealth and economic advantages that *must* make for growth in the future as in the past.

Here are more than half the nation's water power resources—26,000,000 horse power.

Here is the largest reserve of standing timber in the United States, 960 billion feet—enough to rebuild thrice every frame dwelling in the country.

Here are millions of acres of the world's richest farm, fruit and stock lands.

Here is an almost limitless mineral wealth.

Here are matchless ports, the natural pathway of the Oriental and Alaskan commerce of today and of the boundless future.

And here are thousands of miles of fine roads—true highways of progress.

In such soil as this the development of the Pacific Northwest is rooted.

To you this country holds forth two definite and very real opportunities.

One is the chance to *grow with it*—to share its progress and its prosperity.

We have seen many men come to the Pacific Northwest. They found it no glittering El Dorado. They found that here, as elsewhere, hard work and plenty of it is the price of success. But they found too that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting. Here is a larger chance to get ahead—an opportunity created by swift growth and boundless wealth and a spirit that will not be denied.

The other opportunity is that for a richer, fuller and happier life. We mean the enjoyment of a natural wonderland and a delightful climate. Of health—for these are the healthiest group of states in the country. And better living conditions, whether on a farm or in one of the clean, modern cities and towns with their fine schools, churches, theaters, libraries, parks—everything that makes life finer and better.

* * *

We want you to know this country as we know it—then decide for yourself what it offers you. Here it is impossible to tell you more. But we have prepared a booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now," which gives you detailed and authentic information about the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming—the Pacific Northwest.

We should like to have you read this booklet. If you will fill in the coupon below and mail it, we shall see that it is sent to you at once. For any special information, just write the Development Bureau.

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Nemesis at Number Five

Continued from page 6

the big fellow up on the charging floor."

So it came about that Mark Kastriota, who had long since been graduated out of Al's institution of higher learning, and Dan Tancovic, age-old enemies by race, became friends; found that the hearts of each other were very similar, as are all human hearts. Maybe some day this thing can be said of America: that she made the foolishly hating races of the Old World see that if they could work side by side at peace in the U. S. A., they could work side by side in peace at home. So perhaps Magyar and Czech, Teuton and Frank, Bulgar and Serb, Montenegrin, Albanian, Turk—the whole hopeless jumble of warring and hating peoples—will suddenly find one another brothers, weak, human brothers staggering under a terrible and ridiculous load that the united effort of all of them might shake off in ten minutes, forever. So wars may end.

Dan Tancovic didn't stay at the open-hearth long. A time soon came when they needed a hot-pot house foreman, and Dan asked for a transfer, got it, and held down that sizzling, man-beating job as he had held the same job down at Lakeside steel, by pure neck and shoulders and guts.

So it happened that Dan never did learn to recarburize a heat of steel properly, in spite of the fact that Mark Kastriota tried to teach him the trick of it over and over again.

To recarburize means to put carbon back. You've got to do it in steel because sulphur and phosphorus are such bull-headed impurities. By the time you've got that pair of poisons boiled out to the point where they no longer do harm, you've also burned up a lot of good stuff that you need in iron to make it steel—carbon, for one thing—which you must then put back. One way of doing this is to throw big bags of coke breeze directly into the steel ladle while the heat is being tapped into it from the furnace.

WATCH Dan Tancovic now, out there on that little overhanging steel platform. The floor plates under Dan's feet are getting hot, for below him a ladle that holds a hundred and twenty tons of boiling inferno is three quarters full. Beside Dan a white-hot stream as thick as Dan's leg squirts out of the tap hole. Down a fire-brick gutter hissing and flaming, it goes, and off of the end of that, leaping into the air—to drop with sparkle of burning steel drops, with horrible molten gurgle, into the ladle below. Dan Tancovic's clothes are asmoke. Dan's battered sou'wester is pulled down over his forehead. His lower face is tucked into the crook of his elbow. Only his eyes are exposed to the glare and the insufferable heat. On the hot floor at Dan's feet lie huge bags of coke. Coke is light—it takes a heap of coke to weigh anything. This very lack of weight makes it difficult for big Dan to handle.

"Now!" shouts the melter.

Dan stoops, grabs a bag, poises it over his shoulder, heaves it, and runs. Good thing that he runs. Dan's too strong. Dan has not the craft of defter, more lightly built men. Dan never can temper his strength to the deceptive lightness of those big bags of coke breeze. The bag lands on the boiling bath, out near the side. For the hundredth part of a second it floats, then leaps into the air, transformed to thousands of times its volume of gas, which ignites as it soars in a withering flame past Dan's little gallery, lighting up every angle iron and column and rod and beam that make up the long steel house.

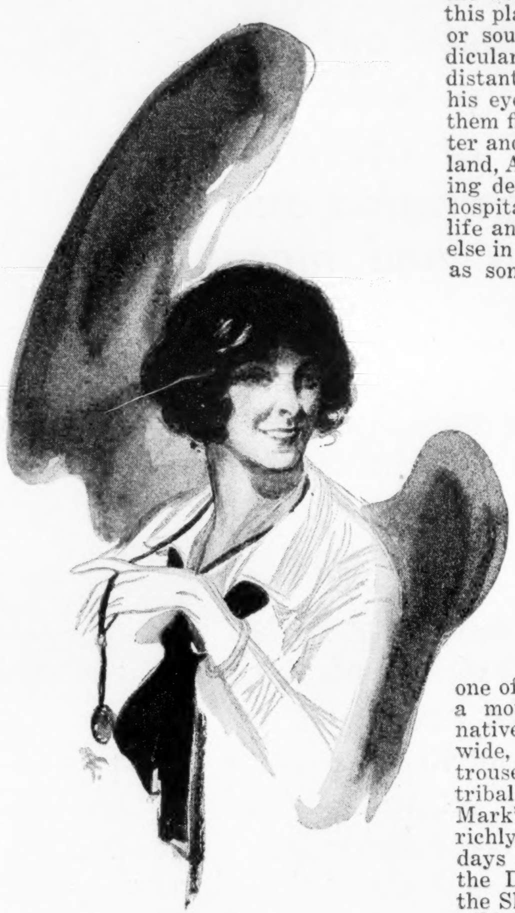
"Hey!" bellows Tim Mulaney. "Won't you ever learn that, you big hunk?"

Long Mark Kastriota steps up to the rail, his hat down like Dan's, his face tucked into the crook of his elbow. "Watch little bit, Dan," says Mark. "Not like dot"—Mark stoops, lifts, throws—"like dot!"

Mark does not run, only lowers his head and crooks his arm over his face again, peering down into the ladle. Through the veil of closed lashes Mark sees the bag hit the surface of that seething caldron fair and square where the stream of steel is plunging into the bath. With scarcely a flash of flame the coke is sucked down by the terrible vortex to where the oxygen of the air cannot get at it and the steel gets a chance to grab the carbon out of the coke.

"Like dot!" says Long Mark. "And dot! And dot! And dot!"

Big Dan never could learn to recarburize a heat. Dan was too strong. Always threw that light, clumsy bag too far—or not far enough. Dan wasn't an open-hearth man, anyhow, and he knew it. Dan was a blast-furnacer. Hot pots and pigger, they were his meat; in the end he got a transfer, and the blast furnace superintendent got such a man that he crossed pigger and pots off of his list of worries from the day of Dan's arrival in his department.



Here was a woman to test out his power

But before he left the open-hearth Dan got one lesson in recarburizing that Dan will never forget till the day he dies.

"Not like dot," Mark told him—"like dot!"—and tossed his recarburizer square and true into the crackling stream where it hit the steel already in the pot, and the stream sucked it under, dissolving the carbon out, obliterating all in the hundredth part of a second.

ON NIGHTS when things were running in oil, when Al had his labor all nicely placed and nothing to do till next week—it then being 11.50 p. m. on Saturday night—on such nights, when the long row of furnaces all were cooking away with that great whisper of rushing flame that makes itself heard above the clatter of charging machines and the grind of overhead crane gears; when the gleam of incandescent arc and sides peeped sociably, if it were winter, in golden lines past loose fitting doors and port coolers; when the last test that Long Mark took showed that another hour must pass before sulphur and phos would be down to where the heat could be tapped—then Al Holly used often to pause in his rounds for a chat with the men who had been graduated out of his roustabout crew into better things.

And at these talks, a half hour now and a half hour then; by fragments that Al had to piece together; by less than a hundred words helped along their limping way with many an expressive bit of pantomime or even a laughable soapstone sketch on a floor plate, Al got the story of Long Mark Kastriota's emigration to America.

Slowly into Al Holly's head, with a word of help now and then from big Dan Tancovic, who knew from battle contact a little of the Albanian speech and had more English than Mark—slowly Mark Kastriota transferred from his head into his friend Al Holly's head a picture of a country wild beyond any wilderness this side of the Hindu Kush.

AL SAW a land of range piled behind range, up and up, back and back, until it seemed that all the mountains of the world must have been stacked up in this place. Rivers that ran neither north or south or east or west, but perpendicularly, gleamed white against purple distant cliffs whichever way Al turned his eye; and the racket and clatter of them filled his ear like the echoing clatter and racket of mountain rifle fire. A land, Al saw, of blood feuds and of lurking death, but a land also of beautiful hospitality and one where a woman's life and honor are safer than any place else in the world—a land, in fact, where, as someone has said, there exists the divinely irrational Albanian scheme of things. Here, so Al Holly found, the stranger must walk circumspectly, for to strike an Albanian man or to talk love to an Albanian woman is death. A bloody, barren, magnificent country where a fighting race lives now as it lived before the Middle Ages, holding its mountains this day, as of old, against all comers, bar nobody.

Slowly, little by little, the picture of it came into Al Holly's head, and with it the wild tale of Mark Kastriota's journey to America to collect a debt.

Mark Kastriota's squalid hut, one of a tiny village hung tight against a mountain's towering flank; Mark's native dress, his little skull cap, his wide, bright sash, his tight low-hung trousers of heavy white wool, with his tribal pattern embroidered up his legs; Mark's Scanderbeg jacket, sleeveless, richly brocaded, black—white in the old days of glory, but black since the day the Dragon of Albania died and left the Skipetar without a force to knit the wild tribes together and lead them one against ten, one against twenty, one against a hundred, against the Turk, to hurl him, year after year, broken and terrified, headlong down out of the eagle's mountains! All these things became clear as a picture in Al Holly's head: real—painted there by a few score halting words, in colors that flamed deep down in the mountaineer's blue-black eyes.

Al heard the very thunder crash that tumbled the lank-haired stranger, gasping with exhaustion, into Mark's hut. Al heard the very roaring of the rain that, dropping like a river over a cliff, had beaten this sudden guest for endless hours before he staggered into the sanctuary of Mark's home. A black-haired, black-eyed, dark-skinned man, this sudden guest, who clutched a black box to his chest and would not let go of it. Very great treasure must have been in that box or he would have rid himself of the burden of it, traveling desperately on such a night. There he sat, huddled, the box against his laboring chest, perfect teeth gleaming white in a mouth stretched wide for gasping, little gold rings glistening in his ears, and water sluicing off him in rivulets that ran hissing into the embers that glowed at the base of the big fire crackling on the middle of the dirt floor of Mark Kastriota's cabin.

Mark Kastriota lighted a cigarette and gave it to his guest. Mark Kastriota's wife, a slender girl of sixteen, with heavy braids of jet hair hanging upon her breasts, with a panther's moving body and the face of a mountain fay, knelt and pulled off the sopping boots of her husband's guest. Mark Kastriota measured out coffee powder into a little copper pan.

"You are a man—" said Mark, and waited, according to custom.

"I am a man of the Tzigany people," gasped his guest, completing Mark's courteous form of inquiry.

So—a gypsy! Those incurable Ishmaelites! Even these wild, roadless, sterile mountain sides called to their wandering spirits.

"I thank God, who has sent me a guest," said Mark. And the last word had not left his mouth before his door burst in again, more violently, even, this time than before. Two dripping men with rifles unslung stood in his home. What their tribe might be, Mark could not tell, for the heavy white trousers embroidered with tribal design had been taken off to save their sopping weight in this tempest.

"You are men—" said Mark Kastriota, according to custom, while his first guest seemed to have shrunken into the floor, so close he huddled over his precious box, shivering and quaking at sight of the bare-legged men before him.

"We are men of Dibra," answered one. "For five days we have followed a man of the Tzigany people who has spoken of love to an Albanian woman—for five days on hard trails after a man who had a day's start, he traveling on four steel shoes, we on four goatskin ones. We found his dead mule by the trail not two hours away. But we notice that Allah has blessed you with a guest. We will sit outside of your house and wait till your guest departs. Years to you, man of the Mirdites. Years to you and your woman—and to your guest!"

All this Al Holly could picture: The unceasing tempest outside; the ruddy floor fire within; the gypsy safe for three days, an Albanian guest, inviolate for that time and as long after as Mark Kastriota wished his house to protect him; the gypsy warm and well fed, but with the fear of death on him. For outside in that cloud-emptying storm sat the two, bare-legged, implacable, waiting the end of sanctuary.

WHEN the three days were over, Mark Kastriota appeared in his door, his guest at his side.

The two men of Dibra arose, wrapped tighter their sashes, unslung their rifles, loosened their yataghan blades a bit in their water-soaked sheaths.

"Why is it you must follow the Tzigany?" asked Mark Kastriota. "Why did this Albanian woman not slip her bodkin into the gypsy's throat? What was her name, and what tribe did she disgrace?"

"Steady of tongue," warned one of the men of Dibra, "lest the Mirdites and Dibra, tribes long at peace, find themselves in blood again. She disgraced no tribe and no name, for which we may both thank Allah. She was of Dibra, unmarried. Her name was Maro—her father's name Ghan Karighani!"

Gentlemen, then, these avengers of Dibra—with regard for the feelings of others, especially for one whom Allah has blest with a guest. They had refrained from mentioning the name of the woman until the period of refuge was over. Now they saw Mark Kastriota's woman sway a trifle and shut her eyes, and saw Mark Kastriota's eyes harden as he put a gentle hand to her shoulder, to steady and reassure her. For this girl he had married was a woman of Dibra, whose father's name also happened to be Ghan Karighani. Her little sister, then!

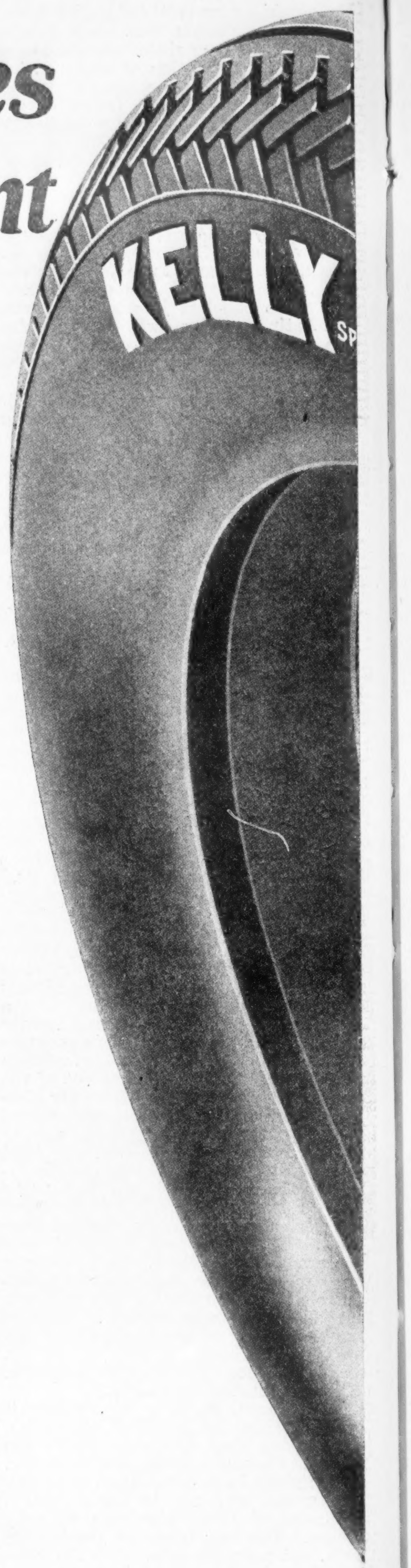
"She listened to the voice of the Tzigany man," said one of the men of Dibra, unsheathing the murderous blade of his yataghan as he spoke. "Then she flung herself down over a great waterfall, and is not to be blamed. For the Tzigany keeps a mountain hora locked in a box, and this witch lends him her throat, which has voice cords so full of black magic that even Skipetar men feel the call to have more than one woman, like greasy Turks, when they hear that hora singing."

"Though he seems not anxious to go," said the second man, cocking his rifle, "you will be wishing your guest long years and an easy road now."

"No," said Mark Kastriota. "A man should walk along with a guest who departs by dangerous trails. The Tzigany man that you seek owes blood not only

(Continued on page 36)

Kelly-Springfield announces a revolutionary improvement in tire construction



An entirely new method, used only by Kelly, makes it possible to build the bead as an integral part of the tire, doing away with bead separation and permitting a far stronger and more flexible construction.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, after exhaustive experiments, has adopted a new and radically different process of building tires.

This method is explained and pictured on the following page. Its advantages are obvious.

In the balloon and semi-balloon tires, with their large cross-section, their comparatively thin sidewalls and their low air pressure, a terrific strain is thrown on the tire just above the point where the bead is fastened in. Particularly is this true when the car is rounding corners or turning a curve, since at such times the weight of the car is not centered above the tread of the tire.

The new and greatly improved process of tire building adopted by the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company makes it possible to build the bead as an integral part of the carcass, thus fortifying a heretofore vulnerable spot.

The wires which form the bead are absolutely anchored in place; they *cannot* separate or pull out.

Aside from this great advantage, there is the added advantage that the cords are continuous, from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer.

This means that instead of some 6,000 or 7,000 *short* cords, each cut off at the bead, the new Kelly construction uses only about 460 *long* cords, making a far stronger yet more flexible construction. The process by which the new Kelly Cords are built makes buckling and wrinkling of the layers of cord impossible; the tension of the cords is absolutely uniform.

Important as this great advance in tire building is to the user of high pressure tires, it is even more important to the car-owner who uses balloon tires, since it does away with one of the most common sources of possible trouble in the balloon tire made by the ordinary method.

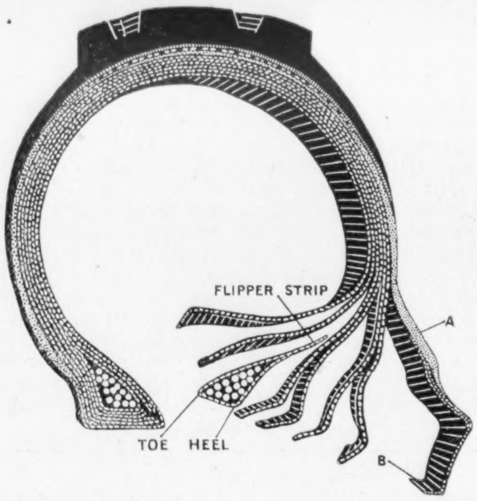
Study the pictures on the next page. They will show you why this new construction, used only by Kelly, is the most genuinely valuable improvement since the advent of the cord tire.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.

250 West 57th Street New York, N. Y.

LLOON
33X6.2

The ordinary way

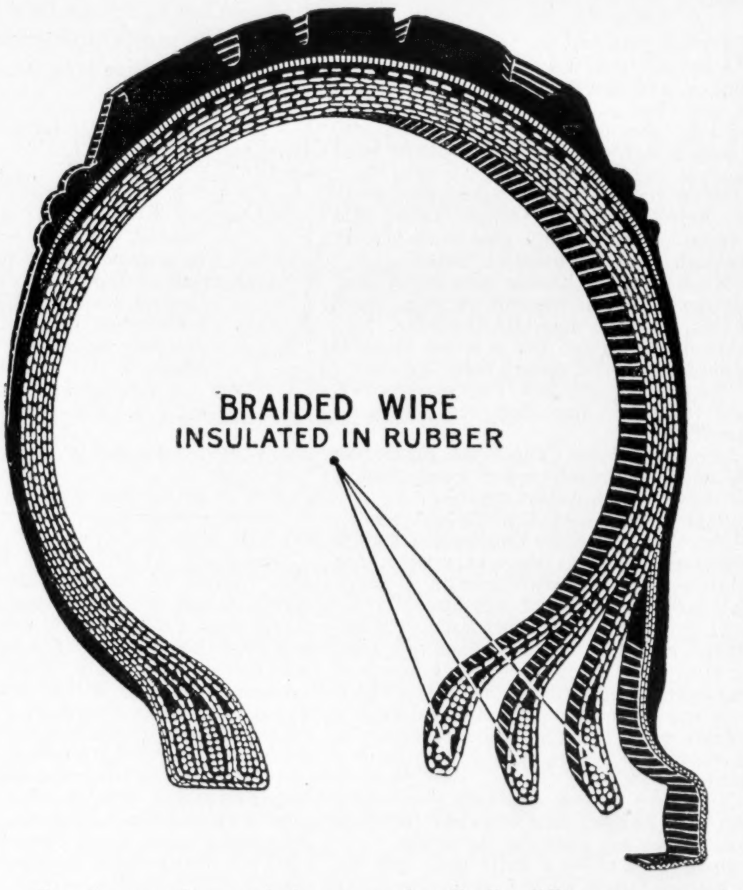


In all tires made by the ordinary method, the bead, composed of strands of braided wire insulated in rubber, is built as a separate unit in the form of a ring and partly cured. It is then fastened into the tire by the plies of cord fabric which partially enclose it. These plies are not wrapped entirely around the bead, but are cut off—at the "toe" or at the side by some makers and at the "heel" by others—so that some plies extend along one side of the bead and some along two sides, but none around all three. The loose ends of the plies are then covered by the "chafer strip," which extends from the point marked "A" to the point marked "B" in the drawing.

Most makers also use what is called a "flipper strip," which passes around the bead and extends an inch or two upward between two of the layers of cord. This flipper strip helps to hold in the bead, but it also has the effect of stiffening the lower part of the sidewall so that the point at which it ends forms a sort of hinge where the flexing of the sidewall, particularly in the low pressure tire, is localized, making an acute angle of bend.

One of the great advantages of the new Kelly construction is the fact that the flipper strip is eliminated.

The new KELLY way



By the use of an entirely new and radically different process of manufacture, used only by Kelly, the bead is formed by enclosing strips of insulated braided wire in the loops formed by the cords, which, instead of extending merely from bead to bead as in the ordinary construction, are continuous, from the beginning of the inner ply to the end of the outer. Thus the bead is actually a *part* of the tire from the first, instead of being set into it later and held in by adhesion.

With the new Kelly construction no flipper strip is necessary, and as the cords are not cut off at the beads, but are continuous and are built in at an absolutely uniform tension the tire naturally has more "give" and flexibility. The bead *cannot* break out or separate, and since there is no flipper strip to cause a stiffening of that part of the sidewall nearest the rim, a source of possible trouble is removed.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that this new construction is not a mere "selling point," but is a real advance in tire building that means a definite and tangible value to the tire user.

Nemesis at Number Five

Continued from page 33

to Dibra, but to my woman, to me, to all Albanian men. I ask of you men of Dibra a very great courtesy. Will you let me assume this debt?"

And the men of Dibra, knowing how it is when Allah has blessed a house with a guest, said: "Yes. We will let you assume it. We will give you five years to collect it. If at the end of that time you come to us and report that the Tzigany man has escaped you, we will collect the debt of you!"

With yataghan sheathed and rifles slung over their shoulders, the men of Dibra turned and made off down the steep mountain trail through the tempest.

Half a day later Mark Kastriota stopped on the edge of a vast descent. A river frothed in the defile so far below that its shoutings were utterly smothered under the blanket of distance. Down the mountain's face the trail plunged, precipitous, threatening death to any who did not walk on Albanian feet.

"Down there is the Drin," said Mark Kastriota. "A wide trail by it leads to the sea. Best that you throw that box over the cliff. Even a Skipetar needs two hands on that trail to the river. You are safe from the men of Dibra. And from me for another day. After that you are no more my guest, and I will walk in your steps though you cover the earth, until at last I come up with you. Then I will kill you. Years to you, Tzigany. Travel an easy road."

MARK watched to see that the hazardous trail did not rob him of vengeance, and saw his guest, a mere speck to any but mountain eyes, reach the trail by the river at last, his box still clutched to his chest. Then Mark went back to his house.

"How many silver coins are there in your necklace," Mark asked his woman. "How many gold ones strung through your beautiful braids?"

Mark was gathering sinews of war against a long-drawn-out pursuit. And at No. 5 open hearth, Ironville, Pa., Mark had stopped for a while to refill again his drained money belt.

"Say, Al," said Bill Taggot one day, "got a good man for the charging floor?"

"Dog-gone you, Tag," Al protested. "When you snitch every good man I get, how do you expect me to—"

"Old stuff," said Bill Taggot mercilessly. "Old stuff! You got to peddle a better line than that this time, for this time it's a turn foreman I want. You got a good man I can have?"

Al grinned all over his face. "I admit it," he said. "I got a peach of a man for that job. And, Tag—you know that blue-eyed Lombardy wop you swiped from me to line ladles? He'd make you a darn good general labor foreman if your new shift boss would keep an eye on him a while."

He never forgot a single good man that ever heaved on a crowbar for him. You got to say that for Al Holly.

So Al got to be a shift boss, got into tonnage pay with a bonus by that promotion, and the first thing you know he had two thousand in the bank and a regular girl. You know. That chestnut-haired one, that had a job in the employment department.

Some girl! You got to say that for Al Holly. He could pick 'em—men folks and vice versa. And as he always picked men whose arms didn't dangle, but stood out a little at elbows from the push of dorsals such as canoe paddling gives a man, you can bet that he didn't pick any clinging vine of a girl. He picked an oak sapling.

Shoulders! Sometimes you wondered why the Lord wasted a pair of shoulders like that on a girl. That was when you looked at her from the back. Profile changed your mind. They were feminine, every curve. Not thick; flat and slim. And her round throat joined them with such a sweep of white flesh as would make your eyes bat. Her chest was high, and her bosom low, almost boyish, sweet with the promise of glorious contours come motherhood. Lean and incurved at stomach, as is only one woman in thousands and thousands, however slenderly made; flat-hipped, straight-legged, straight-ankled, straight-footed, she was cast in heroic mold.

You've seen the rich sheen on the nuts that cluster against the creamy inside of a freshly broken chestnut burr. Hair like that; a thick braid coiled back of each ear; with hazel eyes to go with it, and a mouth that would surely have been too big and too red had it not been big with smiling and red with her own warm blood. Oh, yes, and teeth too. The whitest and evenest teeth that ever glistened distracting contrast to a woman's lips. Al Holly could pick 'em. You got to say that for Al. Her name was Ann, to be sure. Ann Day. A four-square, upstanding beautiful piece of feminine strength—the very last girl in the world you'd pick out to waver in faithfulness to a man! And yet—

For Everyone Interested in Children

BECAUSE it believes that our school children are receiving far too little moral training, Collier's is endeavoring to formulate a Moral Code suitable for use in the schools of America. Its readers—to whom full details were presented in last week's issue—have been asked to coöperate by sending in suggestions.

What religious leaders unanimously select as most worth teaching to our children will be presented to educational associations. These, Collier's earnestly hopes, will carry the Moral Code into every school.

The following letter denotes the warmth with which the idea is being greeted:

> *Collier's has inaugurated a campaign which is very much needed. Indeed, no greater single service could be rendered by any periodical than this of going to the very root of things and giving to school children a "natural" and "universal" religious training. When the thin surface of our American civilization is scratched, as very recently, we are shocked to discover how very superficial have been our educational endeavors.*
>
> *The stars are right for just such an agitation as you outline. I am with you.*
>
> A. EDWIN KEIGWIN,
> *Pastor West End Presbyterian Church, New York City.*

One night Al Holly took her to hear that fiend of the violin, Lucifer's Bow. A tall, stooped sorcerer, he, with teeth that flashed in a swarthy face and eyes that burned. All America and the world was crazy about him and salaamed at his filthy shrine. For his playing was slimy as sin. Not a decent note ever came out from under that evil Tourte he wielded. His programs were all his own compositions. Improvisations almost, for he never played twice alike. Only the feelings he stirred by each piece were always the same. "Saturnalia," "Voodoo," "Lucrece," "St. Bartholomew," "Borgia," "Baal": all went swarming away from his strings till the very theaters reeked. But the unfettered art of the man—that abandoned all forms, that transcended all musical bounds, that discarded all precedent, that flouted all schools—there was no gainsaying the consummate art of the man. But it was not this that packed auditoriums for him. It was his satanic appeal. Many a great violin has called up forbidden visions, but the magic of Lucifer's Bow was this: that he made evil as splendid and lovely as that fallen angel from whom his snake wood wand had been named.

The night that he played at the big city just north of Ironville a new number appeared on his program. "Drogheda" was the name that made the initiate buzz. All wondered what it would be. No two in the audience heard the same thing. No artist lives who could bring that about—or would want to. To Al Holly it started off with a long-drawn Puritan hymn, as it did to every one else in the house that knew Drogheda's story. Unembellished, that tune, and hideously plain, but played with a sardonic touch that made many a lip in the theater curl.

Al Holly, who knew nothing of music except to love it with the love of those whose imaginations are keen, followed that violin rapt. And when at last the round-headed, stony-faced, psalm-singing hosts of Cromwell found that their master had loosened all bonds, Al Holly rejoiced in the slaughter. Gone all restraint: the devil that dwells in every man brought up from the depths; pike and sword, dagger and pistol butt; sear of flame on the flesh of the Irish. "I burn! God confound me! God damn me! I burn! I burn!" Out of the mouth of one in seething St. Peter's church tower, roasted by flames fed by church pews: that agony duly recorded in Cromwell's reports; that agony gloatingly dragged into human hearing again by that long, lank-haired fiend bending over his fiddle, stopping the strings of it so that they shrieked again at the torture of his caress!

Al Holly was no longer seated by beautiful Ann Day's side in a lighted theater. He was swarming up to a cannon-breached wall. He was driving his shoulder into a door that had just crashed shut behind live things that had fled him as though he were some Solomon Island head hunter instead of a steady, God-fearing Commonwealth infantryman. Let history maintain that no woman went down to death and worse before that straight-laced horde, just the same Al Holly knew diabolical rapture when he heard an Irish girl's voice scream from a tortured E-string.

Then, as it had started, the vicious thing came to an end, with a hideous Puritan psalm of thanksgiving. Irony in it, a cynical sneering at all good things in it, the lugubrious nasal drone of it not quite smothering out the moans of the dying and the whimperings of the worse than dead.

AL HOLLY came to, a curse on his lips. He shook his shoulders as though to be rid of uncleanness, as a dog would shake himself who had had to swim by the outfall of a sewer. Al looked about him. A riot of clapping hands! Eyes all about him bright with blood lust! Al shuddered. Down in him, down in all men then, hell smoldered, waiting only a strong enough force to fan it to flame past control. Thank God for good women; for girls like Ann Day.

And then he was suddenly conscious of danger—danger to her. Notes soft as wild-rose petals, as fragrant, as winy, were falling about her. He was playing at her a thing which the program called "The Silken Pavilion." As a gypsy leader loves to pick out on a crowded dance floor of Pest one single gorgeous Hungarian beauty, and then make his whole band fit each dreamy note to the glide of her feet, so this dark violinist picked out Ann Day from the vast dim house before him.

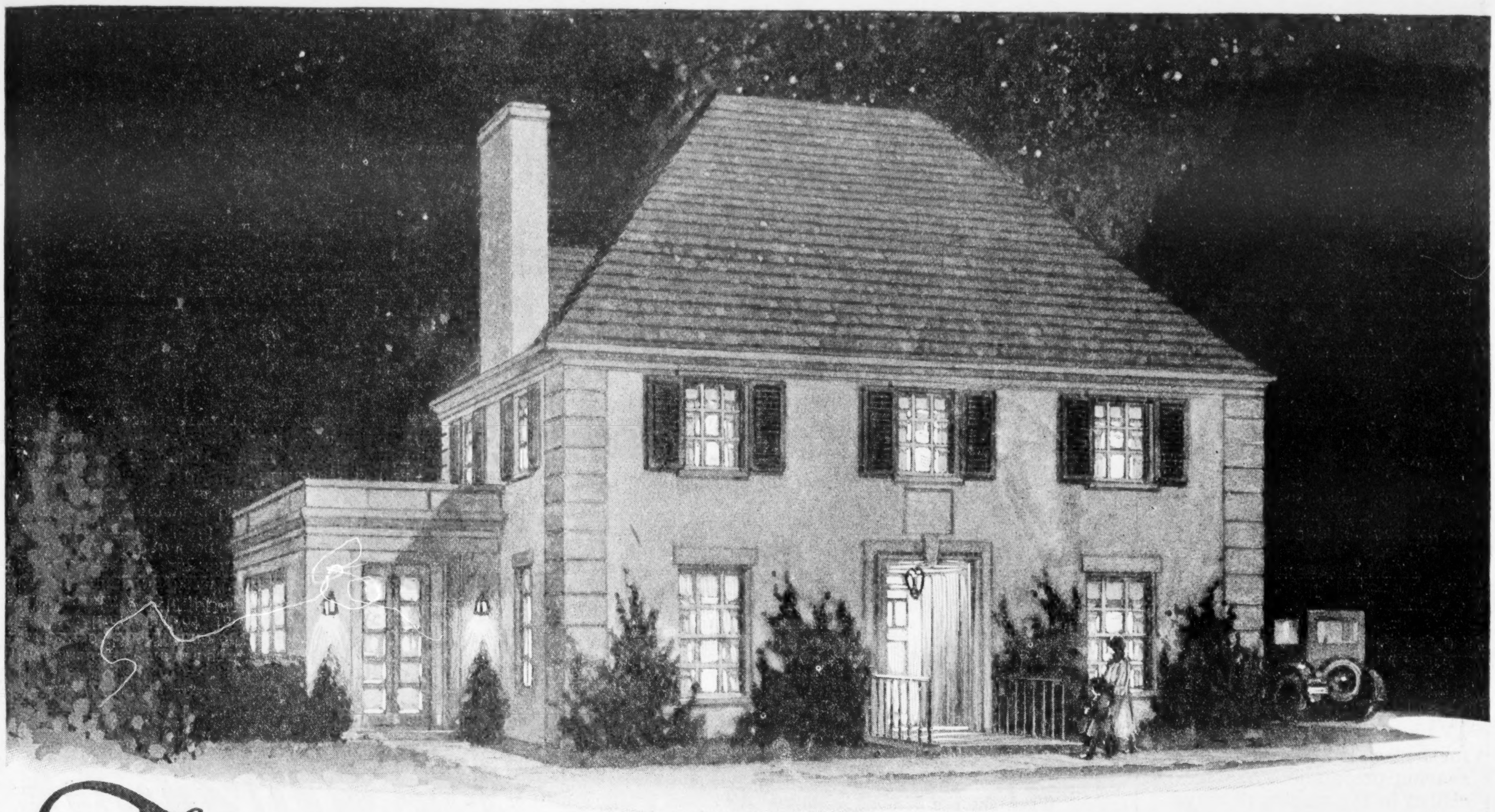
At first Al Holly could not think why. Why not some more languorous, some more voluptuous type—some girl of Castilian or oriental beauty? That wonderful, long-eyed Jewish girl over there—why did he not single her out to play to? Then Al saw it. Who else but Ann Day? Of that whole assembly no girl was as little aware of her feminine lure as Ann Day. There she sat at his side, bless her splendid heart, broad-shouldered, supple and strong as Diana; nature's rouge on her cheek, nature's scarlet tinting her mouth, thick chestnut braids unshorn, hazel eyes clear and straight-glancing. Here was a woman. Here was his chance to test out the power of that damned fiddle. And that gray-eyed fellow beside her—perhaps he was one of those "one-woman-men." There were such to be found among those come down from the savage old Teuton tribes—from the Angles and Saxons and Langobards, which boasted of virgin men, ice-blooded old brutes that they were. But one of the races with warmth in its veins has a saying concerning the love of a man for a woman. "That which does not die has never lived!" To persuade her of that! To persuade that magnificent girl with the cold-eyed escort down there that the true love of a man and a woman is not the most deathless of things!

AL HOLLY felt the breath of scented fans waft past his face; felt the heat of Morocco's sun subdued and tinted by shimmering tent stuffs sink into his body; felt the luxury of piled cushions; heard, as Peer Gynt heard, the will-sapping whine of desert pipes and the clink of Anitra's anklets. Al Holly fought himself out of that drugging music as a diver might fight himself up who found in the warm, soft water about him a sudden opiate quality. When Al broke the surface, he found himself there alone. The audience still was submerged. The music was ending. Through it all, a G-string, plucked pizzicato, had sounded a muffled note—a pair of them, different, steadily beating; the first one dull and prolonged, the second short, sharp; thubb, thup—thubb, thup. Now they were all that sounded, and Al Holly knew what they were: the strong apex beat, the dull clapping shut of aorta valves. A woman hears that with her head on her lover's breast.

It was done. The tide of music subsided, uncovered a spellbound audience, not one of whom but had on him for many a day some stain from that unclean immersion. And up there that long black figure stood bowing and bowing, his lank hair slapping his cheeks as he stooped and straightened, stooped and straightened, bowing to clean Ann Day! Against every shred of his will Al Holly applauded. And murder rose in his heart as he banged his palms together. If she too had only been frantically stinging her hands. Instead she alone of that house sat silent, her hands over her breasts.

Fiddles and steel! A combination of interests beyond all explaining to most! And yet this Lucifer's Bow loved to play at the great mill towns. Nor had he ever played near one but that he arranged at the end of each concert to be motored out to the mills. Then through flaming buildings where bessemer vessels hissed dragon breath, through long dim mills where red ingots writhed in the horrid embrace of the rolls, past huge black piles where blast furnaces bulked menacing and grim in vapor and fume and smoke: through it all, breathing it in; stopping often to talk to many rough men in many strange languages. Fiddles and steel! Yet many of these rough men could have told of a race that they knew where the music of fiddle and metal work went side by side. Any Hungarian workman could tell you emphatically enough about a race of people that are of no use at all on this earth save as music

(*Continued on page 38*)



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TWO SIXTH PRIZES—1 Boy—1 Girl
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The HOME LIGHTING
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Have your child go to the local electrical club or league or to the office where you pay your electric light bills and get free, the "Home Lighting Primer."

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Watch for the announcement of the essay contest in your town. —Any school child, ten years of age or older, may compete.

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The Home Lighting Contest is designed to teach the public, particularly the young generation, more about electric light, and how in their daily lives to properly use it so that in future years there shall be less eye trouble and better general health. This activity has the support of our leading educational and health authorities.

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The Electrical League or Club, or the Electric Light Company serving you, will gladly enter your children in the Home Lighting Contest, supply them with the "Home Lighting Primer" and tell them what to do. There will be local prizes, and the winning children will be contestants for the international prizes—the $15,000 electrical home and the university scholarships.

Be sure that your children enroll for the essay contest as soon as it is announced in your city or town. Watch your home paper.

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

The
LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
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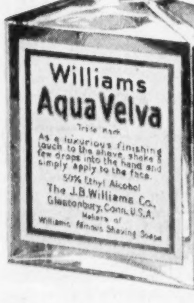
Now, men tell us we have attained new heights of success, particularly in the delight that Aqua Velva brings. "On the pure pleasure I get from using it, Aqua Velva is 100% whatever its other features are," writes a user. But don't overlook the fact that Aqua Velva does more than feel delightful. Unlike powders, which absorb moisture, it *conserves the skin's moisture*; keeps it supple and like velvet all day long.



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We'll gladly send you a free "150 drop" test bottle of Aqua Velva. Fill in your name and address below and mail to Dept. C-3, The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn. (Canada: St. Patrick Street, Montreal.)

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Nemesis at Number Five

Continued from page 36

makers and metal workers. Violin bow and coppersmith's racketing hammer, cymbalon's padded mallets and ferrier's maul—these are the tools of their only honest trades. Oh, yes. Any Magyar cinder snapper could tell you of men who might have an ear tuned at once to the delicate song of an E-string and to the mightiest music that metal workers may know, the diapason of steel.

As for this man Lucifer's Bow, where could he have found inspiration half as infernal as in the Tartarean shadows, the hell-fire high lights, the ground-shaking night pulse of the mills?

He played for three nights in the big town north of Ironville. And on the day after his second performance beautiful Ann Day came to Al Holly. Straight! As a man would go to his friend with news that would break his heart, but that had to be told! A strange, bewitched expression was on her face; an unfit look, as out of place on her countenance as though a hand lately dipped in filth had caressed it. With eyes as pitiable as those of some beautiful bird charmed into helplessness by a diamond-back, she looked honestly into the eyes of Al Holly and told him. She had promised to go with this man to New York, the place of his next appearance and marry him there. Marriage! An imbecile practice! But one that The Bow had found that some women insist on!

Al Holly made not the least attempt to dissuade her. That was useless, he knew. When she left him he managed a smile, which was not a victory over heartbreak, but over a murderous rage.

THREE sweating men have been slugging away at the side of the last of No. 5's long line of mighty open-hearth furnaces. And now they jump back with a clatter of bar and hammers flung down in haste. And out from the top hole at which they were pounding gushes that awful stuff from which are made Panama locks and E-strings. Hissing and rushing, it goes, little flames dancing along it, a great flare of light leaping up from it. Monstrous cranes come out of the dark overhead as shadows are whipped back cringing into far corners. Men are discovered in unsuspected places, slipping like goblins from column to column, waving impish gestures, shouting wide-mouthed communications that are lost to ears not used to the horrible gurgle that rises out of the ladle just under that full-flowing runner.

Who comes pushing through now—pushing this way and that the circle of sycophant men and women who have been allowed to follow The Bow this night on his final trip to the Ironville mills at the end of his final concert in the big town north of Ironville? Two huge, clumsy fellows, one broader, one taller than any men you will see in many a day. Huge, yes. Clumsy, never. Hurried perhaps, but not clumsy. They pace along as a pair of mountain cats might.

The broad man has stepped up beyond where the general superintendent of Ironville Steel now stands; out on a little steel fenced gallery over the boiling ladle. Not so comfortable there in that terrible blaze of heat, for the general superintendent, but one must not shrink back in the presence of all one's dilettante musical friends. One must show no fear of this fiery thing that the men under you treat with such familiar contempt.

As for that dark, mysterious figure beside the general superintendent, why should he shrink—devil that he is? Not the least inch does he shrink, but stands there in that almost unendurable glow, eyes afire, teeth agleam, seeming almost to gloat, like Mephisto at the edge of the Brocken. Steel he loves, this Lucifer's Bow. Steel has a fascination for him, a Plutonian spell that he does not want to shake off. He moves even closer up to the little steel fence, making only one condescension to steel. He shifts his precious violin case behind him, away from the heat, protecting it with his own body. Inseparable, he and that case, a growing tradition has it—scarcely ever out of his hand.

That broad foreign workman there at the little steel railing. What is he about? A huge sack is poised over his head. Look! He has flung it down into that flaming caldron below him.

And then you may see, if you watch, how the general superintendent loses his nerve. Arms crossed in front of his face, he makes a swift backward movement, half jump, half skip—ludicrous. His shoulder strikes the shoulder of the tall foreign workman waiting behind him. He is turned about by the impact, for the tall man is standing rigid, immovable as a crane runway column. So the general superintendent goes ignominiously sprawling into the back-drawn group of invited guests to his mill. Not to be blamed, however, the general superintendent, for big Dan Tancovic has made another botch of recarburizing a heat. Instead of hitting the surface of liquid steel just where the down-pouring stream plunges into the ladle, he misses his mark, and the bag of coke floats for an infinitesimal part of a second. Then it is gas, the sudden flame of it soaring up to the trusses, filling the mill with a great blast of heat and light.

But Dan never could learn that trick. And so, instead of being sucked under and dissipated with infinite swiftness into the very last drop of those hundreds of tons of steel, Dan's carbon goes largely into lighting and heating the dark and drafty spaces of No. 5 open hearth for a second, and into making the general superintendent cringe back and stumble ludicrously into his guests.

But that Mephistophelian fiddler known as Lucifer's Bow did not cringe away from that great flare of heat. He could not. There was a hand on his arm. The hand of a tall, supple man whose body had gone as rigid as any crane column at sight of a certain long box.

The feet of Lucifer's Bow lifted slowly off of the floor. Three feet off the floor—four—five—six—seven! Those who watched saw it with horror-wide eyes. Those who listened heard through the terrible gurgle of steel a voice that could carry the call of mustering tribes from peak to peak across stormy Albanian gorges.

"Wass a matter you, Tancovic Dan?" cried that voice. "Wass a matter you, Dan, no fersteh carbon up steel little bit? Not like dot, Tancovic!—*Like dot!*"

THEY say that Long Mark Kastriota will sit in the chair. Even good Billy Taggot says that. But don't you ever believe it.

Al talked long to Bill Taggot about it. Al explained everything. Al even said that if Mark hadn't done the thing he was in the mood to murder that Tzigany monster himself.

"Then *you'd* have to sit in the chair," said Bill. "You never could get that wild Albanian's tale across to a jury. No more could you ever get that gypsy's power for evil across to twelve American good men and true. That long-haired Romany was a vile influence in a world where it's hard enough to be decent at best. And Long Mark is as white as that slender girl wife that's waiting for him, way back in Albania's hills, and the world is poor in his kind. But he'll sit in the chair just the same, Al, no matter how good a fight we put up for him. You can't put his story across."

Can't, eh? Funny word for Bill Taggot, and him twenty years in steel. Suppose you could put that story across to the public, of which every jury that ever got picked is twelve, and of which every judge in the world that ever gave them instructions is one? All Al Holly knows about a typewriter is that you can hire one for five dollars a month; but for the sake of a white man and a friend, and with the help of a broad-shouldered, beautiful wife, Al Holly will make some kind of a stab at any job in the world. That's not much to say for Al Holly.

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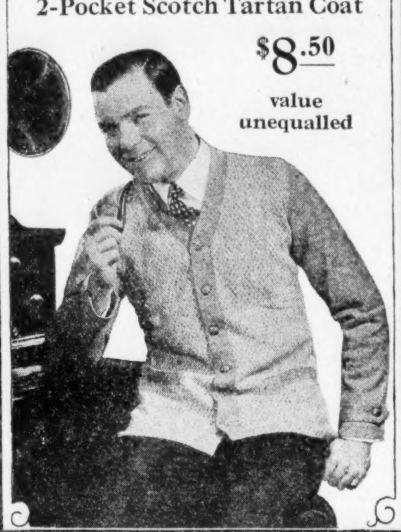

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Thermo "Two-way" cuffs equipped with wrist straps for loose or tight cuffs—a useful feature. Thermo is easily washed.

Thermo coats in Scotch Grains, Tartan and Heather Mixtures $7.50 to $9.00; Vests $5.00 and $6.00.

Look for the Thermo Virgin Wool hanger. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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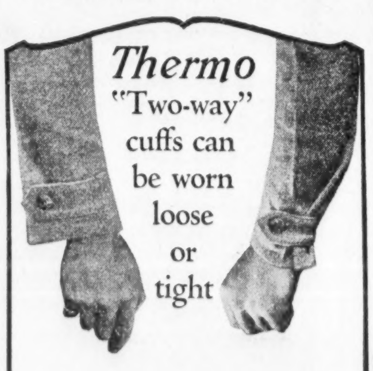

Thermo "Two-way" cuffs can be worn loose or tight

Easy to slip on—adjustable wrist straps—loose cuff comfort or tight cuffs if you wish —no stretching out of shape.

"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

I've Seen America

Continued from page 7

that Americans are having a darned good time.

Americans are better led than they used to be. I am not referring to political leaders—although visits to sixteen or seventeen representative governors have convinced me that even the politician is brighter than he has been painted; but I *am* referring to one of the most significant things I have noticed on this trip: the emergence of the scientific mind. Before the war the biggest of the big businesses were just discovering the professor, pulling him out of his laboratory, and putting him in theirs. The most lasting achievements of the war came from the brains of these recruits from the cloisters. The professor came into his own—and he has stayed there. Everywhere I go I find him lifting his bald and bespectacled head.

And, usually, the head isn't half so bald or bespectacled as we used to think it was. I found farmers in Minnesota and the Dakotas listing respectfully to John Coulter of the North Dakota Agricultural College; I found labor unions and labor employers in Seattle and Tacoma turning with a common impulse to Henry Suzzallo of the University of Washington; I found a Berkeley professor of criminology behind the chief's desk in the police station at Los Angeles. I found the academic mind freed at last for non-academic problems. Nothing but good can result from this merging of the practical and the theoretical.

Better dressed, better served, better fed, better read, better entertained, better led—where there are so many betters there must be a worse. There are: several of them. And where so many of the betters are material and sensual, it seems inevitable that some of the worses should be spiritual and intellectual.

Although it is true that Americans are better read, they are not always better informed; and although it is true that they are better led, they are not always more appreciative of leadership. We are suffering from an unprecedented lack of confidence in the men at the top.

Disrespect for law is the legitimate child of disrespect for lawmakers—not the father, as we sometimes think. The prohibition law works differently in different sections: in the East for more open drinking; in the West for more open bootlegging. And it works differently on different social and financial levels. There are fewer drunks in the police station and more under the dinner table. Drunkenness has become a gentleman's sport, and if something isn't done about it there will be more sports than gentlemen.

These things are bad. But I earnestly believe that they are temporary. Many persons believe that the present law will be repealed or modified, but there is no such general agreement about prohibition itself. Instead there is a very general attitude that the jury is still out. And most Americans—except in the driest and wettest spots—seem to be getting ready to abide by the verdict. People have a lot of sense.

Disrespect for law is bad. But disrespect for the men who make the laws is worse. The former condition will change, either as to the disrespect or the law. The latter condition is perilously durable. Loss of confidence in the individual—in human nature—is a devastating thing. It is not satisfied to cease its depredations when it has stripped the senator of his toga. It has long since entered the factory and robbed even benevolent capital of its chance for leadership; it has entered the church and crushed the influence of the clergy; it is entering the home—it stands threateningly on the threshold of womanhood . . . it must be stopped.

Not "So" Big—Too Big

AMERICANS must get back their faith in human nature—in American human nature. I got mine back. On a pebbly hillside just outside El Paso, Tex.: A girl, a watering pot, a struggling blade of grass. A simple scene, and yet, in the parched grimness of that Texan waste land it made me think of Davy Crockett and the brave pioneers who went singing to their fate in the shadows of the Alamo! You might find yours on the dirt-gray pavings of old Salem on the silver sands of Coronado. Americans cannot fail to regain their faith—if they go out and look for it, in America.

You can't tell anything about anything until you see it. And most of our troubles in legislative halls and in home-town voting booths come from the fact that one geographical half of the electorate hasn't seen how the other half lives. We need a melting pot in this country, but not for foreigners; we need it for ourselves.

I was wrong when I said that America is *so* big. It's *too* big. Too big for the people who live in it—for you and me—unless more of us go out and look at it; if not in trains, in magazines and books.

Friends of Mr. Sweeney

Continued from page 18

thought of paying blackmail. Especially since this man, knowing who he was, would ask an exorbitant price—and get it. For any price was better than having to explain to his wife.

"It's an outrage," he muttered feebly.

"You said it, bo; and before we get through with it it's going to be a damn good outrage."

Brumbaugh looked at Olga, wiping away the last tears of laughter, and then at the grinning fat man on the desk; and his overstrained nerves gave way.

"It's a put-up job," he screamed. "I see it now. Yes, laugh, Olga. Laugh. Go on. You can afford to laugh. You get your percentage, don't you? It's blackmail—"

She whirled on him with blazing eyes. "If your hands were not tied, you would not dare to say that. I would slap your long nose, yes. That you should say this to me, an Antoneyeva, an Araxine!"

"Gosh," said their captor frankly, "the way you light into each other a guy would think you was really Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. . . . Now, Mr. Brumbaugh, this is certainly the damnedest luck, ain't it?"

"Very bad luck for me," said Brumbaugh icily, his self-control beginning to come back.

"You? Hell! A guy with as much money as you've got don't know what bad luck is. I mean bad luck for me. Because I can't figure how I can cash in on it. Oh, maybe I'll figure out a way before the evening's over, but I just plain can't let you loose before morning. You'd have to buy that whole mob down the corridor. If you didn't, they'd drill me, for I don't mind tellin' you that some of 'em are tough eggs.

"Suppose I took the chance and turned you loose now. Do you send me a suit case full of jack by to-morrow's mail? You do not. You do just the way I'd do, or anybody else. You raise all hell at headquarters and get every bull on the force out after me. A guy that would give his girl the bawlin' out that you give her just now, when likely she wants to get home to her husband as bad as you want to get home to your wife, is nobody to trust around the corner. Honest, Mr. Brumbaugh, I wouldn't have thought it of you from what I see in the papers."

"I wouldn't have thought it of myself," said Brumbaugh contritely.

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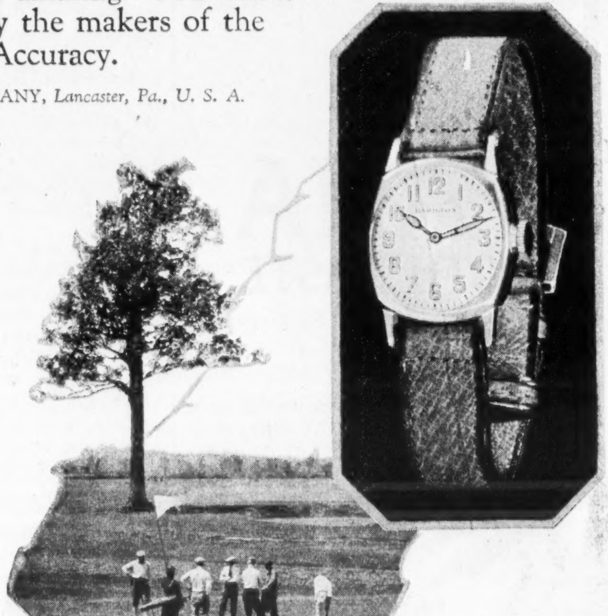

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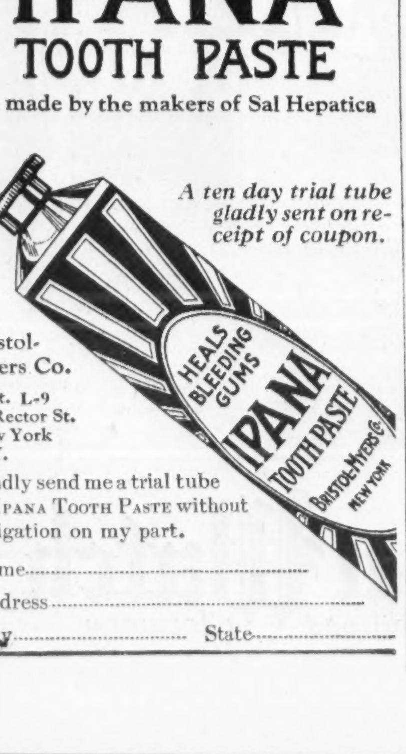

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"Olga, I am rebuked out of the mouth of a common criminal. I beg your pardon. I withdraw everything I said. I ought to have known better."

Ordinarily this would have been far from enough to placate the fiery pride of Olga Araxine. But somewhere in this office there was a safe; and in that safe was Dubnitzky's exposure of the Fund for Relief in Dragovina. She didn't dare tell Brumbaugh what she thought of him till she had got her hands on that.

"I forgive you," she sighed. "You were not yourself. We lose our temper, yes, when things go badly. But let us cheer up. This cannot be helped. We are all in the same boat."

"We certainly are," said the burglar. "Toss me another cigarette, will you? You're up against I don't know what; this guy is afraid he'll ketch hell when he gets home; and I got a hundred million dollars in my hands and can't cash in on it. It certainly is a hard life."

Brumbaugh cast a glance at Olga; her face was impassive, her eyes blank. His head sank despondently on his chest. He couldn't know that by a great effort of a will trained by perilous escapes she was keeping her eyes blank, apparently gazing at the burglar who sat leaning back on the desk; while really she was looking past him, watching a crack that slowly widened in the door.

THE big police department car crossed Fifth Avenue, crossed Madison, and then swung southward on Park. Rixey was settled back motionless in a corner, his eyes closed, but Holliday sat up straight, staring at a new aspect of New York. Their broad boulevard swept down between towering walls of apartment houses toward the great railroad station that blocked off the vista half a mile beyond, and up and down its glassy black expanse motor cars drove at such flashing speed that their rushing lamps seemed nothing but long beams of light. This was a faster, more splendid, more reckless and hazardous New York than anything he had known for years. And he liked it. It was, doubtless, pernicious and dread. But it was beautiful, exciting, alluring. He tried to think out his article as the car rounded the Grand Central Terminal and went on down lower Park Avenue, and then into Fourth, speeded on its way by traffic policemen who respected the magic letters on the front. But his thoughts wouldn't come. Whatever he wrote must be toned down to the "Balance's" habitual note of caution, and he didn't feel cautious to-night.

They were nearing the Firdausi Building. Past the side entrance, at which he caught a glimpse of a group of men loading a truck—a terrible city, thought Holliday, where work goes on day and night—and then they ran up before the dark front of the building that housed the silk firm and the "Balance."

The car stopped. Rixey signaled their arrival with a gentle snore. Holliday shook him. No effect. He shook him harder; thumped his arm. Rixey slept on.

"Win, wake up! We're here."

But a brass band and charges of blasting powder couldn't have awakened Rixey. His silk hat cocked over one eye, his mouth open, he slept, snoring melodiously. Holliday knew he couldn't wake him. There was only one thing to do. He must go up to the office, write his article, and hope that Rixey would be awake, or wakable, when he came down.

He didn't like to leave him there, in a stolen car. But there was no alternative to leaving him except carrying him out, the chauffeur and Holliday, by head and feet, throwing him on the elevator, taking him up to the magazine office. There, Holliday surmised, he would sleep all night. Luckily to-morrow was Lincoln's Birthday, and the staff was off duty, but even on holidays Folsom usually came in to look over his accumulated correspondence. And if Folsom found a drunken friend of Holliday sleeping it off in the office, that would be the end of Holliday.

No, thought Holliday, friendship had its limit. It was best to leave him here. The chauffeur, at least, could see that no harm befell him; and when the article on what next in Europe was safely in the pneumatic tube Holliday could take him home. . . . No, not home; Alice would be arriving in the morning. He could take him back to the hotel, however, and perhaps get him up to bed. . . .

"I have to go in here," he told the driver, " and I'll be gone half an hour or so. But I'm coming back. You'd better let my friend sleep; maybe we can wake him up when I'm ready to go on."

"Awright," the chauffeur muttered, and Holliday went in. The elevator gates were closed; the elevator, and Sheehan, nowhere in sight. His chair gaped emptily beside the visitors' register.

The explanation seemed easy. Sheehan, wanting sleep, had taken his elevator upstairs out of sight, and crawled off somewhere to lie down. There was so little night life in the Firdausi Building, Holliday reflected, that he could do it in entire safety. And Holliday was too soft-hearted to disturb a man's sleep when he could help it. The office was only two flights up. Let Sheehan sleep. Holliday would walk.

Five minutes later the chauffeur of the big car standing at the curb climbed out of his seat, opened the door, and peered into the car. Rixey was still slumbering. The chauffeur shook him; nothing happened. He shook harder. Rixey slumbered still.

The driver pondered. He was sure that Holliday had gone into one entrance of the building and out of another; he had seized a good chance to dump his drunken friend. Well, that was a sensible idea; the driver would dump him too.

But there was that matter of the twenty dollars. With extreme caution the driver felt in Rixey's pockets, extracted his wallet, looked into it in the dim light.

"Ten, fifteen, twenty," he counted in a whisper. "And five more for luck. Sure, a guy with a front like this would have slipped me five extra. That leaves him plenty."

Much amazed by his own honesty, he thrust the wallet back into Rixey's pocket, softly closed the door, and started off at a brisk walk to the nearest subway station.

HOLLIDAY slowly mounted the steps, wondering at the faint sounds of movement in distant parts of the building. This was unusual, but it didn't cross his mind that anything might be wrong until, reaching the third floor and walking noiselessly down the corridor—for, like a well-trained husband, he was wearing rubbers on this wet night—he saw a light under the door of the magazine office.

Mr. Holliday paused. He was a cautious man. But he was also curious. Softly he crept closer, heard voices—Brumbaugh's voice!

Brumbaugh! What was he doing here at this hour? The first thought that came to Holliday was the natural outgrowth of seven years of servitude. Brumbaugh, dissatisfied with his theories of European policies, had come down to write the editorial about what next in Europe himself.

Then he heard a woman's voice.

Now curiosity drowned caution. Stealthily he crept up to the door, and then heard a third voice—a rough voice, unknown to him, which, he realized with horror, was threatening the unheard-of sacrilege of bending something over Mr. Brumbaugh's bean. Of late, whenever he had to write a recommendation of the Fund for Relief in Dragovina, Holliday himself had yearned to bend something over Brumbaugh's bean. And now, inside the door, was a kindred spirit, one who dared actually to threaten the pernicious and dread assault of which Holliday only dreamed.

The door was closed—but as Holliday laid a hand on it with extreme gentleness, he found that the lock hadn't caught. Softly he pushed it open a few inches—and looked in at the broad back of a stranger in Sheehan's uniform, who sat with his back to the door on the information desk, a gun lying beside him; and Brumbaugh and Princess Araxine helpless on the bench across the room.

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What Holliday did then was utterly beyond the capacity of Asaph Holliday of the "Balance" and the Nonpartisan Club, but it was the sort of thing that Ace Holliday of Columbia University and Times Square might have done if occasion had offered. He flung open the door and leaped for the desk—for the gun. As his hand fell on it the stranger swung around, clutched vainly for the gun that slid off the desk in Holliday's grasp. Holliday's left hand gave the stranger a violent push that flung him back, staggering; and when he straightened up he faced Ace Holliday, gun in hand, a cold little smile glittering on his face.

"Stick 'em up," he said sharply. "And keep your mouth shut till I find what's what. In trouble, Mr. Brumbaugh?"

BRUMBAUGH had lurched to his feet, the joy of the saved soul in his eyes. "Why," he cried, "it's our Mr. Holliday!"

"No, it isn't. It's Mr. Holliday's Mr. Holliday. Now tell me what this is all about."

"We hardly know," said Brumbaugh. "Some sort of crime seems to be going on in the building and this person was acting as a sentry—a—what did he call it?—a lookout. We blundered into him, and here we are. For heaven's sake, untie my hands somebody."

Holliday's eyes were still on the burglar; with bare fists, he could have licked Holliday and Brumbaugh both.

"Untie him," he told the princess, and tie this fellow up instead."

"Do," Brumbaugh agreed. "Er—Princess Araxine, I don't believe you've met Mr. Holliday, who has been so helpful to the relief fund."

"I am so happy to meet one who has done so much for our cause," said the princess mechanically as she tugged and strained at the telephone cord. She had tied a good knot, and it was hard work untying it, but expressions of gratitude to those who had helped the cause came so naturally to Dragovinian exiles that she could have said them in her sleep.

Brumbaugh's wrists were free at last; he rubbed them gingerly where the cord had chafed them, and then turned vindictive eyes upon the robber as Olga tied him up in turn, with equal thoroughness.

"I hope you like the feeling," he said viciously. "You'll be turned over to the authorities in due time; but meanwhile, Olga, make the cords tight."

Holliday realized that Brumbaugh too felt master of the situation. But so did someone else. The robber yawned good-naturedly, with the barest shadow of a grimace as the cords tightened.

"First one and then the other," he said cheerfully. "It will be youse guys' turn again in a minute."

"How's that?" Holliday demanded.

"Well," the burglar grinned faintly, "there's a job on in this building that employs quite a mob, see? You got me, but you can't get 'em all. There's other people patrollin' these corridors, and the minute you get out and try to start the elevator somebody sees you. And he stops you. So don't make these strings too tight on me, lady, because you don't want to make me mad. I learned somethin' to-night durin' my brief career as an elevator runner—which is that all that goes up comes down."

They looked at him doubtfully; and then, in confirmation, they heard in the outer corridor the slow tread of approaching feet.

"Close the door," Holliday ordered. "Tight, this time, so the spring lock will catch. Now push the desk against it. There! Nobody can get in now."

"And nobody can get out," added the burglar cheerfully. "And the telephone wires is cut. You guys will all stay here till morning unless you try to shoot your way out, and them birds outside can shoot quicker and straighter than you can."

"If anybody's shot," Holliday warned him, "you'll be the first."

"Oh, sure, that goes without sayin'. That's why I'm trying to show you there's no percentage in startin' shootin'. Because them birds outside there won't care at all if you croak me; it only means one less way to split it. And if I'm the first, there is others present that will be the second, third, and fourth. So, as I was sayin' to our friends here before you come in, we might as well all set down and be comfortable. Lady, I can't light a match, but do you mind lightin' one of them trick cigarettes of yours and puttin' it in my face? I like the flavor."

"Ugh!" Brumbaugh grunted. "The loathsome brute! Don't touch him, Olga."

"It is so little to make someone happy," she sighed putting a lighted cigarette betwen the prisoner's lips. "I too have been a prisoner, and before to-night."

"Thanks," the burglar mumbled, choking a little as the smoke trickled up into his nose. Then, throwing back his head so that it curled toward one ear, he went on: "As I was sayin', Mr. Brumbaugh, I wouldn't have thought it of you. I read in the papers every day or so where you made some speech about bein' kind to the poor, and makin' their lot less miserable. You sound like you feel you was to blame for the poor all by yourself; all you live for is to make us happy. But I'm one of the poor, and do you try to make me happy? No. You grouch about givin' up a little money, and you call me a loathsome brute. Mr. Brumbaugh, you go to Sunday school every Sunday, still, and I quit when I was twelve years old. But I got a good memory, and that ain't the way I was taught in Sunday school we ought to treat our fellow men."

"Never mind that," said Brumbaugh coldly, going through the prisoner's pockets. I'll just take back the money; and here are your rings, Olga. Now—what shall we do?"

The distant footfalls suddenly came nearer and then they all remembered that, through the ground-glass door, light was pouring out into the corridor.

"Back into Folsom's office," Holliday whispered. "Take this fellow with you. No—I remember—Folsom's door is locked. Then into my office—you know where it is, Mr. Brumbaugh. Pull down the shades and turn on the desk lamp—then they won't see you from across the court. And be still."

THEY rustled back down the corridor and he switched off the light in the ante room just as the heavy footfalls drew up before the door and a heavy hand shook the knob. "Who's there?" called a deep voice.

Holliday, crouching behind the switchboard, felt like Leonidas as Thermopylae; he remembered the Alamo. In a moment the door would be broken in, and he Holliday would die fighting. But he would get somebody first; he would take somebody with him. . . . Something pernicious and dread; something far away from a puny and pious life.

But he had forgotten the prisoner, back in the offices with the princess and Brumbaugh; had forgotten that they were unarmed. And as he waited the prisoner's voice called:

"They got me Mike; got my gat—"

A scuffle; the voice was suddenly stilled.

How's that?" barked the man at the door.

Holliday tiptoed back to his own office, where the prisoner sat on his desk, glaring over Brumbaugh's muffler that was tied over his mouth.

"Untie him," said Holliday. "We need him to talk to the man at the door."

"All right, Mike," the prisoner called when the muffler was loosened. "They got me tied up. Don't try to bust the door; they'd drill you."

"Who?"

"Couple guys and a girl. They can't get out if you watch the door, so don't try to bust in."

"Want me to stand here all night? How'd they get you?"

"Never mind that. If you don't watch the door, you'd have to do some shootin' and make a noise. If you do stay there, this bunch will stay here, because they don't want to get drilled any more than you or me. Only watch the door."

"You bet we'll watch the door," came the promise from outside.

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"Here!" said Holliday. "If you don't let us out, and let us get down the elevator, we—we'll shoot your friend here."

"Oh, Holliday!" Brumbaugh protested softly.

"Go ahead," said the man outside cheerfully. "We won't miss him."

"See?" said the prisoner with resignation. "I told you they was tough birds."

"Go on!" called the ironic voice from the outer door. "Lemme hear you croak him. Yah! I thought so. Now you stay where you are, and we'll stay where we are, and he'll stay where he is, and then nobody gets drilled."

FOUR measured footballs; Holliday and Brumbaugh, familiar with the building, knew that he had gone over to take post behind the angle of the elevator shaft. From there he could pick off anybody trying to come out. They were blockaded.

"Well," said Holliday with resignation, "we seem to be settled for the night."

"Oh, no," cried Brumbaugh. "We must—I must get home."

"Why?" Holliday snorted disdainfully. His innate fear of his boss had vanished—gone so completely he had almost forgotten what it had felt like.

"Why?" he asked again. "Because Mrs. Brumbaugh is coming back from Washington in the morning? So is Mrs. Holliday. I'll tell her I was out with you, and you tell her you were out with me? And if there are two safer men in New York to be out all night with than you and me, they don't go out after dark at all."

"But the princess—"

"Oh, yes," said Holliday. "Has she got to explain to somebody too?"

"Me, no," said Olga thankfully. "I'm my own boss."

"Then we might as well make the best of it," said Holliday.

The prisoner nodded. "Just what I was tellin' 'em, before you come in. Thank the Lord, I got a guy with sense to keep me company at last."

Holliday thrust the gun into his pocket and sat down on his desk; Brumbaugh was in the swivel chair before the typewriter, the princess and the prisoner in the two chairs reserved for callers.

"This ain't so bad," the prisoner told them. "It's warm, and we got smokes, and everything's cozy. We can all settle down for a little game of Mah Jong."

"No insolence!" Brumbaugh commanded.

"Oh, don't talk that way, brother. Let's be merry while we may. Because, you see, them tough birds down the corridor ain't likely to leave us here all night. They don't care if I'm drilled, but they'd care a lot if I was collared after they made their get-away. They figure I'd probably squeal, and I probably would if I thought it would help me any. So sometime between now and daylight they'll figure out some way to bust in and jump you. Maybe you get croaked, maybe they get croaked, sure as all hell I get croaked before one side or the other comes out ahead. In the meantime we might as well be kind and friendly toward each other because the chances are we all go to the morgue in the same wagon."

"Brr!" said Brumbaugh. "Don't!"

"He is not cheerful, this one," the princess agreed, "but probably it is so."

Brumbaugh groaned. "This is terrible. . . . How do you happen to be in it, Holliday? Why did you come here to-night?"

Ace Holliday the amateur gunman shrank back once more into Asaph Holliday the desk man. He had heard his master's voice.

"Why, Mr. Brumbaugh, I hadn't finished the article about the European situation for next week's issue. I—it was getting late, so I went uptown to dinner, and then came back to write it."

"It's pretty near the deadline," said Brumbaugh severely. "You shouldn't have put it off so long."

"I know it," Holliday admitted nervously. "I—why, I suppose, so long as we're shut in here with nothing else to do, I might as well write it now."

"I suppose so," Brumbaugh agreed. "You can send it out through the pneumatic tube— We couldn't send anything else through that tube, could we? A message?"

"Not in time to help us out to-night. The holiday shift at the print, shop comes on at eight in the morning."

Brumbaugh sighed. "Well, we might as well improve our time," he agreed. "Go ahead and write it. I'll give you some lines of thought that I want embodied in it. Only remember, Holliday—be temperate. Avoid extremes. Shun violence of expression."

"Mr. Brumbaugh," said Holliday timorously, "haven't I always been temperate? Have I ever gone to extremes?"

"No-o, I can't say that you have. But remember that is one thing I am quite anxious about. We must be temperate, and at the same time sound the note of authority. . . . Now, that's one thing I don't like in the articles you've written about the Dragovina relief fund. The princess and I have been talking them over, and we came to the conclusion that they lacked the note of authority. We weren't sufficiently outspoken in condemning the State Department for not taking up the cause of the Dragovinian exiles."

Deep down in Asaph Holliday something obscure began to simmer, approaching the boil.

"The State Department doesn't do anything for any refugees," he protested. "Maybe it should and maybe it shouldn't; but so long as that's the policy, why expect it to make an exception of Dragovina?"

"Oh, there's nothing in that," said Brumbaugh. "The 'Balance' has always championed the cause of the Dragovinian exiles—it always has and it always will. I think we may regard that matter as settled. Now as to this article on the European situation. The trouble with all Europe is the same as the trouble with Dragovina. The old governing class has been driven out; that's what's the matter with Europe. The aristocracy, the persons of birth and breeding who had the habit of government, who were able to sound the note of authority, have been shoved aside. We must emphasize that."

"I don't agree with you," said Holliday brusquely, but Brumbaugh merely shook an impatient head.

"I'm telling you what I want," he said coldly. "Now let's get started on the article. Ah, I see you have the heading already. 'What Next in Europe?' Well, that's all right, so far. Now I think we should begin by—"

The soul of Asaph Holliday boiled over. "Mr. Brumbaugh," he interrupted, "you're not running the 'Balance.'"

ASHTON W. BRUMBAUGH had had a hard evening and had experienced strange things. He had felt the urge to indiscretion and had known the awful feeling of finding himself trapped and blackmailed. He had been held up, threatened, bound, and robbed; rescued at the point of a gun. He had struggled with a burglar—true, with a burglar whose hands were tied—but it was the first time Mr. Brumbaugh had ever had to struggle with anybody. And now he was penned up in the office of his own magazine, with a fair chance of being shot before daylight and a certainty of getting in trouble with his wife if he lived to see her. In his busy but monotonously conventional life this had been an evening of rare excitement and strange discoveries.

But nothing that had happened yet was so strange as this sudden revolt of Holliday. It would have been a no more outrageous reversal of the order of the universe if the office doormat had stood up and told him he wasn't running the "Balance."

He sat and stared in uncomprehending amazement while Holliday's eyes bored into his. Then Brumbaugh recovered the habit of government, the note of authority.

"Technically," he conceded with a cold laugh, "I'm not. I'm only a friend who pays the bills out of admiration for Mr. Folsom's literary talents. But if I didn't pay the bills there would be no 'Balance.'"

"I've heard you say," Holliday reminded him—"say in public, that is—that you'd never dream of interfering with the editors; your only function was to make possible the expression of their views. You said it was a public service, a duty."

"It is a duty," said Brumbaugh solemnly, "to see that the 'Balance' doesn't express wrong views. Now go ahead and write this article, and write what I tell you."

THE prisoner, nodding in the corner, looked up long enough to tell Holliday: "This guy is a mean one, brother. Sunday school never done him much good."

"Be silent!" said Brumbaugh. "Holliday, I have no desire to be contentious, or to exert pressure, but I must insist—"

"Mr. Brumbaugh, you may insist and be damned. But I think you're all wrong about Europe, and I'm going to write what I think, not what you think."

He leaped down from the desk.

"Good God, man, you and I may be killed before morning. Do you realize that? Do you realize that this may be the last thing I'll ever write? Well, I realize it. Do you think I'm going up to the Recording Angel and tell him the last thing I did was to write something I thought was a lie? I won't. I'm going to say what I think, and say it hard. I'm going to sound the note of authority.

"Oh, yes!" His voice rose to a hysterical shriek. "I'm not going to shun violence of expression or avoid extremes. I'm going to say it hard, and when I'm through I'll shoot it into the pneumatic tube and off to the printers. Whether we get out of here alive or dead, they'll get it before we're out. You can't stop it. The holiday shift will set it up, and fit it into the place Mr. Folsom left for it when he made up—and you can't stop it. Folsom said what he thought, and the circulation went down; then he and I both said what you thought, and it kept going down. There isn't much to lose if I say what I think just once. And you can't stop it. . . . Get out of my chair!"

In his voice rang the note of authority. Convulsively Brumbaugh got up.

"Holliday—" he began harshly.

"Get back!" Holliday cried. "Get back!" The automatic suddenly came out of his pocket, its nose pointing at Brumbaugh's belly. "Get back there in that corner, all three of you."

They got. He sat down in the swivel chair before the typewriter and laid the gun on the desk beside him.

"Don't move," he commanded in cold fury. "If one of you moves, I'll shoot. I'm going to sit here and write, but I can reach the gun before you can reach me—"

"And there's no open door for anybody to slip up behind him, like he done on me," the prisoner finished. "Mr. Brumbaugh, take advice from a guy that's been shot at. Don't you move."

Brumbaugh sank into a chair, his face white and quivering.

"Holliday," he said in a tense undertone, "you realize what this means."

Holliday laughed—the light-hearted laugh that had rung out on the Columbia campus fifteen years ago.

"It means I'm fired," he agreed. "Go ahead. Fire me if you want to. But you can't fire me quick enough to keep this out of print. Fire me if you want to—what do I care? I—I'm a friend of Mr. Sweeney."

Mr. Sweeney! Brumbaugh mentally ran over the names of New York's great men, the men who made the wheels go round. He couldn't recall a Sweeney. But it's a large town, and nobody can know all the somebodies.

Holliday had spoken with confidence, such confidence as he had never displayed in his seven years' service on the "Balance." Obviously, then, Mr. Sweeney was someone of consequence, someone who could protect him. Most plausibly Mr. Sweeney was someone who would give Holliday a job if Brumbaugh fired him. From Holliday's tone it seemed likely that Mr. Sweeney would give him a better job.

And there is no fun in firing a man if somebody else stands ready to give him a better job.

"Apparently," Brumbaugh observed with returning composure, "it would be useless to fire you now. Besides, that formality properly falls in Mr. Folsom's province. Purely as a matter of curiosity, do you mind telling me what you're going to say about what next in Europe?"

Holliday came down suddenly from high resolution to the low plane of fact. He didn't know what he was going to say about Europe; he had been too busy to think of that. But it wouldn't do to admit it.

So he paused, lit a cigarette, and then looked at Brumbaugh with a great display of firmness.

"It isn't what you say," he explained tolerantly. "It's the way you say it. What the 'Balance' says about Europe isn't going to have any effect on Europe. You can see that from the collapse of our crusade for the exiled nobility of Dragovina.

"No, Mr. Brumbaugh, we don't write anything in the hope that anything will come of it. We write, first of all, to free our minds, and secondly to make people read the 'Balance.' Lately we've only been freeing your mind—and fewer people than ever read the 'Balance.' And they don't read it, not because they care what we say or don't say, but because we don't say it right.

"I agree with you on one thing, Mr. Brumbaugh. We need the note of authority. People read magazines like ours because they want to get their opinions from somebody who knows, or talks as if he knows—from a Man Higher Up. The trouble with the 'Balance' is that we don't sound like that. We don't put ourselves over. That's why we sold sixteen thousand copies of the first issue, seven years ago, and thirty-three hundred last week. But we'll put ourselves over now. We won't ask them; we'll tell them. For the first time, Mr. Brumbaugh, the 'Balance' is going to throw a front."

Brumbaugh threw up his hands. "Holliday, you've never talked like this before. I don't know what's come over you."

"I know what's come over him," the prisoner volunteered. "He's full of coke, that's what's come over him. I've seen lots of 'em like this. And, bo, lemme give you some advice. Never fool with a guy that's full of coke. You can't tell what he'll do."

"That's right," said Holliday cheerfully, patting the gun that lay on the desk beside him. "Now keep still, all three of you, and don't bother me."

Silently they watched his busy fingers, as the rattle of the typewriter broke with soft monotony on the stillness. . . .

THE Hon. Stephen Prime and the dishonorable but useful Charles Cramer were leaving the Superior Club. As they moved toward the door Prime had to bow this way and that to people who wanted him to see them recognizing him, or wanted their friends to see him recognizing them.

"Politics, politics," Cramer murmured as they reached the coatroom and handed their checks to the Cossack.

"Don't kid me about my aspirations, Charles. If they aren't shipwrecked, we owe it to the Princess Araxine. Remarkable woman, that. Damn shame she has to stick around here and be polite to this yapping mob. . . . Here, boy, there ought to be a hat with this."

"There was no hat with the coat, sir."

"Oh, yes, there was. A top hat. Now you look again."

With a regretful bow the Cossack looked again—looked with great appearance of diligence on the hooks, on the floor. When he had taken Rixey's two-dollar bill he hadn't counted on having to deal with a customer who was cold sober, and apparently someone of consequence. One hat after another he produced for Prime's inspection, but the Hon. Stephen waved them impatiently aside.

"Nonsense, man. Look at my head. I can't wear those things; I take a seven and three quarters. Not one man in five hundred would find my hat of any use to him. Nobody could have taken it."

"Your logic is faulty," Cramer ob-

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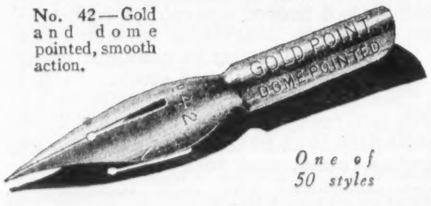

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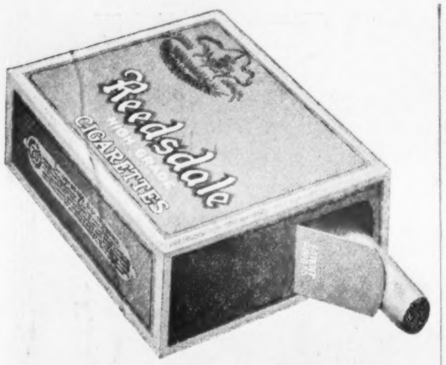

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served. "Nobody would find it of any use but a man with a seven-and-three-quarters head. They're scarce, but, granting that one of them was in the Club to-night—"

"I don't remember anybody."

"There was a big red-headed man," said Cramer, "in a gray sack suit. He had the biggest head in sight. But we can't be sure, of course."

Prime looked severely at the Cossack. "You handed somebody my hat on the wrong check," he said. "That's no way to run a check-room. If I report you to—"

Cramer pushed him gently aside. "You are one of the Dragovinian exiles?" he asked. The Cossack's heels clicked together.

"Colonel Malakoff, late commander of the cavalry of the Grand Ducal Guard."

"Then running a check-room is rather out of your line," Cramer mused. "Too bad we lost the hat, but it can't be helped. Good night. . . . Come on, Stephen—by advice of counsel."

Prime followed him, complaining, out into the vestibule.

"But, Charles, it was a good hat. If I told Tekloff he'd have this fellow fired for incompetence or crookedness. And I can't afford to have it get around that a special deputy police commissioner had his hat stolen from a restaurant under his protection."

"Then keep your mouth shut," said Cramer unfeelingly. "Still less can you afford to make an enemy of a Dragovinian exile. He may know the low-down on the relief fund—which seems to be pretty low. If we get this Dubnitzky exposure we're all right—unless somebody else feels like making an exposure. You can afford to buy another twelve-dollar hat, but you can't afford to have somebody on the inside spill the works."

"I guess you're right," Prime conceded. "Can I drive you home?"

"Never mind it. I live just over here at the Ambassador. The walk will do me good."

HE STRODE briskly away, his stick tapping on the pavement. Prime walked down the line of cars parked at the curb, looking for his own in growing bewilderment.

"Funny," he muttered. "I certainly left it here." Then, to the red-coated porter: "Did you see anything of that big Police Department coupé I left here?"

"I don't recall it, sir."

"Well, by ——, you fellows have pretty poor memories to-night. You didn't have somebody take it across the street?"

"No, sir, not at all."

"Wasn't that the car the red-headed guy drove off?" asked one of the chauffeurs lounging at the curb.

"Red-headed guy?" Prime growled. "What red-headed guy?"

"Well, there was a big fellow with red hair and a red face, and a shiny silk hat, come out of here a while ago with a little fellow all muffled up and wearing rubbers. The big guy says he don't feel like drivin' his car home, he's full of hooch; so he hires a bird to drive it for him, see. And it was certainly that coupé here by the curb."

"I remember," said the porter. "So it was not his car?"

"It certainly wasn't," said the Hon. Stephen cheerlessly. "And unless I'm greatly mistaken, it wasn't even his hat. He's a good collector, that fellow—a man of refined taste."

BUT inwardly he was not merry. A special deputy police commissioner's car stolen from in front of a night club—the papers would never let him hear the last of it. If he were nominated for governor, hecklers would fling it up at him whenever he made a speech. Many people hated him who had been unable to do him harm, but if he once were made ridiculous every mention of his name would do him harm.

By now the porter was much concerned. "Shall I call the police, sir?"

"No," said the Hon. Stephen, "I'll attend to that. Do you remember these men?"

"I remember their coming in, sir. I remember their coming out, now that you speak of it."

"Well, you know everybody who comes here. Who were they?"

"Oh, sir, there are so many. And they have so many friends. These gentlemen said they were friends of Mr. Sweeney."

"Sweeney?" repeated the Hon. Stephen. There were millions of Sweeneys, but he couldn't think of any particular Sweeney. "I don't suppose you got any idea of where they were going, did you?"

"I heard 'em tell the driver," volunteered a chauffeur from the lounging line. "200 Fourth Avenue."

"It's a thin chance," Prime mumbled. He had no idea what sort of place 200 Fourth Avenue might be—somewhere in the silk district, perhaps. "But we'll try it. I want a taxi. You'll do." He picked out the driver who had heard the destination of the stolen car. "Take me down to 200 Fourth Avenue as fast as you can make it."

(*To be concluded next week*)

Way Down on the Navy's Farm

Continued from page 23

more than 3,000 pounds of milk a year. That's statistical. No cow is kept on the navy's farm which does not give 10,000 pounds a year. Some go as high as 20,000 pounds. There are several that give 17,000 and 18,000 pounds. Little by little the quality of the herd is being improved by the scientific methods of Herdmaster Krause, who is a graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Agriculture. The animals not needed are sold at rock-bottom prices to Maryland farmers, for the sailors are trying to convince them that it pays to keep good stock.

"How do you do it?"

To perfect cleanliness, so perfect that Gambrill's is as nearly a flyless farm as can be found, and to good stock and kind treatment and high feeding is added the use of the fertilizer produced on the farm. The modern farmer is likely to buy commercial fertilizer and sell his crops as grain. The sailors use commercial fertilizer when the soil diagnosticians direct, but for the most part the soil quality has been brought up by the home-raised sort. This year all the feed needed will be raised, but last year it was necessary to buy alfalfa at $38 a ton. It was brought in from the West. The navy's precise bookkeeping methods show that alfalfa can be raised on the navy farm at $18 a ton.

"Why do you not buy in the vicinity?" I asked.

"Can't. The farmers here will not raise it. They say they cannot, in face of the fact that we have 200 acres on which we raise four to five tons per acre each year."

"Then alfalfa can be raised here?"

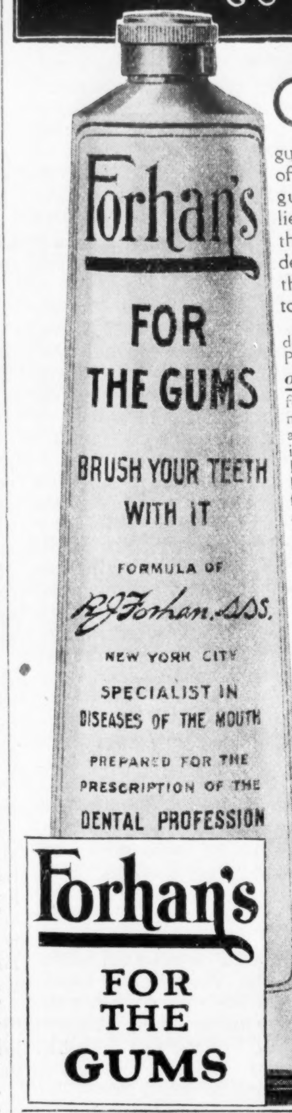
"It's a gold mine."

"All this costs money," I murmured. Perhaps I could break down this story of farm profit made by sailors. The labor employed on the farm was paid, I learned, at the same rate that other farmers paid. Now and then a milkman deserted to work on the roads, which netted almost twice as much money, but the best men stayed year after year. They have a clean bunkhouse to themselves, with a smoking-room and billiard tables.

The sailors have certain advantages over commercial dairymen. For one thing, their farm pays no taxes. On the other hand, it has no market for four months a year, when there are no cadets at the Academy. Admiral Wilson will not permit competition with the farmers of the neighborhood. During this period cottage cheese and butter is made for winter use and stored; but the skimmed milk largely goes to waste. More money is being spent in improvements, too, than the commercial agriculturist would tolerate. On the whole, the avoidance of taxes does not account for the navy's financial success.

"We have a steady market at better

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums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prices than the farmers around here get for their milk," said Commander Wainwright.

On inquiry it developed that this was an unfair statement. It is true that the farm milk produced near Gambrill's is sold to the creameries for forty cents a gallon, whereas the Academy pays eighty cents to the navy farm. But the navy farm milk is of the same quality that is sold by one of the great scientific dairy establishments at $1.25 a gallon. As the primary purpose of the navy farm is to produce the best milk, it competes in point of production costs with this certified milk rather than with farm milk. Once upon a time one of the two hundred cows kept on the farm passed every test for tuberculosis. Yet she was sick, and sickness began to develop at the Academy. When she was killed the sickness stopped.

There you are. The facts and the books and the bank balance show that the navy has made and is making money running a dairy farm. It may be a long leap from a quarter-deck to a cow stable, but that's nothing for the navy.

No Wonder They Want to Fight!

Continued from page 14

scenario of Texas cow hand, Klondike saloon keeper, and Nevada gambling moujik, Rickard entered fight promotion in 1906 when he staged the famous Gans-Nelson fight out on the rim of the Nevada desert.

His subsequent successful ventures in the grim game of sock and suffer have established him as the patron of pugilism. He has promoted more than 200 fights without a single serious financial loss. More than $10,000,000 in gate receipts has passed through his hands. He has contributed more than $2,000,000 to the government in taxes, and $3,000,000 or so has found its way into his personal coffers.

How the shades of the old bare knuckle fighters and "backers" must groan at an array of figures like these!

When John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought seventy-five rounds with bare fists at Richburg, Mississippi, in 1887, the purse was only a $10,000 side bet, winner take all. Kilrain got nothing, for he was knocked out and jailed in the bargain. Sullivan really got nothing either, for it cost him his purse to square himself.

The game was grim and grisly in that era. There were no smart managers handling the business end of a fighter's career and splitting his earnings with him. There were no high-powered promoters building huge stadiums and offering half-million-dollar purses. Wealthy gamblers known as "backers" hired men to fight under their colors and bet heavily on their entries. These were usually the only purses, every fight was to a finish and the winner took all.

Promotion was generally achieved in the back room of some convenient gin mill. The entire party, after satisfying its thirst for raw red rum, retired to a river barge, a deserted field, or a basement with tar paper nailed over the windows, where the fighters stripped and had it out man fashion. Whatever audience trailed along pitched its loose change into a hat for division between the bruised and incarnadined brawlers. Often the police discovered the party and promptly jailed all hands.

THE advent of "Gentleman Jim" Corbett and the introduction of gloves did much to rescue pugilism from these sordid scenes, and Billy Brady, Corbett's manager, now W. A. Brady, the theater manager, was the first of the modern managers. Sportsmanship gradually replaced brutality and the march to better days began.

Staging a big fight in this day and age requires as much skill and business sense as any other major maneuver involving hundreds of thousands of dollars. The fiasco at Shelby showed the futility of old-fashioned methods.

Tex Rickard's office is as perfectly systematized as that of any bank. A clerical force of eighteen persons, a lawyer, and a high-salaried publicity director are only part of his weekly pay roll. Three hundred trained ushers are in his year-round employ, together with carpenters, electricians, and caretakers. His weekly pay roll for watchmen at Boyle's Thirty Acres is $218. The place has been used but four times in four years and then only four hours at a time.

A night of Wills-Firpo size demands 2,500 ushers and 1,000 special police. Twenty armored trucks peddle tickets from surrounding street corners and sixty ticket takers block the entrances of the ramps. Details of special mounted police guard the money in the ticket trucks and brother bluecoats shoo the curious sight-seers away from the fighters' dressing-rooms.

So much for the personnel—at so much per person.

FROM the financial angle, Rickard always insures his open-air shows against rain. His policies for the Dempsey-Carpentier, Willard-Firpo, Firpo-Dempsey, and Firpo-Wills fights called for $550,000 each if so much as one tenth of an inch of rain drowned out the proceedings. Health and accident policies to the amount of $50,000 are taken out by him on the person of each fighter. The preliminary program nicks him another $10,000 with a possible $2,000 for officials.

All this is pure overhead, spent before his two principals are in the ring. It is entirely apart from the $500,000 or so he must divide between the fighters next day. Is it any wonder then, as the hands of the clock touch ten P. M. and the two major gladiators shoulder their way to the ringside surrounded by their blue-coated escort that the promoter seeks out some secluded spot and draws a deep, full breath? You'll find him any time in the next ten minutes sitting in some cool, quiet corner fanning himself with his hat.

Maybe the whole idea is wrong. Maybe again it isn't. Significant is the fact that it's here regardless of right or wrong. It's here stronger than horseradish, and apparently growing in popular favor.

And there's just one thing to remember. It isn't "prize fighting" any more. That phrase has been dropped from the sporting dictionary as delicately and silently as a strand of spaghetti slides from a new red necktie. Every state law legitimatizing the sport carefully refers to it now as "Boxing Contest."

That means that the knockout occasionally terminating the evening's pleasure isn't part of the party at all. It's simply an unavoidable accident.

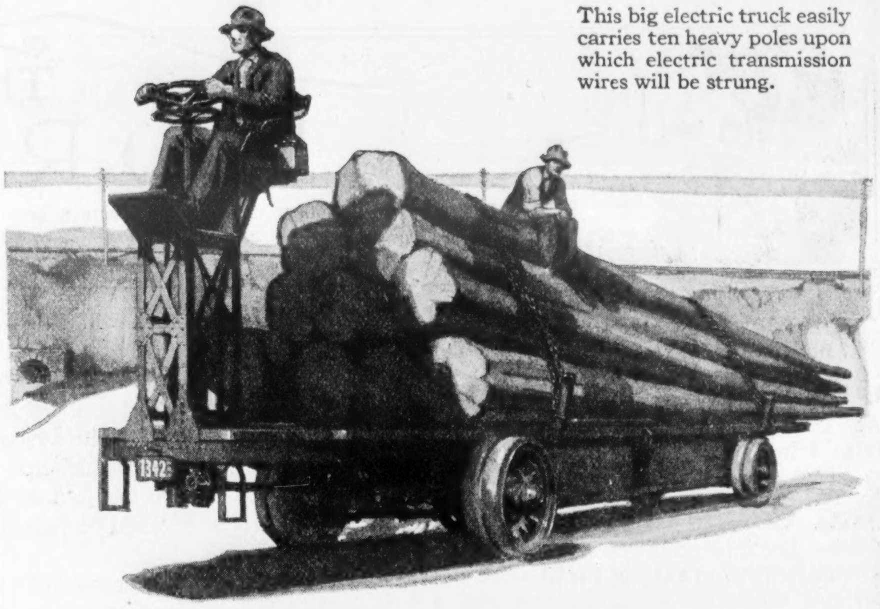
Next Week

BEN AMES WILLIAMS tells a murder-mystery story with an ending you cannot forget.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD discusses our young people and gives an answer to the question, "What's wrong with our children?"

HARRY ESTEY DOUNCE will give the tennis fans food for thought in his short story, "A Gentleman's Game"—an unusual piece of fiction.

ARTHUR ROBINSON in "My Friend Babe Ruth" reveals some unusually interesting facts concerning our Home Run King.



This big electric truck easily carries ten heavy poles upon which electric transmission wires will be strung.

Fit for the heaviest duty

Edison predicts that merchants will make all city deliveries with electric trucks.

And here is a large truck, fit for the heaviest duty required of it by the Philadelphia Electric Company. It is demonstrating in service that electric motors drive heavy trucks with the great advantages of long life, minimum repairs, and uninterrupted service.

You think of the General Electric Company as an old institution. It *does* go back to the early days of electrical development; yet it has only just passed its 30th birthday. What tremendous progress can be made in one generation when the scientist, the engineer, the artisan, and the business man work shoulder to shoulder to-gether!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Ask for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL
Malted Milk

Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers

Avoid Imitations

CASH'S 3 doz. $1.50 6 doz. $2.
WOVEN NAMES 9 doz. $2.50 12 doz. $3.
Save Laundry Losses at School
Write for Styles
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YOU CAN have a business-profession of your own and earn big income in service fees. A New system of foot correction readily learned by anyone at home in a few weeks. Easy terms for training, openings everywhere with all the trade you can attend to. No capital required or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Address
STEPHENSON LABORATORY, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

At Our Expense—Cool, Comfortable Shaving

THE verdict is now in your hands—If you do not find from actual use that Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream gives you a quicker, closer shave, without the customary smarting after effect—and that it leaves your face as soft and cool as though you had used a lotion—we will refund its full purchase price. Get a jar from your druggist, or if he cannot supply you, send 50c with his name and address and we will mail a jar direct to you. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the jar and your money will be refunded. Or send 2c stamp for sample. *Recommended particularly for a tender skin.*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
759 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
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SHAVING
Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream

My Commission Last Month—over $500

Four months ago I was a pay-roll clerk with a salary of $175 a month. Any go getter who has the "Pep," and wants a real sales proposition had better connect with the Fyr-Fyter Co. now while territory can be obtained—A. H. Robey, W. Va. WE NEED 500 MORE MEN TO FILL POSITIONS WORTH $200 to $500 PER MONTH. Our New Super-Fyr-Fyter is in big demand by home and auto owners, stores, factories, schools, hotels, restaurants, garages, farmers, theaters and hundreds of other classes. No experience necessary as we show you the way to establish a profitable and dignified business of your own. L. D. Payne averaged $20.77 profit per day for 217 days. DePries has averaged $150 per week profit for six years. Slidell and Viles sold $25,000 in two years. G. Howard earned $100 in one day. Write quick for details.
THE FYR-FYTER CO., 359 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, O.

THE HORIZON

To that far line where Earth attains the skies
Adventure on—there waits your enterprise

EVERY LITTLE WHILE some seagoing author writes a tale about a sailor who, be he captain, forecastle hand, or supercargo, sticks on the bridge through the storm or stands his lonely watch or what-not thinking wistfully of the day when he will leave the sea and own a farm. By this we are supposed to be tickled or touched—fancy a sailor, of all men, turning farmer!

Notice is hereby served upon such authors and their readers that Uncle Sam's navy turned farmer some time ago and is doing well at it. The farm—a dairy farm, too—it at Gambrill's Station, near Annapolis. It supplies the naval academy with clean milk. The kind they used to buy around the countryside made the boys sick, and the only way to do better was to produce some, put officers and gentlemen in command of flotillas of cows, with general orders to bring 'em into port and unload 'em twice a day. But you can't stump the navy. If it has to milk cows it milks cows. If it has to grow alfalfa for fodder, alfalfa springs up, even though all nearby landlubbers wag their beards and say it won't, b'gosh! And the whole thing is returning a handsome profit, as Herbert Corey shows in his account of it.

* * *

AS OFTEN AS something new takes this country by storm, a lot of worthy souls with ten-inch brows and bad digestion sit down and have a good worry over whither we are drifting. At present they are writhing about radio, which is debauching the public taste, scattering the brains of the young, and all like that. If you know a writher, hand him this week's Collier's, with Howard Vincent O'Brien's "It's Great to Be a Radio Maniac" in it. It may not soothe him, but if it doesn't nothing will.

JUDGING from the mail bag, and not counting the church-member contest, the most widely interesting topics in Collier's lately have been these: child labor; why folks don't vote; blind partisanship, as discussed by Senator Norris; and prohibition, as discussed in Jack O'Donnell's last article.

What has interested you most? And, beyond that, what subject that Collier's has not taken up would interest you most if it should?

E Tenebris Lux

To the Editor of Collier's:

Uncle Henry surely hit a three-bagger when in answering Mr. Stubbs' question as to the educational value of travel he referred, among other things, to the real education to be obtained by getting out of Pittsburgh. I tried it last summer. Not even the traffic officer could tell me how to get to the Lincoln Highway.

J. H. WHEELER, Greensboro, N. C.

But you can't keep a good man, bent on obtaining education, back. At least, Dr. Wheeler evidently did get out of Pittsburgh.

Talk "States' Rights" to Him!

To the Editor of Collier's:

Permit a word of commendation of your recent article on child labor.

I have met people who looked upon a child chiefly as a possible asset out of which parents might make some money, as soon as the creature should become able to sweep or mop a floor or do anything else by way of earning a cent.

I remember how, in my own case, when only twelve, I was kept from school to work on a farm, the man who had me in tow explaining that "when I became a grown-up I might educate myself."

There are to-day, as well as sixty-five years ago, too many children who are robbed of their schooling in order to swell a family fund, and does not a boy who fills a man's place thereby absorb work a grown-up ought to do?

JOHANNIS GROTEMAT,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Of course he does, Mr. Grotemat, but when his filling a man's place becomes a violation of Federal law somebody will have to hire a man and pay a grown-up wage—and that, you know, will subvert the theory of our government and scrap the Constitution!

"Agin the Government"

To the Editor of Collier's:

You exhort every voter to take advantage of the privilege to cast a vote—to register his protest. Half the voters you claim do not do so. That is true. But can that situation be remedied under the present political system? If a person does not vote, why does he not vote? In some cases it is due to laziness, but in the great majority it is because there is no candidate suitable for whom to vote.

"Protest"—how? If we could vote against both candidates as a protest against a bad system I would understand your plan. But to vote simply for the sake of voting, to vote against one evil to put into power another?

To vote blindly, without interest and enthusiasm, is just as fallacious as not to vote at all. But to maintain democracy, to insure liberty, to ward off tyranny, it is necessary that every citizen should have a voice in the government of the country by electing those who govern. What would be the essentials of such a system? To have political groups who could and would represent the various political views of the people. When the voters have a sufficient slate from which they can choose their representatives, when they have a voice in the selection of the candidates, then and then only can we hope to have a 100 per cent vote.

It is foolish to believe the country is divided into two thoughts only or possibly three. There are many others—Socialists of many shades, Labor of varying degree, Democrat of many wings, etc. In other words, a group system, modified to meet conditions, as existing in some European countries, should be the aim. Then I can vote for the candidate of my heart, vote for the man because I believe in his principles.

M. BOUMAN BLOM, Montreal, P. Q.

Mr. Blom does not make clear just what he wants. If he simply wants a chance to vote for the candidate of his heart, he and other nonvoters whose hearts beat with his can organize a new party for the candidate to head—witness Senator La Follette's party, whose adherents are going to vote this fall for the candidate of their hearts in the teeth of Wall Street and everything else the senator inveighs against. But if he wants a new system of government, then naturally voting under our present one doesn't interest him anyway. (The only "Democrat of many wings" we know of is Mr. William Jennings Bryan.

A Minority Opinion

To the Editor of Collier's:

Mr. Duffus has surrendered to the view that any play that millions of people will pay to see must have something of greatness in it. There never was a bigger fallacy, or a more tediously familiar one. Millions on millions have paid to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Such a success proves the play to have in it something that millions like, and proves nothing more, and nothing about its greatness either way.

"Abie's Irish Rose" has hit its public, which is a big one. Ibsen's "Doll's House" hit its public, a relatively small one. Does this prove that either play is greater than the other? Of course not.

But it happens that Ibsen's was a permanent contribution to thought and art, whereas the most sanguine admirer of "Abie's Irish Rose" will hardly venture to predict that in five years it will be anything but dead as a kippered herring. That does prove something about greatness. That proves everything about it.

Does chewing gum's popularity prove it a boon to the human race? Does castor oil's unpopularity prove it otherwise?

Be it known that the opinion exists that "Abie's Irish Rose" is rotten.

"ISHMAEL," New York City.

"Ishmael's" rejoinder is a little off the point of Mr. Duffus' article. He didn't claim absolute "greatness" for the play, and he took cognizance of the existence of the opinion proclaimed by "Ishmael." That opinion is well known to exist, for example, among Mr. R. C. Benchley.

A Vote of Confidence

To the Editor of Collier's:

When yours, perhaps the best informed, most liberal-minded and fair-spirited national publication, evades the responsibility of selecting and advocating definite persons as candidates for public offices, why shouldn't the comparatively uninformed or misinformed liberal-minded and fair-spirited average voter do likewise?

He depends on his favorite publication and is willing to take its advice. He cannot act on first-hand knowledge acquired by himself. Whom do you advocate? Whom have you selected? Tell me, and I will back my faith in your magazine by voting for whom you say.

H. S. WALLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.

Collier's appreciates Mr. Wallin's trust in it, but he fails to see its policy with regard to public affairs, which is to get readers interested in them, tell facts about them, and let each reader make up his or her own mind. If Collier's were capable of making up everybody's mind and everybody were willing, then Collier's would be absolute ruler of the United States, at least, and representative government would be a superfluous nuisance.

A Good Word for Signboards

To the Editor of Collier's:

Do not rely too much on public opinion. The general public never unites and pulls together. I am an example of one pulling the other way, for I cannot see why the signboards are considered such an all-around nuisance. It may be that in England or China they are shutting off the view of the Danube River, but out here in the West many a filthy dump yard has been sheltered from the cruel public gaze by a bright shining signboard with "Welcome to Our City."

I have a soft spot for the signboards and billboards, and I'll let you in on the secret. Once I was traveling alone in the most desolate country for days. Never saw a sign of humanity except one passing automobile. On the third day I came upon the landscape a snapshot of which I send you. That signboard looked so good to me, I took the picture. It was just like finding a copy of Collier's would have been.

LEON WOOD, Pocatello, Idaho.

Mr. Wood enclosed a picture of a signboard advertising an automobile tire, with a background of miles of nothing much.

Why Voters Get Pretty Tired

To the Editor of Collier's:

We voters are not slackers. We love our country unselfishly and are willing to go to great sacrificial lengths in her behalf. But after reading the platforms of the two great parties, reviewing the acts and buncombe of the last Congress, the meanness and selfishness underlying the motives of the partisan politicians, the dodging of God-inspired impulses of the nation by the alleged leaders for political reasons—can you wonder that we ask ourselves, "What's the use?"

I pray God who made us what we are for His own purposes that He may send us a Moses to direct us, to show us how we may rid ourselves of the horde of trifling politicians that misrepresent us.

CHARLES NUTTALL, Los Angeles, Cal.

They came from the same sort of homes.

They attended the same high school.

The difference between them is $15,000 a year

The reason for the difference is just 15 minutes a day. Do you know the secret of these magic 15 minutes that can help a man to think clearly, talk interestingly, earn more? The secret is told in a free book; send for your copy to-day.

UP TO a certain point the lives of these two men were almost identical—same sort of homes, same schools, same start in business. Then the difference began. One stopped growing.

The other surprised people. In conversation he showed a familiarity with all sorts of interesting subjects. He talked like a man who had traveled widely—though his travels had consisted entirely in the daily trip between his home and his office.

Older men discovered that he thought clearly and expressed himself well. They began to rely on his judgment. As one of them said: "He seems to get a little bigger and sounder every month; you can almost *see* him grow."

What was the secret of his growth?

It is the secret that many other successful Americans have learned. All over this country more than 100,000 people in all walks of life have formed the magic habit of giving 15 minutes a day to making their minds stronger, bigger and more interesting.

Does this sound hard? It would be, under ordinary circumstances, if one had to do it alone; for there are millions of books in the world and the average man or woman is at a loss where to begin to read them or how to read them so as to make a few minutes a day count.

But this task has been made very easy by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, who was for forty years President of Harvard University. From his lifetime of reading and study he selected the few really great books that trace the progress of civilization; he edited them with notes and reading courses so that in even 15 minutes a day anyone can get the knowledge and the broad culture that are the tools of success in modern life.

You should know at least something about

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

It is easy to find out. For an interesting little book has been published that gives all the facts about the Five-Foot Shelf (Harvard Classics), and it is yours for the asking.

This free book is called "Fifteen Minutes a Day." Thousands of people have read it; and to thousands it has meant a step forward into a vast new world of pleasure and progress.

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This is the free book which the coupon below will bring you. It will show you how much 15 minutes a day can mean to you in growth and success.

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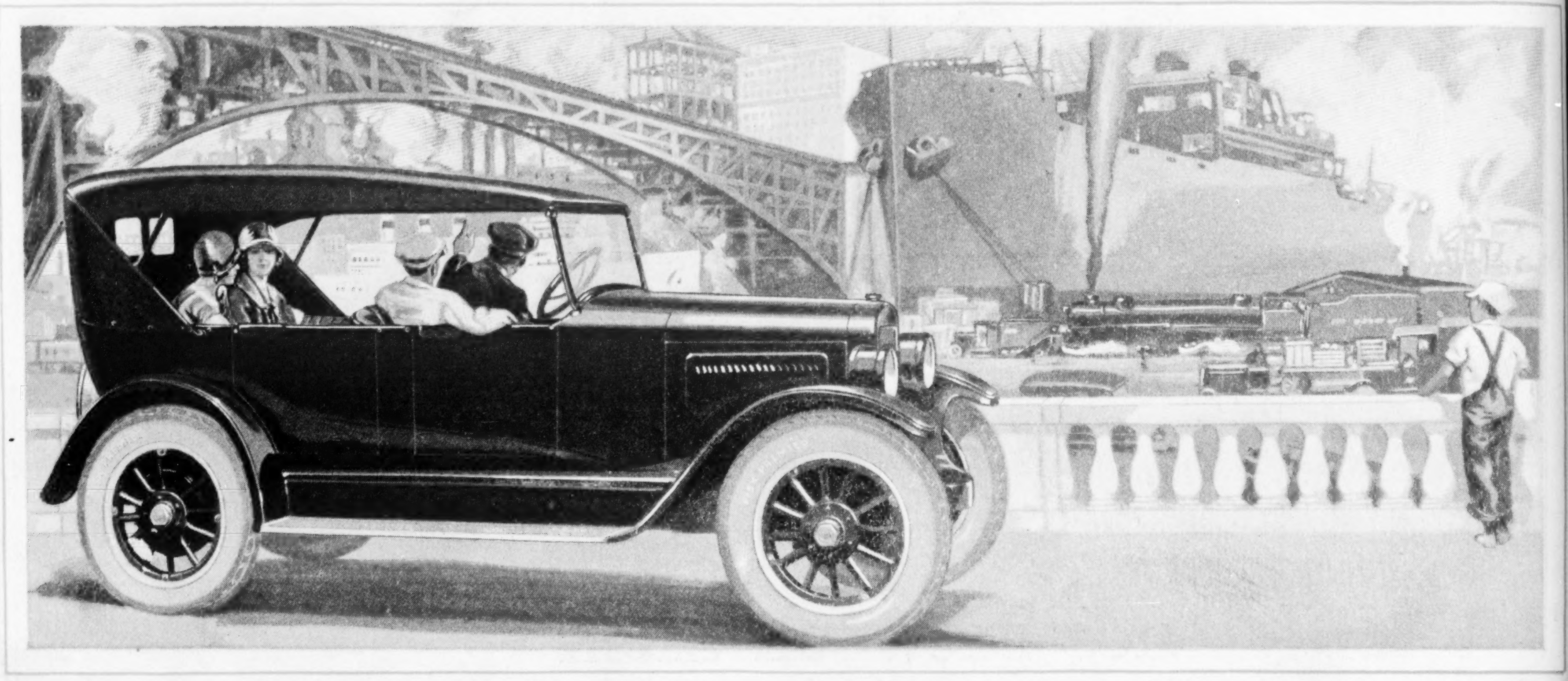

With Everlasting Baked Enamel Finish

Most motor car bodies are skeletons of wood, with thin sheets of steel nailed outside—whereas the Overland body is *all* steel, a frame of steel covered with steel—all steel, welded into one-piece solidity.

Wood collapses at a bending stress of 5,000 lbs. to the square inch—whereas steel will stand a stress of 35,000 lbs. to the square inch. That's the kind of strength and safety and durability Overland gives you!

—the *only* touring car under $800 with coach-work entirely of steel! Body by Budd, pioneer in steel bodies.

—and the *only* touring car under $800 with a genuine finish of hard-baked enamel!

Steel, the great builder and bulwark of civilization . . . Steel, the strength of mighty ships, trains, bridges, skyscrapers . . . *Steel* is the *strength* of Overland . . .

Here is a car that keeps its looks with age. Its everlasting enamel finish is baked on the body steel in ovens fiery-hot.

You can pour scalding water on this finish or scrub it with strong chemicals used to remove road tar—and even turn the scorching flame of a blow-torch on it without marring its gleaming beauty.

And with all of this strength and *permanent* beauty are linked big power—great economy—dependability—and 23 big-car quality advantages unmatched at anywhere near the price. See this *all-steel* Overland. Drive it in traffic or over the hills. Ask the dealer to explain the easy buying terms. In an age of steel, drive an all-steel Overland!

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